

HIT LIST

volume two/number three

$3.95

HIT LIST volume two/number three • august/september 2000

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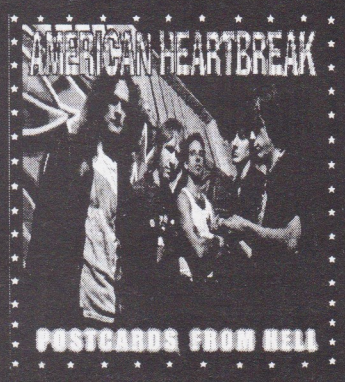
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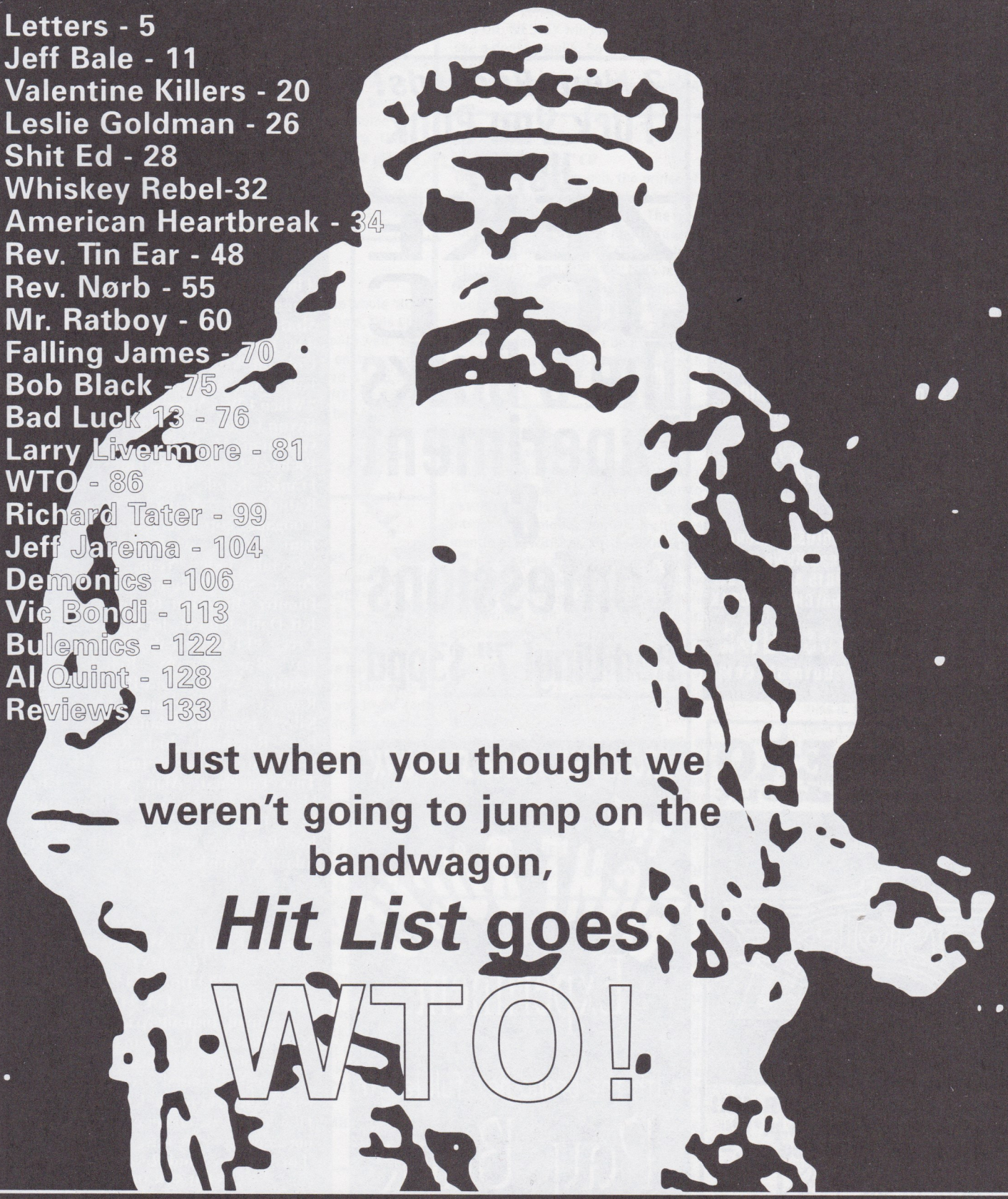


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volume 2 number 3

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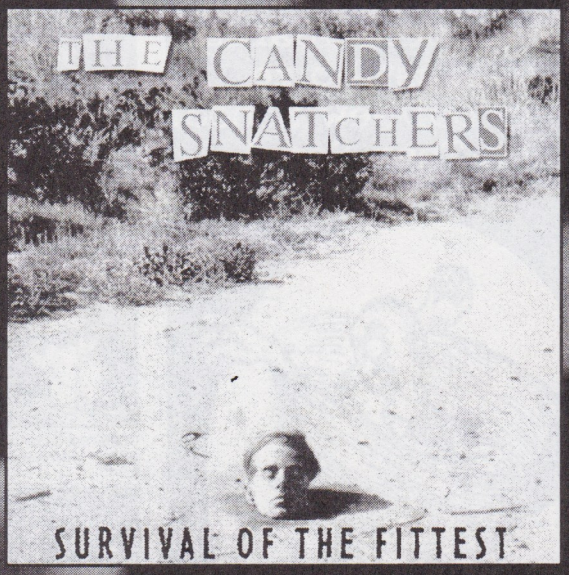
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Thee Whiskey Rebel, Johan Kugelberg, Mike Stax, Tesco Vee, ShitEd, Russell Quan, Rev. "Finally! The Italics Have Come Back To My Column!" Nørb, Mel "Bigger Clash Fan Than Dave" Cheplowitz, Larry "When I Was Your Age..." Livermore, Byron Coley, Frank Discussion, Leslie Goldman, Michelley QueenofQueens, Richard Tater, Texas Tim Stegall, Fast Frankie Kozik, Joey Vindictive, Jack Rabid, Al "Araya" Quint, Kevin Coogan, Scott "Very Bad Man" Lee, Jimi "Yeah, whatever, Fuckface" Cheetah, Jade "Yeah, he's Metal." Puget, Sara Bellum, Athena Dread, Dimitri "Burntout Recluse" Monroe, Jeff Dahl, Ian evr, Jet City Vic Bondi, Gregg "El Chupacabra" Turner, East Bay Ray, Jeremy Bellah-Full-of-Whiskey-Women-and-Blackguarding, Ramsey "The Lebanese Don't Wear Kilts" Kanaan, Ian "Straightedge Bro" Randumb, Josh Rutledge Jami Wolf, Greg Lowery, Justice Howard, Tina Lucchesi, Alan Wright, Chad Hensley, Chaz Halo, Jake Roadhouse, Evan Jacobs, LMNOP, Glenn Shires, Josh Rutledge, Sir Lord John Cobbett, Adam X, Mark Devito.

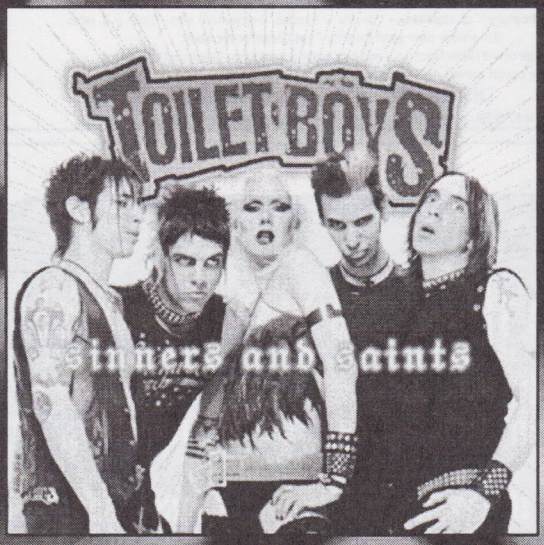
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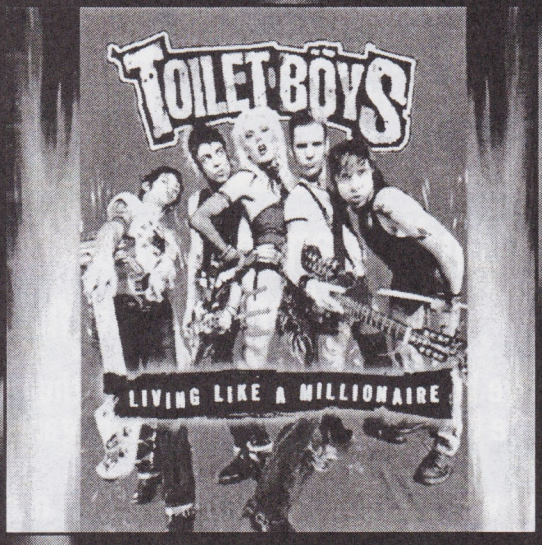
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Covers printed at Iconography
(510) 601-5131
Hit List logo by The Fearsome John Yates at Stealworks



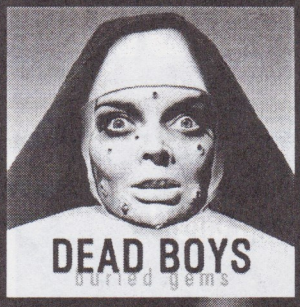


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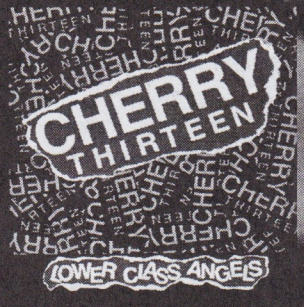




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Hey Whiskey Rebel:

FUCK YOU, YOU FAT, STINKIN', SHIT-FOR-BRAINS SACK O' COCK PUS! I own a fuckin' MOM&POP independent record store. You wanna know the fuckin' reality? Yeah, I make a basic living at it. That's it. I ain't no fuckin' richer-than-shit corporate fuckin, cocksucker. I deal with independent bands, independent labels, and independent distributors that have their shit together.

I had your Confederacy of Scum Live comp CD in my fuckin' store and it didn't fuckin' sell. Why? Did you get those bands' asses out on the road everywhere to promote themselves, your comp, or the other bands involved? Did they only play where they knew they'd get a good crowd and a good payoff? Did they sit around jerking off over being associated with you? You tell me, fuckface?

If there's one thing I can't fuckin' stand (other than warm fuckin' beer), it's a motherfuckin' lameass band that figures the world owes them a favour. If a fuckin' dipshit walks into my store and says: "Can I consign my CD here?," I fuckin' ask: "When's your next gig?" Do you know how many of them say "Um, we ain't got one..."? ALL OF THEM! If you ain't fuckin' playing, then get the fuck outta my face. Same goes for the fuckhead promo weasels at labels. "Hey, will you stock our stuff?" "Yeah, I will...when your fuckin' bands start fuckin' playing outside of Shithole, PA."

A perfect example of how to do it right is Nashville Pussy. That fuckin' band played non-fuckin' stop in absolute shitholes. They sold out of every order I ever got of their indie releases. They signed to a corporate label and GOD FUCKIN' BLESS 'EM. I hope they make shitloads of money playing kickass rock and roll. But I ain't sellin' their stuff anymore (except on vinyl, because that's just fuckin' COOL!).

The basic reality is that it is close to impossible for an indie store to buy shit from the majors (even if they want to). Most majors demand a monster prepaid account before they'll ship you anything. For that money, you can get just about every independent release that could possibly sell. And who the fuck wants to compete with cutthroat pricing from Walmart and the chain stores? Fuck it. As for you getting better service from the corporate world, it's because they want your kind the fuck out of there. My store might stink because rent is cheap in this part of town, and my customers might stink because they ain't all 100% CLASS, like you, but at least you're allowed in here. And don't forget, if you try to rip me off it's outta my pocket, not outta some conglomerate's shareholders percentile bottom line. I'll tell you to fuck off if you sandpapered your new "GG Allin Farts While The Stooges Play in the Background" CD with your bristly chest hair, and then try to bring it back because it doesn't work. But if you buy something that's actually fucked up during manufacture and bring it back to me, I take it back and I lose that money. FUCKING BYE, FUCKING BYE!

As for your love affair with the chains you've worked at, the basic requirement of working at your local chain store is having nice pants and zits. The #1 requirement of having an independent record store is knowing your customers and your stock. Hey, Whiskey Wanker, go to the fuckin' chain store you fuckin' love so much and ask Richie Fuckin' Cunningham or Shirley Fuckin' Feeney behind the counter if they've got the new Antiseen CD in stock. The fuckin' fuck will probably look at you like you're a fuckin' weird, depraved, ex-scaped mental psycho killer and call mall security. You come into an indie store and within 3 minutes you get an answer: "Yes/no/I can get it in a couple of days/weeks." If we don't have our shit together, we go tits fuckin' up pretty fuckin' fast. And owning an indie store isn't quite as secure as cashing your paycheck (or filling out the direct deposit form) from fucking Sears. Got the job so you could get cheap records too? FUCK YOU.

When it comes to buying records I offer a fair price. Not the best, but cash on fuckin' hand, right there, right fuckin' now. You don't have to take it, you know. If you want to get a top price on your albums go to your local record fair, set up a booth, spend at least 10 hours prep and 10 hours loading, selling, unloading, and make your fucking fortune. Except how many fuckin' record geeks are gonna want to buy your scratched up, shit-stained, sun-baked copies of the Lynyrd Fuckin' Skynyrd discography? Oh yeah, you might not want to do that because it involves working while sober.

For that "privilege" of buying your records, I have to be licensed as a pawnshop and deal with the cops to the point of aggravation. Not to mention the fuckin' hundreds of baggy-panted loser fucking car thieves showing up with their fuckin' stolen fuckin' rap and dance CDs with no cases or sleeves. Plus the fucking loser shoplifters and the occasional outright thief. A buddy of mine had a gun pulled on him for the money in the till, which amounted to FUCK ALL because he had spent it all buying fucking records. I had to chase a guy out of my store with a bat. FUCK OFF, YOU FUCKIN' DUMB FUCKS, YOU'RE TOO FUCKIN' STUPID TO LIVE, SO DO US ALL A FAVOUR AND STOP BREATHING!

And I love fuckin' junkies...I've scored wicked record collections totally cheap off fuckers hooked on heroin. Every punk dealer has, too, from Jello to Pyro to Noxious to whofuckingever. At least I can say I treat 'em like everyone else. Here's your fuckin' money; now I gotta get back to work, so piss off.

As for your other comments about corporate efficiency and productivity, go fuckin' home and order up your cardboard pizza, your amine-flavoured beer, and shove that 7-11 chili dog up your stupid fuckin' ass. I bet the K-Mart fuckin' dildo you bought for your ass breaks down within six weeks, while the decent expensive one somebody bought for you lasts for fuckin' ever. There's something called quality that can't always be bought for a buck 98.

You know what fuckin' ROCKS about having a MOM&POP business: you get to own a business, set your own rules, work your own hours, and not answer to anyone except yourself, the fuckin' Government, and the customers that you RESPECT.

Whiskey Rebel, stick that on your cock and fuck it.

Rich/Freecloud

Dear Rich:

To paraphrase you, if there's one thing I can't fuckin' stand (other than warm fuckin' beer) it's a motherfuckin' lameass Mom and Pop record store owner that figures the world owes them a favour.

Seriously, your schtick reminds me of a cross between REID FLEMING, the "world's toughest milkman," and some of the obnoxius record store owners I had in mind when I wrote my column. Re-read your letter and then answer me honestly. Would you patronize a Mom and Pop hardware store if the owner came on like a "tough guy" like you? I understand what a bunch of assholes customers can be, but let's face it, if you want your store to grow and make you more money you're gonna have to learn how to deal with them. If you only want to deal with customers that you "respect", well, that's your choice. Bigger, more profitable stores than yours have learned to deal with a broader range of customers.

If a customer walks into your store and asks you to consign his band's product, how are you helping your business by grilling the poor bastard about how many shows his band has booked? It's not going to cost you anything to consign it, beyond a few minutes of paper work. If you tell the poor guy (to quote your brilliant letter) "if you ain't fucking playin', get the fuck out of my face," why should he and his bandmates and their friends even shop at your store? People don't want to shop where they're treated like shit. In spite of the insulting tone of your letter I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU, RICH. Get the chip off your shoulder and maybe your store will get off the ground.

By the way, I want to remind readers that the bottom line of my column was to SUPPORT WORTHY local Mom and Pop businesses. However, if faced with a choice of shopping at a chain store where hourly employees are paid to be polite to me, or of dealing with an arrogant know-it-all hothead like Rich, I for one will shop the chainstore.

One last thing, Rich. I'm thrilled that our C.O.S. live CD didn't sell in your store, since that means C.O.S. fans from your hometown are buying it all directly from me through my mail order biz. You can be damn sure we offer polite service..

Thee Whiskey Rebel

P.S. - Even though you obviously hate my guts, I've gotta admit that I enjoyed your letter. I haven't been on the receiving end of a shitstorm of insults like that since our last RANCID VAT practice. Have you thought about applying to the editors for a column?

Dear *Hit List*:

I just recently got turned on to your zine and I have to say I'm glad you exist. There is a desperate void of critical thinking in the zine world and, for lack of a better word, the punk world. I'm glad to see that someone is taking a stance and really thinking about the issues.

The April/May issue had some important points to make about the shit that happened in Seattle. I see good and bad that happened with the whole WTO fiasco. On the one hand it's important that people be educated about what it is that they are doing. If you don't know the full scope of what you're fighting against, then you make it easy for others to pick apart your argument. Too many people get swept up in the romanticism of the moment and therefore let themselves get set up to look like a bunch of idiots. I think the thing that happened in Seattle was a good thing in that it helped to unify all these diverse elements, including unions, environmentalists, and the like. But when people turn to violence and then run and hide behind a crowd of peaceful protestors, that's a really chickenshit move.

As often as I see myself as an anarchist in belief and action, I am still amazed when people run off and do stupid shit in the name of "fighting the man." But no one else can really see your point when you're taking it to violent extremes. They just see violence, senseless violence, and immediately view you as the enemy. Nothing could do more to break up any sense of unity than realizing, at some point, that you are taking part in an action that is against what you actually believe. I think most people who were there were against violence, but then again I wasn't so maybe I'm just talking shit.

On the other hand, I can certainly see why people can get frustrated. I can't count how many times I've wished that I had a bomb. But who should I attack? Innocent people are all around, and just because they don't believe the same things I do doesn't make it right for me to kill them.

I think it's a good thing that kids nowadays are starting to get more politically active and more politically aware, but it seems like just another part of an ongoing generational cycle. The hippies created what looked to be a big movement, but when you take a closer look at the situation thirty years later it seems as though they were really only a handful of people who had educated themselves enough to see what was going on. The rest of the crowd, or should I say the rest of the "in crowd," went to the rallys more often to get laid or score dope than to make any sort of serious statement. For many, it was a social clique. By the time the 80's hit, most of the "flower children" had become corporate whores looking to buy houses and cars and settle into the "American dream."

In the late 80's, when I first discovered punk, I felt a kinship of the same nature with many of the "peace punks" who went to shows and hung out. Ten or more years later, I'd have to say that this clique is gone too. Those who didn't die may well be on the way to achieving a nice "American dream" of their own in a few more years.

So I look with some ambivalence at this new generation with spikey green hair, yelling against the International Monetary Fund in Washington, D.C. Obviously there is strength in numbers, and I am happy to see people getting involved again and, not to sound too much like a hippie, "takin' to the streets." I just hope that the majority of these kids are trying to educate themselves about the real issues instead of just joining the pack. Even though the pack seems to be going against the norm, it's still an "in-crowd" mentality.

Chad Simmons

P.S. - As commendable as I find your push to question all these new "punks" and question in essence everything, I'd have to say the majority of the music you cover sucks. But who said a punk zine had to be mostly about music?

Dear Chad:

Thanks for the feedback concerning my WTO piece. I too share your sense of ambivalence about the whole affair. On the one hand, I have severe qualms about certain aspects of unrestrained economic globalization, but on the other the attitudes of many of the protestors were so damned asinine - and the behavior of some of them was so repugnant - that I felt something had to be said to challenge punk hype concerning the so-called "battle" of Seattle. In this issue we've sought to further stimulate debate about the matter by reprinting some provocative articles concerning the composition of the anti-WTO coalition and the divisions within it.

As for the music we cover, if your negative remarks were made in reference to certain bands that were prominently featured in the last couple issues of *Hit List*, I couldn't agree with you more: they do suck. I was so depressed about devoting space to some of them that I was briefly tempted to cease publishing our magazine. In this issue, however, I believe that we are back on track in terms of featuring the type of music that *Hit List* was always designed to cover and promote. In the future, I can assure all those readers who are obsessed with trashed-out rock 'n' roll that I will never again allow more than one backwards-baseball cap sporting band to appear in a single issue of our magazine. On the other hand, if it's the trashed-out rock 'n' roll we love that you are objecting to, we have no intention of ever accomodating you.

Jeff Bale

Dear Editor:

I glanced through a couple of issues of *Hit List* and I find it mildly hilarious to read Jeff Bale endlessly making his speech about how daringly un-PC, original, and free-thinking he is. That's fine. But one wonders when he's going to stop making that speech and actually get around to *saying* something that is un-PC, original, or free-thinking.

I suppose from Bale's liberal (oh, excuse me, "radical") perspective, Larry Livermore's column (a writer I greatly respect and enjoy) is considered a mind-blowing, un-PC revelation when he points out what everyone with half a brain already knows: that black males are raping, robbing, murdering, etc., at an astounding rate in every city in America, and, um er, I sure as heck don't want to sound racist, but maybe we should, like, um, address this issue and, like, do something about it! Leave it to Bale to come up with something like this, thirty years too late, and then flatter himself at his boldness.

I remember ten years ago when I wrote a column addressing the issue of black crime for *Maximum Rock' n' Roll*, taking issue with the way the Left had romanticized murderous thugs like George Jackson, and mildly rebuking Yohannan (though not specifically mentioning him by name) for a glowing eulogy he had written about another murderous thug, Huey Newton, in a previous issue.

I immediately got a phone call from Yohannan himself telling me they were dropping my column. He assured me it had nothing to do with censoring the political views I expressed — oh, Heaven's to Betsy, no — but that I had suddenly become "a bad writer who nobody wanted to read." The issue wasn't my politics, you see, but my command of the English language that was no

longer up to the level of all the other literary geniuses that wrote for *MRR*.

Not a peep of protest was heard from anyone associated with *MRR*. In fact, it was *typical* of the censorship, distortion, dishonesty, hypocrisy, expression for dissenting opinion, lack of free speech, and PC thought-control that *MRR* had been FAMOUS for throughout its wretched 20-year history — a legacy that has certainly been evident and pervasive in every single issue, including every issue produced by Jeff Bale, who, along with Yohannan, certainly deserves the lion,s share of "credit" for the magazine and its slant.

Now, twenty years later, we have this great free-thinker, Jeff Bale, suddenly warning us that *MRR* is PC and inhibiting to free speech! Stop the presses!

Even funnier, we have Jeff Bale himself, now presenting himself as the great crusader against PC thought repression. I guess that now that being anti-PC is considered fashionable it figures that somebody like Bale would now jump on that bandwagon, too, just as the stale trial of his thoughts jumped on every other previous fashionable bandwagon over the last thirty years. All the while fancying himself as extremely radical and daring, of course.

One can only wait, with baited breath, for further bold anti-PC pronouncements from Jeff Bale and his new magazine. Why, you're on the cutting edge, man.

Love & kisses,

That bitter man: Ace Backwords

Dear Ace:

Well, shut my mouth! I guess if one waits long enough, all the dysfunctional ghosts of Christmas past will eventually reappear. Amidst the petulant barrage of nasty, ill-informed accusations, however, you did at least manage to stumble across one important kernal of truth that no one has ever sought to deny, least of all me — namely, that together with Tim Yohannan I played a not insignificant role, not only in creating the *MRR* fanzine, but also in attempting to foster the "repoliticization" of the punk scene for a brief period between 1981 and 1984, activities which sadly helped to precipitate the type of "political correctness" that is nowadays so widespread in "political punk" circles. Far from being an astounding revelation, as you seem to think it is, this is a matter of fact that everyone who has any familiarity with the history of punk is already well aware of. No one, alas, is more painfully aware of the disastrous results of our efforts and the subsequent process of degeneration than I myself am. Had you been paying any attention at all during the last fifteen or so years, you would already know that in a variety of different formats — beginning with my essay in Martin Sprouse's *Threat By Example*; continuing on with my second-phase columns in *MRR* during the 1989-91 period (which soon caused Tim to drop my column, just as he had earlier dropped yours), in interviews, and in liner notes; and culminating with the appearance of *Hit List* itself — I have long been distancing myself, repudiating, publicly regretting, apologizing about, and indeed trying to make amends for my past errors, shortsightedness, and foolishness. If you're not aware of these circumstances, or if you stubbornly choose not to acknowledge them, that's fine with me. To suggest, however, that for the past thirty years I have been belatedly jumping on existing bandwagons rather than prefiguring or even helping to create new ones is utter nonsense.

Before I cite various actions I've taken over the years that you have no knowledge whatsoever about, let's begin by clarifying the context within which *MRR* was created. You seem to be implying that the American punk scene was already heavily politicized prior to the formation of our magazine, and thus that Tim and I simply jumped aboard and sought to capitalize on an already prevalent, if not dominant, trend within the local punk scene. Nothing could be further from the truth. Despite the efforts of, say, *Search and Destroy* and the DILS to propagate left-wing politics within the early SF scene, their efforts had (perhaps fortunately, in retrospect) never managed to displace the general spirit of apolitical hedonism and outright nihilism. By 1980, when I first arrived in the Bay Area, the dominant trend was toward drug-induced apathy and thoroughgoing cynicism, if not outright self-destructivenss. The earlier SF spirit of lively community and avant-garde adventurism was increasingly giving way to resignation, self-absorption, and social irrelevance. Punk seem destined to become a short-lived, largely fashion-conscious phenomenon more akin to Mod or glam than a serious cultural movement like the 60's counterculture. On top of that, a whole new generation of younger punks was emerging from the suburbs. For the most part these newcomers' understanding of "punk rock" was derived from highly distorted and often violent media images, and most of the older urban punks who knew better apparently felt no sense of responsibility about this and consequently made little or no attempt to influence this second wave of kids by serving as counterexamples or transmitting accurate information. To highlight only one relatively superficial difference, the new suburban punks were now beginning to slam violently in jock-like fashion to thrash-style punk ("hardcore") instead of frenetically pogoing to '77-style punk. Far from being overly politicized, the local punk scene had largely divorced itself from political concerns, and the same was even more true on the national level.

Around this time I arrived in San Francisco from my hometown, Chicago, in order to attend graduate school at UC Berkeley and experience a more "happening" punk scene (which is precisely why I chose to attend Berkeley rather than Harvard). Unlike the city of Berkeley, a longterm hotbed of leftist imbecility where you seem to have been comfortably ensconced for an eternity, Chicago has always been a tough blue collar town with a highly conservative social and cultural atmosphere (despite the fact that it was long governed by a corrupt Democratic political machine that made New York's Tammany Hall seem like the Cub Scouts). And while you may have been out here surrounded by vanguards of fanatical would-be "revolutionaries" and scads of hippies in full regalia in the "People's Republic of Berkeley", back there I was being subjected on a regular basis to verbal abuse and physical harassment, if not being chased by gangs of toughs, for the "crime" of having wild-looking long hair (1967-77) — and later, in a less acute way, for having dishevelled spikey hair (1977-80). Needless to say, this constant stream of intolerant bigotry of a conservative stamp, coupled with my support for the Civil Rights movement and opposition to the war in Vietnam, caused me to adopt general left-wing views (which reached a pinnacle of intensity in the immediate wake of the "police riot" at the Democratic Convention in 1968, then tapered off dramatically before being recatalyzed somewhat by punk in the late 70s). Adhering to such views was anything but fashionable in Mayor Daley's Chicago, and indeed was often positively dangerous to one's health. Providing examples of all the crap I had to put up with because of my "extreme" looks and views would be hopelessly redundant, but when was the last time you were assaulted by construction workers, had your head split open by a gang of greasers armed with bricks, were menaced with knives by hillbillies on the El train, were threatened with grevious bodily harm while selling an underground newspaper by an angry Green Beret, or had a psychotic member of the paramilitary Minutemen organization walk right into your communal house uninvited and display very menacing behavior? Not to mention the innumerable incidents of heavy-handed police harassment, such as being rousted, picked up, and brought to the police station for interrogation for no tangible or legitimate reason. Given this intolerant "rightist" atmosphere, it's scarcely surprising that a rebellious person like myself (a disruptive troublemaker in every classroom from the 5th grade on) would react by moving to the "left" politically, nor that, upon first arriving in the Bay Area, I'd feel like I had at last arrived in Paradise.

It was precisely during this initial "honeymoon period" in the Bay Area, before the oppressive nature of local leftism had became painfully

evident, that I met Tim Yohannan. Once he discovered that I had collected lots of punk records that even he didn't have (and vice versa), he invited me to be a regular on the *MRR* radio show. His goal was not only to expose people to lots of great rock'n'roll music, but also to foster the growth of the punk community and promote what he (wrongly) saw as greater "political awareness", all of which at the time seemed to me to be worthy objectives. Yet despite the fact that we shared and were committed to these overall objectives, in particular our mutual desire to foster the renewal of what we saw as an increasingly moribund punk scene, that certainly doesn't mean that Tim and I were in agreement about everything politically. Indeed, we often disagreed very strongly about fundamental issues, especially about issues of censorship, a trend which accelerated dramatically over time, but for three years or so we managed to subordinate our growing disagreements to the interests of our larger self-styled agenda of supporting the "punk cause", which among other things involved promoting a more constructive image of punk (so as to counteract mainstream media biases) and getting people to think about broader political issues instead of only copping drugs, seeing bands, and having sex (not that there's anything at all wrong with those highly-enjoyable practices).

Since we had established an all-encompassing social mission for ourselves right at the onset of the conservative Reagan era, and at first — contrary to your snide implication — promoted views which were neither widespread nor popular within punk circles, we initially saw ourselves as an embattled minority struggling against a hostile tide. When one adopts such a Manichean "us vs. them" mentality, it's easy to confuse legitimate disagreement with "enemy" resistance, and it was precisely the unfortunate but perhaps understandable adoption of this "state of siege" mentality that ended up precipitating the intolerance of dissent and censorial behavior that regrettably came to characterize *MRR*. During the period between late 1980 and mid-1984, I myself got rather carried away by *MRR*'s all-important "mission." This temporarily caused me to abandon my normal common sense, hypercritical rationality, and lifelong tendency to rebel for the sake of rebelling, and as a result I no doubt promoted certain inane (and perhaps even reprehensible) left-wing notions and, on occasion, surely acted in foolish or counterproductive ways. On that score — and *only* on that score — you are correct. However, once *MRR* came to exert a significant if not dominant influence within the scene, both nationally and internationally, it became painfully obvious to me that our attempts to "politicize" the punk scene had backfired tragically: far from raising the level of political awareness or promoting serious debate, we had instead fostered an appallingly dangerous type of groupthink. By the end of 1984 I had become extremely uncomfortable with what *MRR* had developed into and highly critical of the effect it was having (and sadly continues to have) on the punk scene, as well as thoroughly nauseated by the left-wing stupidity and intolerance so characteristic of the "hipper" parts of the Bay Area. At that point I was so thoroughly disillusioned with the countercultural milieu that I sought to escape it by returning to graduate school, which turned out to be tantamount to jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

So let me say this one more time, not for *your* benefit, but for the benefit of others who are less "ace-holic" but equally ignorant of the course of events since 1985: to the extent that I may have foolishly played a role in the development of the "political punk" movement and, in the process, in inadvertently precipitating the "PC punk" attitudes that soon became characteristic of that movement, I am profoundly sorry. For over fifteen years I've deeply regretted this and have been doing everything in my power to make up for it in a wide variety of contexts, most notably academia. In some ways, the creation of *Hit List* represents the final phase of this long and painful process, and hopefully before we're done we'll have succeeded in undermining the legitimacy of whatever remains of "political correctness" within the punk scene. That is certainly one of our primary goals. And who, given my own complex background and firsthand familiarity with the phenomenon, is in a better position to accomplish this objective?

It was my turn to be amused, however, by your incredibly boneheaded assertion that I suddenly jumped on the "anti-PC bandwagon" in the late 1990s, *after* it had become fashionable (though, even at this late date, it's *still* anything but fashionable in the milieus within which I've been operating, viz., academia and the punk scene). The truth is that I've been compulsively going against the grain since grade school. Even as a smart-ass hippie during the 1960s, I was often highly critical of the naivete of my hippie "brothers and sisters" and frequently at loggerheads with sectarian political leftists. For example, it always made me angry to see Marxists waving Viet Cong flags at antiwar demonstrations; after all, it was one thing to have opposed American intervention on moral grounds, and another thing altogether to have consciously promoted the cause of Stalinist movements and regimes which were wholly antithetical to human freedom. On many occasions I had harsh verbal confrontations with bossy members of SDS, PL, the Weathermen, and assorted Marxist-Leninist vanguards, and the same is true vis-a-vis loudmouthed black and Puerto Rican nationalists, who I always felt had betrayed the noble principles of the early Civil Rights movment . On one occasion at a "teach-in", e.g., I challenged the arguments of two rhetoric-spewing Black Panthers, who were unaccustomed to getting any lip from normally subservient white radicals and thus appeared tempted, with the crowd's general approval, to take me out back and slap me around for daring to disagree with them; on another, I publicly disputed the idiotic claims concerning purported African "solidarity" made by various speakers at a university conference on Pan-Africanism, and barely made it out of the room alive without being lynched by a "mob of color". On still another, after working with a visiting busload of California "Hog Farmers" to dig a small hole to plant flowers in a garbage-strewn field next to a Chicago housing project, the total absurdity of the situation dawned on me and, to their chagrin, I began belligerently chastising them about living in a fantasy world with no connection to reality. We're talking 1969 and 1970 here, not 1999, and these illustrative incidents represented merely the tip of the iceberg.

Moreover, from the moment I returned to grad school (in 1985) and at once began to be subjected to a host of fashionable but nonsensical "new" views (e.g., the absurd notion that objective reality doesn't exist and that everything is "socially constructed"), I've been adamantly opposed and openly hostile to the academic "left", in particular its lunatic postmodern, "cultural studies", and ultra-feminist manifestations, so much so that in the process I've ended up derailing what looked to be a very promising academic career. I almost invariably went out of my way to offend, antagonize, and show disrespect for intellectual frauds and propagandists, especially those in positions of authority who, perhaps not coincidentally, had the power to obstruct my career. Even as I was outspokenly resisting and sometimes tormenting the campus left, though, my research agenda was perversely geared toward exposing covert governmental abuses of power, which had the effect of alienating conservative faculty members and thereby deprived me of support from any alternative factions in academia. Although I behaved very stupidly in this respect, it's worth noting that I've been doing so since ever my return to academia, several years before the term "political correctness" had become widely associated with the Culture Wars. The fact that you didn't become aware of my real attitudes about these matters until 1999 is a sign of your own ignorance, as anyone who has interacted with me during this entire period can attest.

So much for my supposed bandwagon-jumping. Even if you ignore masses of contrary evidence, of which you are wholly ignorant since we barely even know each other, your suggestion that I suddenly jumped on the "political punk" bandwagon in the early 80s is still more ridiculous. As I indicated above, the sad truth is

that Tim Yo and I were in large part responsible for *creating* the second-wave "political punk" bandwagon — to my lasting shame and regret — at a time when most punks were anti-political or apolitical. Once again, you've gotten everything "ace-backwards". Nothing new there. At least I soon recognized the error of my ways, which is a necessary part of the process of growing up. Something which, I dare say, you might want to try someday.

For the record, I had nothing whatsoever to do with Tim's decision to terminate your column in *MRR*, an event which obviously perturbs you greatly to this very day. He did not discuss it with me in advance, as it was often his habit to make unilateral decisions, nor did he indicate later that he did so for political reasons (although I personally believed that to be the case). Ultimately, the reason why nobody affiliated with *MRR* complained to Tim about the cancellation of your column was that, to be honest, no one thought your cartoons and ruminations were insightful or particularly funny, the kiss of death for a cartoonist. (The same, alas, can indeed be said of much else that appeared in *MRR* over the years. Many were the times that I opposed publishing something hopelessly dopey or advocated publishing something controversial, but to no avail.) Although I myself generally concur with Bob Black's unflattering description of your work in *Beneath the Underground* (Portland: Feral House, 1994), I will at least have the decency to urge others to have a look at your compendium of published cartoons, *Twisted Image* (Port Townsend: Loompanics, 1990), so that they can decide for themselves.

Finally, although nothing that has so far appeared in *Hit List* seems particularly "radical, daring, or bold" to you — or, for that matter, to me, our contributors, or readers with any degree of intelligence and a sense of humor — lots of other people apparently feel otherwise. (As you say, no one with half a brain would find it shocking or surprising if someone pointed out the obvious — e.g., that blacks [12-13% of the population] commit a vastly disproportionate share of violent crime [50-60% of the total] in this country [and, for that matter, in many others] — but apparently merely citing such well-documented facts is not only perceived as "shocking" but also as "racist" by certain nitwits who currently write for and read *MRR* and other "political punk" publications.) Whether or not you yourself are aware of it, our magazine has already managed to generate a storm of controversy within certain circles of the countercultural right, and we've been making PC punks and other orthodox leftists feel very uncomfortable from the outset, so much so that they have been regularly accusing us of all manner of heinous thought crimes. A couple of uptight professors I know have characterized our magazine as "appallingly decadent" and "degenerate," and certain censorial puritans employed by both our publisher (squares) and our distributor (PC types) have even mounted behind-the-scenes efforts to get rid of us. Today as always, that which appears "shocking" or "radical" is clearly in the eyes of the beholder. In any case, just as *MRR* managed to exert an enormous influence on the development of the punk scene, negative as well as positive, so too has *Hit List*, in little more than a year, become a very important and influential punkzine. This must be something that really rankles you and further contributes to your being a "bitter man", since in over twenty years of drawing cartoons and producing abstruse prose you've exerted virtually no impact on the development of the cultural underground. Nor, I suspect, on anything else. Maybe that's because you're so "cutting edge" that no one else can even recognize it.

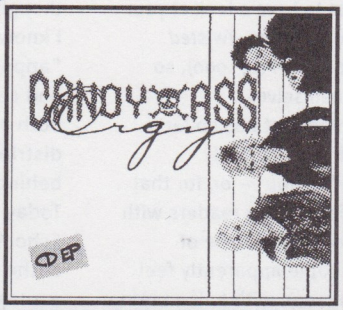
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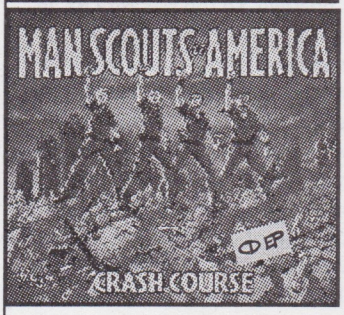


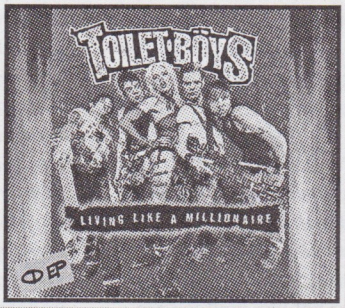
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JEFF BALE
READBETWEENTHELINES



I recently returned to the Bay Area after spending the past year teaching courses on terrorism, the radical right, intelligence and covert action, and organized crime in the Political Science department at the University of California at Irvine. Although I do not find living in Southern California to be especially congenial, since that region consists in the main of an endless expanse of narcissistic squares, flat terrain, crowded freeways, ugly strip malls, chain stores, and prefab housing projects, I do have fond memories of "living large" (though not, mercifully, living *la vida loca*) for nine months in a coach house right on the oceanfront in Newport Beach; of seeing old friends like rock'n'roll addict Carmen Ghia (still a hot babe) and Lee Joseph (as well as his wife Amy, also a fox) on a regular basis; of meeting a number of eccentric but likeable people face to face, such as Greg Shaw, Betsy from Bomp (another cutie), Edwin from *Flipside*, Randall Tin-Ear, Adam Parfrey, Dave Taba, Long Gone John, and Falling James; of eating at some great cheapo restaurants like The Original Pantry and Jay's Jayburgers in LA, and Wahoo's Fish Tacos, The Crab Cooker, and Ruby's Diner in Orange County; of seeing lots of terrific shows at fabulous clubs like The Garage, Al's Bar, and Linda's Doll Hut; of shopping at record stores like Noise Noise Noise, Vinyl Solution, Zed, Aron's, Rhino, and Vinyl Fetish; and of checking out a few local neighborhoods and towns with real architectural character, such as Silver Lake (which in places reminds me of San Francisco), Venice, parts of Pasadena, Laguna Beach, and Hermosa Beach. As long as you're close to the ocean, SoCal is actually bearable, but I don't know how anyone can live inland with all the heat and smog. In any case, I bid the southland a fond adieu, and — shock, horror — expect to be making future visits.

Even so, as is always the case when I'm away teaching during the academic year, I could hardly wait to return to San Francisco in the summer, when dense fog regularly rolls in off the ocean and blankets the entire western half of the city. This time around, however, *everything* has somehow gone wrong. First, I was unable to move into the Inner Sunset boarding house where I've been staying for the past several years, since the landlady's relatives from Ireland are ensconced there for a long visit. I then arranged to move into a house in Pacifica, the beach town just south of San Francisco that is known for being the coldest and foggiest place in the Bay Area. Since I love the ocean and the fog, and postively loathe the heat — my ideal temperature lies in the 50-65 degree F range, and anything over 75 degrees makes me positively uncomfortable — this seemed like the ideal solution, especially given the skyrocketing rental rates in San Francisco. As bad luck would have it, I ended up moving into the one part of Pacifica where the sun regularly shines, an area inland which is colloquially known as "Sunshine Valley." For a variety of complex reasons I'm also phoneless and offline, so my whole life is in an unusually extreme state of chaos. I can't wait to move out and find a more permanent abode, but even tiny studio apartments in Pacifica and San Francisco have become prohibitively expensive during the past couple of years. Local leftists have been exaggerating for decades about the "evil" effects of unhindered gentrification on the city, but after "crying wolf" for many a year events finally seem to be confirming some of their worst prognostications. Like a monkey pecking away at a typewriter, the Bay Area left has at long last managed to hit the right combination of keys, no doubt accidentally and probably temporarily.

Like a monkey pecking away at a typewriter, the Bay Area left has at long last managed to hit the right combination of keys

Be that as it may, SF is increasingly unrecognizable. Everywhere one looks, one finds yuppie squares, phony hipsters, dot.com millionaires, Stupid Ugly Vehicles (SUVs), and — perhaps worst of all — way too damn many people of every category. When I first arrived here twenty years ago (and for many years thereafter), the sign listing the city's population read 675,000; today, it reads 715,000 (and is surely not up to date). That essentially means that at least 40,000 new assholes and their vehicles — including, I have to admit, myself and my own car — are now occupying a city that already had the highest population density of any burg in California. These days, even if one takes the most circuitous and empty traffic routes, one is bound to run into lots of cars, many of which are seemingly driven by mental defectives who obtained their licenses inside a box of Cracker Jacks. Yet in spite of all this nouveau wealth and conspicuous consumption, the huge number of lowlifes and bums unfortunately hasn't decreased much. The only real positive effect of these changes has been that several formerly dicey neighborhoods have been renovated, which has ended up pushing lots of amoral, violent thugs to the very margins the city or, better yet, out of SF altogether, generally to towns elsewhere in the Bay which are already inundated with them. (Good riddance to bad rubbish, though it's too bad a permanent place can't be found for all of them somewhere between Ocean Beach and the Farallons, where they could keep the sharks occupied for awhile.) Alas, it looks as though even decent, hardworking members of the middle class will soon be forced to follow in their footsteps. The only thing that may still be capable of curbing or reducing San Francisco's property values is another major earthquake.

PURPLE ONION R.I.P.

All this is merely a sad prelude to the real subject of this column: the closing of increasing numbers of underground rock'n'roll clubs in San Francisco. Every city's countercultural lifeblood ultimately depends upon the existence of an infrastructure of institutions capable of providing support and sustenance, and in the case of countercultures that revolve in large part around particular types of music this means clubs, bars, and other spaces where such music can be heard by the punters. In the past San Francisco has been blessed with a plethora of underground venues, a handful of which — the early Mabuhay (we all miss you, Dirk!), the Chatterbox (ditto for r'n'r babe Alfie!), and the Purple Onion (ditto for Tom!) — are justifiably legendary. Why? In retrospect the reason is clear: they were not simply spaces where one went to listen to music, but rather novel institutions whose owners or bookers were blessed with a unique vision which actually helped to *catalyze* the development of an exciting new countercultural music scene, or at least segments thereof, instead of merely servicing one that already existed. Can anyone really believe that the

early SF punk scene would have followed the same course of development had the Mab not existed? Does anyone think that trashed out rock'n'roll motherfuckers like me would have been given such a shot in the arm if the Chatterbox hadn't been there? Does anyone suppose that the Bay Area garage and 60's punk scene would have become so large and influential if the Purple Onion hadn't existed? The answer to these questions is clearly no, and the same can probably be said — though I personally have always loathed the place — of the role played by Gilman Street in fostering the East Bay's pop punk sound/scene.

This is why the demise of the Purple Onion last summer was a blow from which the local scene may not recover for a long time. I'll never forget that horrible day when I first had a tragic inkling of what was to come. One night a German punk and I went to the "Bardot Au Go Go" party at the Cocodrie, which is located only a block or so from the Purple Onion. After listening to some pretty damn good 60's garage music from France and other parts of the European continent, courtesy of DJ Alec Palao and others, we got bored by all the trendy idiots in attendance, most of whom had just seen "Austin Powers" and suddenly fancied themselves to be "groovy, baby...yeah!" In truth most of them were fashion-conscious dorks without a clue, even though some of the mini-skirted, go-go-ing girls were fun to watch, so we decided to amble down the street to get a dose of the *real* neo-60's/punk underground scene at the Purple Onion, something I'd been regularly doing for nearly seven years. Imagine my surprise when the person at the door, a cool fellow who sometimes let me in free, told me that Tom's usual swingin' 60's garage shebang had been cancelled in favor of a "house" disco night. He told me that Tom had been forced to hook up with a new partner, who was obviously a complete moron given that a disco dance night was the wretched result. I was both shocked and profoundly disappointed, and from that moment on I knew in my heart of hearts that the Purple Onion's days were numbered. Alas, I never saw another gig at the club, and by the time I had returned to SF even the sign out front had been taken down. What could be sadder?

San Francisco no longer boasts a legendary club of this scene-defining type, and it doesn't seem likely that another will soon appear. All that is currently left are a handful of regular venues where one goes solely — or at least primarily — to see particular bands one likes, including The Tempest, the CW Saloon, Kimo's, the Cocodrie, the Boomerang, the Paradise Lounge, and the Bottom of the Hill. By the time this issue of *Hit List* hits the stands, the Cocodrie will no longer be putting on rock'n'roll shows, and rumor has it that the trusty CW, a nice little SoMa dive that hosts Stinky's Peepshow and other weekly rock'n'roll events, may soon be forced to discontinue live music due to noise complaints. The Tempest is a great place located off 6th Street's Skid Row zone, but at present cool shows there are somewhat sporadic. Kimo's is a way rad drag bar on Polk Street which now presents weekend punk and rock'n'roll shows, but it's something of a pain in the ass to attend because the parking is so damn limited in that part of town. The Boomerang in the Haight *could* become a fabulous place — *if* the bookers knew what the hell they were doing, arranged coherent bills, and made a conscious decision to focus more on punk and garage shows — but at present one is lucky to discover one top-notch show per month there. Ditto for the Bottom of the Hill and the Paradise Lounge, which used to book much better bands and be much cooler places to hang out but have in recent years evolved into "indie rock" strongholds that normally attract hordes of boring, wannabe hipsters. Then there are a number of complete geekatoriums like the Fillmore (Bill Graham Presents!) and Slim's (Boz Scaggs!), where no one in their right mind would generally want to go even if they booked good bands, which is exceedingly rare, and the American Music Club, which is way too big to generate the optimum levels of up-close excitement and intimate atmosphere that rock'n'roll is still capable of generating in smaller underground venues. Finally, there is the very cool Mission Records, a small, independent record store which occasionally puts on terrific garage punk shows, and the Mad Dog in the Fog pub, which hosts punk nights once or twice a month, usually featuring DJs but occasionally also showcasing a live band or two. No doubt this seems like an embarrassment of riches to those rock'n'roll misfits living in less hip burgs where punk shows are very few and far between, but by San Francisco standards the situation nowadays is not at all good. Currently, even the normally backwards East Bay is blessed with almost as many cool underground bars and clubs as SF itself, and I'm certainly not referring to Gilman Street here — I'm talking about places like the Ruby Room in Oakland. Unfortunately, I rarely make it over to the other side of the Bay these days to see shows, although it may soon come to that if things here get much worse.

Final note to clubowners in SF (none of whom, I'm sure, read *Hit List* or other punk magazines): it could be lucrative for you to pick up some of the punk, Oi, and garage rock slack after the Cocodrie closes its doors. After all, there are a number of great places that at present rarely if ever feature rock'n'roll, such as the Cafe du Nord on upper Market. It's a shame that the full potential of such architecturally fetching places is being squandered on the pathetic losers who are into crap like lounge music. Oh, well.

This is why the demise of the Purple Onion last summer was a blow from which the local scene may not recover for a long time

READ 'EM AND WEEP (AGAIN!)

In the remainder of this column, I've decided to try our readers' patience by reprinting Arwen's reply to the lengthy letter I submitted in response to an anonymous letter published by *MRR* (which falsely accused me of "blatent [sic] fucking racism" for daring to criticize ugly hip hop fashions and the people who wore them), together with the reply to Arwen I then drafted. I had originally intended to send this long version to *MRR*, but instead decided to send them a one or two paragraph response because I felt certain they would refuse to publish the one printed below due to its length. Moreover, I see no reason why this dispute, if it is to continue (which I shall henceforth leave up to them), should be carried on exclusively in the pages of *MRR*, a hostile forum and one which will always permit Arwen or some other *MRR* spokesperson to have the last word. The only problem is that it is far more time-consuming to have to respond in detail to foolish arguments than it is to produce them in the first place, and the prospect of precipitating yet another round of idiotic responses almost dissuaded me from responding to Arwen at all. I simply do not have the time or energy to deal with the endless litany of factual errors and illogicalities emanating from the pages of *MRR*. Even so, I will continue to painstakingly expose these manifest flaws as long as that magazine persists in making scurrilous accusations against *Hit List* or any of its writers.

1) Arwen's response to my letter:

First, I'd like to reassure our readers that although both Jeff's letter and my

response are painfully long, I have no intention of dragging on a prolonged argument that concerns only a handful of people and is understood by fewer. I am not bloodthirsty, I have no intent to boycott or sinister designs toward *Hit List*, and I have limited energy for this sort of thing. I do think, however, that Jeff's torrent of criticisms requires that I clarify some points about *MRR*'s policies and attitudes.

Jeff is talented at turning the force of criticism away from himself and hurling it back at his perceived attackers: in this case, an anonymous letter writer in *MRR* #203, and *MRR*'s current editors, me in particular. I hope that he does not succeed in directing attention away from his own column, however, which in my opinion was the initial provocation for all of this yammering.

I will address the arguments in his letter, but only after I have drawn attention back toward Jeff's column in *Hit List* #6. Note that none of the quotes were taken out of context.

In this column, Jeff details predominantly white-kid "youth culture" sub-groups over the last 50 years or so. He wraps this discussion up by claiming that the worst "look" of all is the "(wannabe) gangster hip-hop look."

According to his description, people in this group share the following qualities: "phony African hairstyles or shaved heads," baggy clothes and gold jewelry, Malcolm X badges, big athletic shoes, "Yo's galore (you know what I'm sayin'?, gang hand signals, crack pipes," and "moronic sneers."

"When someone wears that type of garish garb," writes Jeff, "they're basically conveying the following message to the rest of the world: 'I'm a misogynistic, racist moron with an IQ of 50, the moral character of a violent sociopath, and the fashion sense of a pimp... you know what I'm sayin'? Word!"

He then goes on to say that "white niggers" are worse..."There are very few things that are more pathetic than a dopey honky 'homeboy' who's desperately trying to look and act like a pathological black 'bru-tha.' Axe me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies."

This follows the structure of his other descriptions, with a few key differences: 1. None of the other descriptions make reference to race, 2. None of the other descriptions make reference to intelligence or morality, 3. None of the other descriptions make reference to language as an indicator of morality or intelligence, 4. While the other descriptions describe very specific cultural groups with some accuracy, the description of "pathological black bru-tha"s is nothing more than an amalgamation of negative stereotypes, and is not descriptive of a real, identifiable sub-group of people.

For example, hip-hop culture, whether it is of the "gangster" variety or not, has never, to my knowledge, celebrated smoking crack. *Selling* crack, occasionally, but even this is a distinct faction of hip-hop culture that is not representative of the whole, though both groups might, if so inclined, wear banana boat (?) athletic shoes or Malcolm X badges.

If you are black, wear baggy pants, listen to hip hop, and have a shaved head, does that qualify you as a crack smoker? Or only as a misogynistic racist moron? Must you possess all of the "gangster" characteristics, or only most?

The sinister bit in here is Jeff's treatment of Black English dialect, which he indicates twice with the phrase "you know what I'm sayin'?" which seems to me a morally and intellectually neutral question, spoken by bus drivers, college students and secretaries all over the nation.

If, like many black Americans, including community leaders as well as tough-acting teenagers, you sometimes or always use dialect, does *this* then make you a misogynistic, racist, "violent sociopath"? I can only assume Jeff is calling up this image when using his "phonetic" spelling of "bru-tha" and "axe."

This isn't new. People have been pointing to dialects, used by cultural minorities and oppressed sub-groups in all the nations of the world, as indicators of inferior intelligence and other unpleasant qualities for as long as language has been a political tool-that is-as long as there has been politics. I'm sure Jeff knows more about this than I do, which makes it less tolerable.

I am not suggesting that "criticizing certain elements of particular groups (is) synonymous with criticizing the entire group." But in Jeff's column, unlike in his descriptions of "white" fashions, no recognizable sub-group of Black people was indicated. Instead, qualities which many, if not most, Black people share (like the use of dialect) were used to indicate a morally and intellectually inferior criminal element.

And if, in fact, the "sociopathic underclass black culture" is "utterly alien" to the white kids who ape it, I can only assume it is also utterly alien to Jeff. This is the point of my column in *MRR* #203, which tried to communicate (albeit too indirectly and self-referentially) that the very least privileged people can do is refrain from using their privilege to come to insulting and unfounded conclusions about people less privileged than themselves.

I am not interested in labeling Jeff a racist. I don't find that very useful, and I think flamboyantly throwing the label around muddies up its significance. But you have to call it when you see it, which is what I did, and what the anonymous letter-writer did, in a different sort of way. There is no deliberate "smear" on anyone's character or reputation here-just insistence that people be accountable for their own published words.

A world in which I would *not* react, out of politeness or fear, would be very different from the idealized world of open dialogue that Jeff claims to desire.

Now in regard to Jeff's criticisms of *MRR*'s letters policies, I want to make the following observations.

1. *Hit List*, as Jeff has stated repeatedly, seeks to provoke and offend. Then why is he indignant when someone-like "Anonymous," or myself-is provoked? That would seem to be the natural progression, and not a cause for uproar.

Probably Anonymous did not send his letter to *Hit List* because, according to Jeff's own standards, it was not likely to be printed at all. It's possible, though, that he feared the lashings of Jeff's intellect, as suggested.

It's not surprising that he did not respond on terms more conducive to being crushed by Jeff in debate, nor even in a way Jeff considers intelligent. *An opinion is not invalidated just because it is poorly articulated.* Listen to punk rock records for examples of blunt, unsophisticated, emotional responses to perceived wrongdoing.

2. Our printing a letter is not equivalent to our promoting the viewpoint therein, as Jeff insinuates. The letters section is not a vehicle for editorial opinion, except when we respond to a letter-writer in print. Even then, it does not represent the opinions of the entire *MRR* staff, which he knows.

We may print a letter because we think the argument is valid, whether or not we agree with it. We may print a letter because it is heart-felt, though it may be badly argued, or for any number of other reasons. But we don't vicariously use other people's letters to bitch with-we're capable of (even renowned for) bitching on our own.

3. The letters section of *MRR has* been the slate for accusations by punks against other punks. As these are difficult to substantiate, we do not claim that they are accurate. We gleefully print the other side of the story when it comes to who ripped who off in mailorder, or who only carries pre-racist Skrewdriver records, or who leaned on whose table at the More Than Music festival. These are examples of accusations punks make against other punks in our "forum."

4. Anonymous did not make an accusation. Instead, he quoted excerpts from Jeff's column and interpreted them as racist. If a letter had *accused* Jeff, for example, of racist violence, we would not have printed it without contacting

"Hit List, as Jeff has stated repeatedly, seeks to provoke and offend."

him, and almost definitely not then.

5. Anonymous begins his letter with "*MRR*, I don't know how I could distrust you and your reader's judgments." It is just as likely, since he claims to have been a *Hit List* reader, that he is referring to my letter printed in *Hit List* #2 as something appearing in *MRR* in determining this. In any case, he makes reference to an *MRR* column and to what he supposes is our mass opinion, so it is not correct to say that this letter had no relevance to *MRR* and was "solely attacking something that appeared in" *Hit List*.

6. Obviously Jeff is accountable for his printed words, as are we all, and for defending them when they are inflammatory. If his column stirs controversy that expands beyond his own walls and becomes fodder for public debate, then it may appear in any number of publications or conversations beyond his, my, or anyone's control.

7. Anonymous may be a coward. Or he may be protecting the reputation of a sick grandmother, or hiding from the cops. I don't know. The argument for accountability is a fair one, but the fact is that in punk rock publishing, many contributors and readers operate under punk pseudonyms, initials, acronyms, etc. Unless "Scab" is a a high-profile punk, for example, "Scab" may as well be Joe Smith may as well be anonymous.

8. Lefty Hooligan's column, in which he examines his racial prejudice toward Germans, was in fact bothersome to me. But people who are one generation away from Hitler's concentration camps, or any sort of mass genocidal activity, are going to have strong feelings about it. The world at large is struggling with how to feel about the Germans, though of course many young Germans were not even born until after the War. Racism, American or otherwise, does not grow in a test tube, away from personal experience and global politics. The more people acknowledge their illogical biases to themselves, the more likely they are to dispel them.

9. As Mykel was slipping yet another "Black man's penis" allusion into his... uh, column this month (and my goat is not gotten, as his drive to sexually categorize *all* human beings is legendary) he made reference to new, post-Diallo cases of unarmed black men shot down by the NYPD on the basis of racial profiling. The cops' profile of black gangsters' characteristics-though I'm sure it is more thoroughly researched than Jeff's-proved to be just as inaccurate, at the expense of lives. Take note.

7. I am so weary of the right-wing, *Fountainhead* image that Jeff, Rush Limbaugh, and others have projected, of the lone defender of free thought desperately battling the forces of PC prudishness and repression (as represented by feminists, the left wing, affirmative action advocates, *MRR*, etc.). This is inaccurate, paranoid, ego-driven nonsense. The fact is, the world's power still lies in the hands of powerful, wealthy, white men, at the expense of women, minorities and the poor, who are not, in fact, organized *en masse* to restrict free expression and thought. If you doubt this, ask yourself who can be president in this country. Now ask yourself who can *really* be president. And that is an answer no one should cast aside just for the sake of argument.

Arwen Curry

2) My long reply to Arwen:

What part of "[i]t goes without saying that it's their debased moral values and thuggish behavior that bother me, not their skin color" don't you understand? It's embarrassing enough that both you and "Anonymous" completely misinterpreted the easy-to-understand points that I made in my obviously tongue-in-cheek "fashion" column in *Hit List* #6, but there's no excuse at all for continuing to make the very same dumb mistakes and false accusations now that I've 1) pointed out all of the factual and logical flaws, implicit or explicit, in Anonymous' original letter, and 2) carefully clarified my actual views so that even people as dimwitted as Anonymous would be able to understand them. In the wake of that exchange, your stubborn refusal to acknowledge the obvious — that my original comments cannot legitimately be construed as "racist" and that *MRR*'s longterm policy of publishing third-party accusations, anonymous or otherwise, is irresponsible and unethical — can only mean one of two things: either you can't understand plain English or you're intentionally misconstruing and distorting my views in order to save face. If it's any consolation, I'll give you the benefit of the doubt by assuming that you're consciously dissimulating rather than deficient in basic reading skills.

Let's deal with your bogus claims one by one, shall we? First, far from trying to "direct attention away" from what I actually wrote by "turning the force of criticism away from [myself]", in my reply I explicitly urged *MRR*'s readers to go out and actually read my column rather than accepting Anonymous' foolish claims at face value. Second, although you yourself may not have quoted me out of context in the above reply — you simply misinterpreted almost everything I said — Anonymous undoubtedly did so in his original letter. It is highly significant, for instance, that he conveniently left out the sentence immediately following my citation of the lyrics urging that "white niggers" be shot: "I guess that *is* a bit extreme, now that I think about it, but even so there are very few things that are more pathetic than a dopey honky "homeboy" who's desperately trying to look and act like a pathological black bru-tha..." Aside from mitigating the overt nastiness of the quoted lyrics, this follow-up sentence clearly revealed both the humorous undercurrents of the remarks in question and the satirical tone on display throughout the entire column. The fact that Anonymous dishonestly excised it from his excerpt indicates that even he was dimly aware that including it would undermine his ridiculous charges. Third, it is clear from his own wording that Anonymous did *not* read the earlier exchange of letters between us that appeared in *Hit List* #2, but was instead responding solely to the gratuitously hostile remarks about *Hit List* that have been appearing periodically in *MRR*, after which he picked up issues #5 and 6 of our magazine. Fourth, Anonymous clearly did accuse me of racism, in the straightforward sense of "to charge with a fault", as even Jeff Mason was honest enough to admit. The word "accuse" is not only used in the narrow context of commiting crimes, although in this instance Anonymous clearly thought that I'd committed a "thought crime" of some sort.

...it is clearly not true that my caustic remarks weren't "descriptive of a real, identifiable group of people..."

Moving on to your more serious factual and interpretive errors, it is clearly *not* true that my caustic remarks weren't "descriptive of a real, identifiable group of people" — they referred explicitly to black gangsters and their would-be emulators, black and white. I don't see how I could have made this any clearer. Moreover, I did not say that these pathetic wannabes actually *were* all "misogynistic, racist moron[s] with an IQ of 50, the moral character of a violent sociopath, and the fashion sense of a pimp", only that this was the message they were conveying, wittingly or unwittingly, to the rest of the world. But the actual gangsters that they idolize generally *do* share those loathesome traits (see further below). Note the clear distinction between my remarks, which were made specifically in reference to criminal elements, and those of Lefty Hooligan, who began his column by stating that he hated Germans, *without* adding any qualifiers, and then went on to suggest that even "good" Germans (which he identifies as left-wing "anti-fascists") behave in the same

authoritarian fashion as "bad" ones (i.e., the Nazis). I don't doubt that those particular "good" Germans do behave in this way, but if so it reveals far more about the ideological fanaticism and violent intolerance of the so-called "antifa's" and the Autonomen — not coincidentally, the very same traits associated with the Nazis and neo-Nazis — than it does about Germans in general.

Second, it is *not* true that none of my other descriptions of youth fashions made reference to intelligence or morality. Quite the contrary. Did I not list "vacant expressions" as one of the marks of the "beach punk" look, "'wise guy' grimaces" as one of the marks of the "disco" look, "bovine facial expressions" as one of the marks of the "late hippy" look, "menacing sneers" as one of the marks of the "1977 punk" look, "facial snarls" as one of the marks of the "60's punk" look, and "contorted 'yobbo' facial expressions" as one of the marks of the "1980 punk" look? None of these characterizations are exactly flattering, even though they were clearly meant to be humorous. Of course, one actually has to have a sense of humor to recognize this, something that you seem to lack.

Third, it is *not* true that I made no other references to language as a sign of intelligence, as I listed "'dude'-dom" as a mark of the "street metal" look. Perhaps I'm mistaken, but I don't think that the overuse of the word "dude" is normally considered to be a mark of intellectual sophistication.

Finally, the reason why my other characterizations of youth fashions didn't make any explicit reference to race should be self-evident: they were all recognizably associated, as you yourself note, with white kids. The *only* youth fashion that I discussed which was originally embraced by black youths and then slavishly borrowed by their white counterparts was the "(wannabe) gangster hip-hop look". If you're wondering why I chose to devote slightly more space to making fun of this particular fashion statement than the others, it's because 1) I think it is by far the most hideous of all youth fashions, past or present, and 2) it was originally sported by sociopathic criminal elements within the black community. Indeed, it was this very association with gangsters and hoodlums which made such fashions seem "cool" to so many foolish and impressionable black and white youths, which in my opinion makes it all the more repugnant.

Everyone who is really concerned about the wretched condition of the black underclass would advocate the immediate abandonment of "Ebonics"

Here lies the real heart of the matter. I detest violent, predatory criminals, irrespective of their race, and as far as I'm concerned anyone who tries to emulate them or romanticize them is either morally bankrupt or a fool. I did in fact cast aspersions on the intelligence and morality of black gangsters (and, by extension, their wannabe emulators), *not* because they were black but because they were gangsters. Psychological studies and IQ tests have repeatedly shown that violent criminals and street thugs *generally* have lower than average intelligence, one sign of which is that they have poor or non-existent impulse control, a finding that certainly confirms my own extensive experiences as a former resident of some of the worst ghetto neighborhoods in Chicago. Why anyone would knowingly identify with or idolize these pathetic and pathological excuses for human beings, much less willingly adopt their garishly ugly fashions, is something of a mystery to me. In theory I can understand the romantic appeal of the "outlaw" and the "bad boy" to zit-faced teens who feel powerless and are desperately trying to break away from their square parents, flaunt social conventions, and find their own identities. But there are outlaws and there are outlaws. If someone sought to romanticize certain types of social outcasts who operated on the basis of some recognizable code of honor, displayed genuine ethical concerns or compassion, stole from the truly undeserving rich and gave to the truly deserving poor, or meted out "frontier justice" to those who really deserved to be punished, this would be understandable (though perhaps not entirely justifiable). But in this case we're talking primarily about racist, misogynistic sociopaths with IQs hovering around 75 — I admittedly exaggerated for effect when I said 50 — who have no qualms whatsoever about shooting down innocent people that happen to get in their way. If Russian mobsters, Sicilian mafiosi, Chinese triad members, Colombian drug barons, Japanese yakuza, or other ruthless criminals were also exerting a profound and horrendous influence on contemporary youth fashions (and perhaps also values), I would have happily indicted them along with the aforementioned black gangbangers. But they aren't. Once again I will reiterate the obvious, so that even the dumbest reader of *MRR* can grasp it: "If disliking misogynistic, racist thugs who happen to be black can be construed as "racist", an antipathy which sensible people of all races share, then so be it...Likewise, if expressing the opinion that gaudy hip hop fashions are irredeemably ugly makes me a "racist", another opinion which is widespread among ethnically diverse people who are not aesthetically challenged, then so be it." If you or anyone else has a problem with any of this, that's too damn bad.

In the midst of all this outright dishonesty and confusion, you did actually make two valid points. First, you were right to note that I was making fun of contemporary black slang, which certain so-called educators have foolishly sought to dignify with the label "Ebonics". To this I plead guilty, although not for the silly reasons you adduce: that, as an allegedly "privileged" person — more on this absurd claim later — I'm making some "sinister" effort to belittle "cultural minorities and oppressed sub-groups." My reasons are far more prosaic, not to mention sarcastically humorous, than this standard PC cant would suggest: I just happen to think that the use of gangster rap-style black slang makes people sound really, really stupid — even if they aren't. I also feel the same way about certain types of New Jersey, Appalachian, and Southern accents, although there was no reason to mention these given the specific context of my column. Now get ready for some shocking news! I have as much right to make fun of particular accents I don't like as other people have to make fun of Chicago accents like mine, and I certainly don't need the approval of anyone at *MRR* in order to do so. And no, Arwen, I'm not claiming that everyone who says "know what I'm sayin'" (or, for that matter, "dude") is stupid, much less a "misogynistic, racist moron" (although those who do so after every single sentence fragment probably *are* stupid) — only that innumerable black gangsters who do speak in that way *can* accurately be described in those terms.

There is, however, a more serious side to all of this. It's one thing to consciously develop or adopt a distinctive and intentionally vulgar language so as to differentiate yourself from mainstream society and the squares who run it, but altogether something else to wallow in your own ignorance and inarticulateness and not even bother to learn how to speak or write correct English. Everyone who adopts the latter attitude is consigning themselves *in perpetuity* to poverty and low social status — unless they happen to have the athletic ability to become a sports celebrity or the luck and talent to become a famous musician or movie star — since they are in effect making it impossible for themselves to successfully enter the economic, social, and political mainstream in this country on any level whatsoever, even on their own terms. That is why it is so pernicious for guilt-ridden leftists and liberals, not to mention racists of color, to rationalize and romanticize the continued reliance

upon such debased language, the use of which is not infrequently associated with a host of other self-destructive and counterproductive cultural attitudes, e.g., that any black person who studies hard and tries to learn is "acting white", that any black person who works diligently at a regular job is a "chump", that "white racism" prevents all blacks who aren't Uncle Toms from being successful, etc. The truth is that everyone who is *really* concerned about the wretched condition of the black underclass would advocate the immediate abandonment of "Ebonics" and insist that every black child learn proper English, which alone makes social mobility possible in the United States. (As perverse as it sounds, if nasty satirization made it seem socially "uncool" to speak in this subliterate way and thereby encouraged poor black kids to adopt proper diction and learn correct grammar, it would benefit them enormously in the long run.) Anyone who believes that they cannot (rather than should not) learn how to speak properly *is* a racist.

This brings me to your second and final legitimate point. In theory it's true that the validity of an argument is not ultimately dependent upon whether the person advocating it is articulate or inarticulate. But the appellation "inarticulate" indicates that someone doesn't have a thorough command of the language he or she is using, and in actual practice this typically means that said person is unable to discern and comprehend all of the linguistic and stylistic nuances and subtleties found in various texts. This failure in turn almost invariably leads to serious confusion, misinterpretation, and error, as Anonymous' letter perfectly illustrates.

From here on it's all downhill, though all too representative of the hypocritical double standards and barely disguised racism (and sexism) of the PC left. It is highly revealing, for example, that you claimed that elsewhere in my column I "described very specific cultural groups with some accuracy", whereas my description of black gangsters was "nothing more than an amalgamation of negative stereotypes." Such a distinction only exists in your own mind. The fact is that *all* of my satirical characterizations of countercultural youth fashions (and their wearers) were nothing more than an amalgamation of stereotypes. Those that I approved of were obviously less negative (though no less satirical and caustic) in tone than those that I found repugnant, but in all cases they were clearly meant to be generalizations based on stereotypes. Moreover, in my opinion they were all equally accurate (or inaccurate). The fact that *MRR*'s editors actually think that it's somewhat "accurate", and hence presumably OK, to make fun of, say, "beach punks" by suggesting (correctly) that they often wear goofy Hawaiian shirts, smoke bongs, drink Mai Tais, and walk around with vacant expressions on their faces, whereas it is *not* accurate or OK to suggest (no less correctly) that black gangsters often wear goofy big, big, big, big baggy-ass pants, smoke crack, and walk around with moronic sneers on their faces, only reveals their own racist double standards. Apparently, it's OK to make vicious fun of whites and their fashions, but reprehensible and "racist" to make fun of blacks and their fashions. One should at least try to maintain logical consistency here, in which case there would only be two possible options: either one should take me to task for stereotyping *all* of the groups in question, or — that which is obviously the far more sensible alternative — recognize that the entire column was written in a tongue-in-cheek tone and was therefore meant to provoke mirth and be taken with a grain of salt. This was in fact my intention, although I certainly don't expect every single *Hit List* reader to share my perversely cynical and vitriolic sense of humor.

The fact is that all of my satirical characterizations of countercultural youth fashions (and their wearers) were nothing more than an amalgamation of stereotypes.

Lest anyone think that I'm exaggerating when I point out the racism underlying your hypocritical double standards in this context, you provide further evidence of it by automatically assuming that I'm "privileged" simply because I am white and male. Even if you willfully ignore all of the other counterevidence, e.g., the fact that the numerical majority of the poor people in this country are still white; that immigrants from certain parts of Africa and the Caribbean, not to mention Japan and China, earn more, on average, than native-born whites (so much for the simplistic "white racist" explanation for black American failure); that it is nowadays virtually impossible for whites to obtain entry-level civil service jobs; that better qualified whites (and Asians) are routinely deprived of admission to the colleges of their choice in order to make way for significantly less qualified members of designated "oppressed" groups; that ethnic lobbying groups have far more political clout than groups representing the interests of poor and lower middle class whites (in contradistinction to wealthy upper class whites); or that black-on-white violent crime is ten (murder) to twenty (rape) times more common than the reverse (by the way, the fact that black males between their mid-teens and late twenties commit over 50% of the murders, rapes, assaults, and burglaries in this country clearly explains the use of race as a factor in criminal profiling, although it surely doesn't justify violating the rights of innocent people), my own personal background is anything but "privileged". On the contrary, I'm a veritable poster boy for underprivileged kids from seriously dysfunctional families and disadvantaged backgrounds. My father abandoned my mother when I was three years old, my mother became a serious alcoholic, lost her job, and went on welfare, we got evicted from apartment after apartment because she was unable to pay the rent, we both ended up having to move into a one room apartment along with my grandparents, and she died of liver disease in her mid-forties. The only horrible experiences that I was mercifully spared as a child were physical and sexual abuse, so I'll thank you not to continue making fraudulent and blatantly racist assumptions about my so-called "privileges". If truth be told, everything that I've achieved in my life has been accomplished in spite of my background, *not* because of it. If you and other people feel so damn guilty about your own imagined "white-skin" privilege, perhaps you should go jump off the nearest cliff instead of presuming to lecture and wag your sanctimonious fingers at those of us who actually lack privileges. What we are witnessing here seems to be a textbook case of psychological projection.

Finally, please don't delude yourself that you are holding *me* accountable, especially since I already emphasized that I stood by everything I said and

had no intention of apologizing for committing a non-existent (thought) "crime". Aside from the fact that no one at *MRR* is morally qualified to hold anyone else accountable, as per usual you've managed to get everything ass backwards: I am the one who is now holding *MRR* accountable for the consistently immature and unethical behavior displayed by its editorial staff. First, you thoughtlessly took the low road by running an anonymous letter that made serious accusations against me and advocated the initiation of a boycott against our magazine, then you affected innocence and feigned surprise when I called you to account by demolishing every single one of those idiotic claims. If that wasn't enough, instead of acknowledging that your original decision to print Anonymous' letter was morally problematic and that the assertions he made were seriously flawed, you attempted to justify both without a hint of embarrassment. You then stupidly insisted on repeating the very same nonsensical claims in your response to my letter, while disingenuously asserting that you had "no interest in labelling me as a racist" and no "designs" against *Hit List*. Forgive me if I find that impossible to believe. The bottom line is that if you continue behaving in the same immature and morally dubious manner by facilitating the anonymous launching of personal smears in *MRR*'s letters pages, don't be surprised when others call you to account for it.

As regards your absurd claim that concerns about PC prudishness and repression are nothing more than "inaccurate, paranoid, ego-driven nonsense", no one has ever claimed that "women, minorities and the poor are organized *en masse* to restrict free expression and thought." On the contrary, it is a small but highly vocal minority of overprivileged, self-indulgent, guilt-ridden whites and race-baiting con artists of color, entrenched in government bureaucracies, academia, the media, and other influential institutions, who are trying to impose their narrow-minded, selfish agendas by fiat *against the wishes of the overwhelming majority* of people (white and non-white, male and female) with sufficient common sense to recognize their blatant hypocrisy and authoritarian pretentions. Despite their own delusions, radical feminists like Catherine MacKinnon, race-baiting ambulance chasers like Jesse Jackson, and nauseating self-abasing whites of the *Race Traitor* stamp do not represent the interests of anyone other than themselves, least of all the supposedly "oppressed" groups they claim to speak on behalf of. To note only one obvious example, most modern women refuse to even call themselves feminists, much less radical feminists, because they rightly recognize that the male-bashing lunatics who dominate the agenda of the movement and fancy themselves to be spokespersons for "women's interests" do not reflect their own concerns. After all, anyone who seriously claims that heterosexual sex is equivalent to rape, that pornography is equivalent to "violence against women", or that, more generally, women have an especially bad lot in contemporary Western societies, which have in fact provided them with more freedom of choice, responsibility, social mobility, and political influence than in any other society in human history, past or present, can hardly be taken seriously. Indeed, they can only be seen as deranged, not to mention prudish and repressive.

It is very telling that you ended your missive by trying to draw a spurious parallel between myself, a free-thinking countercultural rebel for over 35 years (i.e., since long before you were even born), and a conformist jackass like Rush Limbaugh, an unintelligent and lifelong square who is essentially a flack for the right wing of the Republican Party. It may well be that Limbaugh and I are in agreement that the PC left is loathesome, but this is a view that

JEFFBALE

is widely shared by people on all sides of the political spectrum. Hopefully, discriminating readers will recognize the crucial difference between my approach to intellectual debate and yours: I don't resort to bogus tactics like comparing your views to those of jackasses like Al Sharpton or Andrea Dworkin, but instead respond to your arguments one by one on the basis of their factual accuracy and logical consistency. Note also that, in my capacity as the editor of *Hit List*, I rarely bother to criticize the nonsensical views that I regularly run across in the pages of *MRR*, admittedly a Herculean task, since you are entitled to express your views freely, no matter how inane and "offensive" they may sometimes be. Perhaps you should try extending the same courtesy to others instead of regularly allowing your publication to be used as a forum to smear innocent people.

Jeff Bale

HL WANTS YOU, PART 2: MISSED CONNECTIONS

I was very gratified that so many intelligent people responded to my recruitment pitch last issue for a rockabilly columnist, book reviewers, and feature writers. (So far the only disappointment is the relative lack of response from Europe, Japan, and South America, but it may just be too soon.) I am now awaiting your submissions with some anticipation. In three cases, however, my replies to your e-mails were returned by the server. I therefore openly appeal to Tad (picketware), Miss Amy (amyl), and Jim Hayes (neoneoist) to contact me again, if necessary by calling the *Hit List* HQ number listed on the flipside of the title page. We are interested in receiving contributions from all of you.

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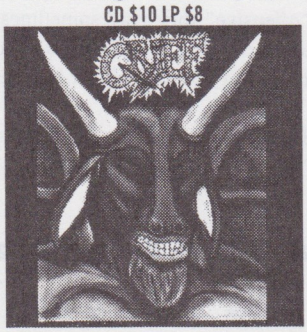
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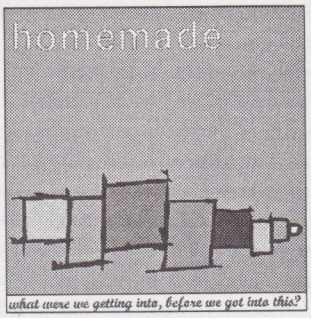


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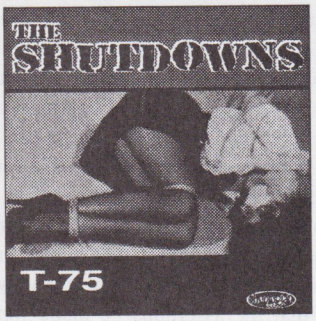
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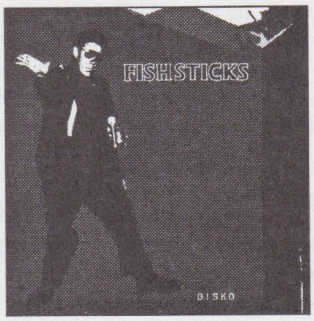
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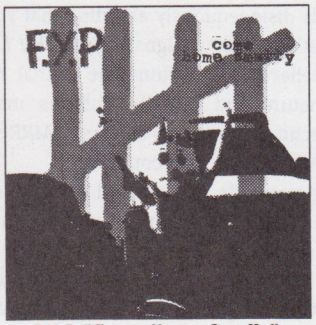
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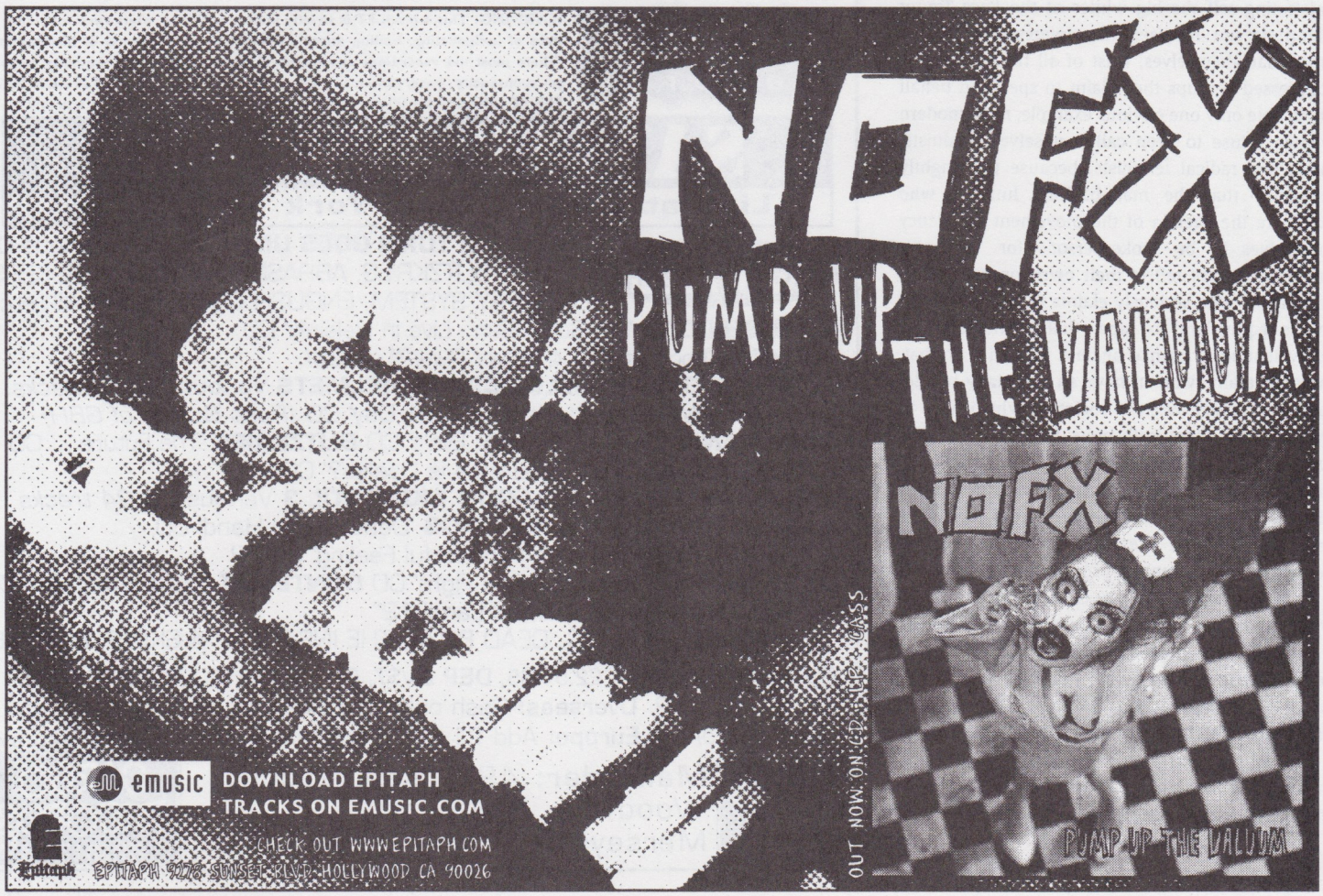
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THE
Valentine
KILLERS

THE VALENTINE KILLERS

The Valentine Killers are a simple band with simple needs. They like to get fucked up and play rock and roll. In fact, they are the only band Iíve ever seen come to near to beating each other up over whether the first or the second Ramones record was better. At any given show, Brian Le Manna will apologize for how much he sucked when you compliment him and Stu will eye your beer like heís drowning and youíre holding a floatation device. Jill and Coloff will make wry comments like some punk-rock Greek chorus while Scott, the latest in a string of bass players, just tags along on the lookout for bizarre gardening accidents. This interview was done by Tim Hayes, who owns Fallout Records, the best independent store in the Pacific Northwest.

THE VALENTINE KILLERS ARE:

Jill Trueblood : drums Brian Coloff: lead guitar Scott: bass Stu Miller: guitar Brian LeManna - vocals



INTERVIEWED BY: Tim Hayes

TH: You guys started out in Olympia, WA. How did that happen?

Stu: Nobody was into rock n' roll or anything and it was dead. The whole Oly scene was minimal pop.
LeManna: Stu and I were listening to Rip-Off type stuff.
Stu: We met each other and I just bought a guitar. We started it cause we were bored.

TH: Driving into Oly for many years, once you hit the city limits, a testicle falls off. You lose your balls.

Stu: Well, when we moved there, we were given one extra.
LeManna: We were Rockers living in a Town Called Mod, Jill actually has all the extra balls. Like five.

TH: In OLY I'm sure you guys were like the social outcasts!

LeManna: Hey, I'm an outcast everywhere I am!

TH: So you guys didn't fit into tweed pop?

STU: The kids that would come down and see us weren't the Oly scene, they were like the 16 year old kids from Tumwater. — think back woods strip-mall suburb where K-Mart is high end and Skoal circles on the ass pocket is a sign of manhood —
LeManna: These kids would come out and a few weeks later they'd show up with records like the Motards, or the New Bomb Turks and it was cool to turn them on to good music.
Stu: We met Jill when she was playing with The Benedictions and we were like, that's our new drummer.

LeManna: In fact, I said that in front of our current drummer, I looked over at Stu and said, in front of our current drummer, that girl's going to be our drummer someday, we both knew it.

TH: So the old drummer, what happened to him?

LeManna: He knocked up our bass player's sister-in-law at a party we played.

TH: So what did your folks listen to?

Stu: My mom listened to a lot of R&B and my Dad listened to a lot of early Aerosmith and Rolling Stones, which are bands I still try to rip off constantly. My family were good Irish dancers, they'd get drunk and they'd dance.

TH: Jill, what about you?

Jill: I don't know about music, I grew up on a farm.
LeManna: My parents were a little older so I kinda grew up on a lot of 50s stuff: Little Richard, Buddy Holly, Chuck Berry and early Stones. And a lot of British invasion, like the Yardbirds and the Zombies — the Zombies are still one of my favorites. My mom listened to a lot of old C & W like Patsy Cline and Buck Owens. The first rock and roll record I ever owned my Grandfather bought me off a K-Tel thing on TV, Johnny Cash sings songs of trains and rivers, cause I really liked trains. Johnny Cash is in my top five biggest influences. The man was punk before there was punk.

TH: What about you Scott?

Scott: I was more influenced by tapes my friends making tapes for me. Like Husker Du or the Derelicts, or Poison Idea. I come from more of a punk/hardcore background than a punk/rock n' roll.

TH: Coloff, what about you?

Coloff: Well, my Dad's a classical orchestra teacher. He forced music on us and so I would play a different instrument every two years just to piss him off. He didn't agree with the rock and roll ethic or anything, he was very straight laced. But he gave the musical push.
Jill: I should add though, cause I feel bad, I never say anything about my brother who was obviously the biggest influence musically.

TH: What was he in?

"...THINK BACK WOODS STRIP-MALL SUBURB WHERE K-MART IS HIGH END AND SKOAL CIRCLES ON THE ASS POCKET IS A SIGN OF MANHOOD..."

Jill: Untamed Youth. Yeah, he was already around. The reason I started drumming — you see, I wanted to play the violin!
Coloff: You should have been in my family!

Jill: I wanted to play the violin but mom didn't want me to so she was like, well, we've already got a snare, why don't you just play the drums? She really didn't want to hear a mad, cat scratch howl, nasty-bad horrible sound.

TH: So, when you guys write songs, how do they come together?

Stu: Basically me and LeManna come up this the bones. We bring that and then Coloff always has some amazing lead to put over it and Scott's got all these crazy bass lines that sound amazing and Jill is so fucking solid and plays great. And so we'll bring it and let everybody arrange it from there.
Coloff: Simple is the thing. Verse Chorus, Verse chorus, put in a guitar solo, then get rid of the song Next song.

TH: So, what number of bass player are you guys at now?

Stu: We're on number four.

TH: Hang in there Scott, they need you, baby, they need you!
Coloff: The very first time I played with this band, I played bass.
Stu: Yeah, so five if you wanna play hardball.
LeManna: He (Coloff) actually has played bass at a few shows.
Stu: We lost a bass player suddenly when he didn't want to go to Portland with us.
LaManna: I played second guitar once when he played bass. And it was good, it didn't suck!
Coloff: Second guitar is all about accents.
LeManna: — That's right, so, yeah. I guess it sucked.

TH: How did you guys hook up with Vanessa from Yeah, It's Rock? How's that working out?

Stu: It's working out great so far. I think it's working out well for both of us. The record's getting out there and getting played on the radio.
LeManna: She's kicked ass!

TH: Yeah, she promos the hell out of it.
Stu: Yeah, it's charting on the CMJ charts right now, I mean we're doing really good. How we hooked up with her, well, I guess she'd seen us a couple of times and she approached us after what was really not a very good show.
Stu: It almost looked like one of our last shows.
LeManna: We could have broken up that night. I was blacked out drunk and being a real idiot jerk —

TH: Now what show was this?

LeManna: This was at the Rendevous.

TH: You sure it wasn't at the Gibson?

STU: — No, not the Gibson. What about the? No? Okay.
LeManna: Exactly!
Stu: That's always been a problem with us — to be able to drink and play, but not drink too much. We played the Re-Bar and we just stopped after a while and said "THE SPINNING LIGHTS."





LeManna: I think early Replacements are a big influence in this band, not musically but in attitude, as far as drinking goes.
Stu: That show Vanessa saw us at, she came up to Brian and said you guys were great, I gotta put out your album, and we thought wow, she must be insane 'cause we were about to break up. We were dissatisfied with our bass player at the time. He was a manipulative control freak, and lied to us a lot —
LeManna: Just say he didn't want to tour!
Jill: Yeah, just say he didn't want to tour!
Stu: Naw, I'm not gonna sugar coat it.
LeManna: Stu's about the honesty, man.
Stu: So, Vanessa says "alright, I'll come see you guys next Friday", and that was a time when Coloff had to play bass. So right then, right when she's like "I wanna put out your LP", it was like Oh god, you know this band is almost over.
Jill: That was the day after The Kentucky Derby.
Stu: Yeah, Jill and my mom share that same odd obsession.
Jill: It was the best fucking time I ever had! I want to schedule all our tours around it.
TH: What about touring?



Stu: We did a US tour with the Mortville 45.

TH: Did you guys tour with any bands, or just yourselves?

Stu: We supported Zeke every night for 17 dates.

TH: Were the crowds really responsive toward you guys? Cause I know Zeke fans come in flocks.

Stu: Well, it was good to play for that many people, and I think there were Zeke fans that liked us, but we knew that there was a lot of Zeke fans that didn't like us. But I think we did really good with the girlfriends got dragged by their boyfriends to the show.
Jill: Right!
Stu: For one, I think we're a little too rock and rolly, we're not poppy but we definitely add a hook to it, I mean we're not just beat you over the head punk.

TH: Well, like I say, you guys are the most Texas sounding band not from Texas, man.

LeManna: That's a high compliment. That's what Stu and I were listening to before we started the band. I hadn't heard The Satans and I was totally into that.

TH: So I'm sure the south was all into you guys.

"I THINK EARLY REPLACEMENTS ARE A BIG INFLUENCE IN THIS BAND, NOT MUSICALLY BUT IN ATTITUDE, AS FAR AS DRINKING GOES."

LeManna: Yeah, Texas was great!
Scott: They offered him free cocaine.
TH: Oooh! Extra special!



LeManna: We politely declined.
Stu: We got a keg of beer, though!
LeManna: Stu didn't decline the keg of beer.
Stu: I think I drank, like 10 beers the first half hour we were there.

TH: What are some of your favorite bands?

Coloff: The Spits 45, The Trots 45, The Lord High Fixers...

TH: They got another record in the can.

Coloff: Yeah, hopefully it won't be like the last one, a bunch of covers. The Fireballs of Freedom.

Scott: The Derelicts, Stiff Little Fingers, Hüsker Dü. I'd agree with Coloff on The Trots.
LeManna: The New Bomb Turks can do no wrong. The new LP is the best thing they ever did. The Humpers. The Candy Snatchers, that new Registrators double LP is amazing! There a really cool local scene right now doing stuff that I like. The Blow Up is gonna do a single on eMpTy and The Vultures have something coming out on Dirtnap, The Briefs are gonna have an LP coming out, so a good local scene, but I still tend to listen to a lot of old stuff. The Saints get a lot of mileage, The Pagans, The Ramones, they're always gonna get mileage. Anything that Johnny Thunders did, that stuff.

TH: Jill, bring it on.

Jill: Well, today, personally, doing yard work I listened to The Commie, The New Bomb Turks, Devo and Patsy Cline. I'll to the Tacoma horn and say Argonaut and Ronson Family Switchblade.
Stu: You know what I got introduced to that I like and never thought I would? Hanoi Rocks.
LeManna: — that's not new!
Stu: Yeah, well it's new to me.

TH: What about all the reissues?

LeManna: The world needs to hear Bobby Soxx and the Teenage Queers.

TH: So, last question. What was the best Valentine you ever got?

Stu: During school when you had to swap them, everybody had to be nice so even the ugly, fat kids, so I got Valentines.
Jill: Oh my God! My life is so pathetic. I really have no answer.
Stu: If somebody bought me beer on Valentine's Day, that'd be the best.
Coloff: Valentine's Day before last my Mom took me dinner and told me that my real Dad wasn't my real Dad.

TH: Thanks, Ma. What about you, Scott?

Scott: From my girlfriend Laura.

TH: Well you can't argue with that.

LeManna: The best one I got was when I was in grade school we had a Valentine's Day dance and this really, really cute girl asked me to dance, but I wanted to dance with somebody else and I said no to her. I didn't dance that night but that was really cool that a really cute girl wanted to dance with me, and I should have, but I didn't. Story of my life.

The Valentine Killers are touring behind their first full length (S/T) and will be at Vegas Shakedown in August.

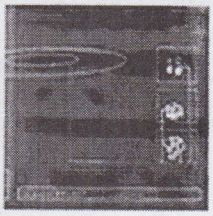
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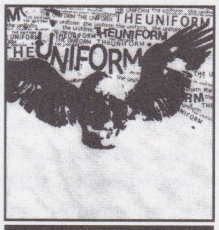
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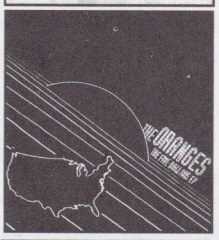
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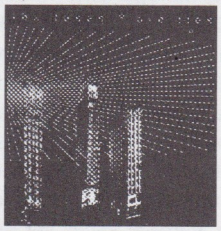
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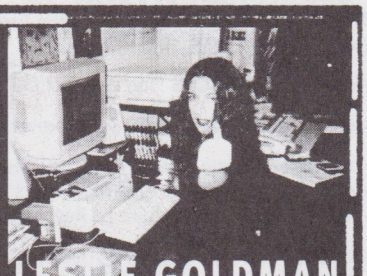
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HIT SQUAD

flip flops "AND champagne



LESLIE GOLDMAN

Like a number of you, I've been watching the hubbub over the "controversial" editorial that Jeff wrote an issue or two ago from afar. I'd volunteer to come to his defense, but the point of contention itself – that Jeff is a racist because he wrote an essay about clothing styles—is so ludicrous that I don't want to add fuel to the fire by arguing the point further. As anyone who read and actually paid attention to that editorial (or anything else he's written) would know, Prof. Bale is a well-spoken, highly-educated, intelligent individual who is perfectly capable of defending and speaking for himself.

The situation does annoy and perplex me, though, so I couldn't let it slide without some comment. A few things really get my goat when it comes to people like the ones that have called him out, i.e., overly PC types who claim to be speaking on behalf of large groups of people. For one, I hate it when one person appoints him- or herself as the defender of a large, faceless group of people...almost as much as I hate people who start an argument from an uneducated standpoint. I'm not saying that you need to be college-educated or even have a GED to make a sound argument, but you do need to pay close attention to what you're seeing, hearing, or reading that made you agitated, and then spend some time thinking your position through completely before going off on a tangent. I know my stories are a little long-winded, but if I may I'd like to tell one to illustrate my point.

I was really under the weather this past week so I spent most of my time watching TV, reading, and looking at dirty stuff on the Internet (purely in the interests of research, of course) or reading the new Richard Meltzer book (*A Whore Like All The Rest*) that some publicist was kind enough to send me—a great book, by the way; very clever and entertaining. If one of the criteria for being a columnist is being a cantankerous, argumentative SOB, as Jeff insisted in his last editorial, then Meltzer is perfect for *Hit List*. Can you nominate someone for columnist status? If so, I nominate him. *[Ed. note: we're working on recruiting him]* But that has nothing to do with the point of this column, so I'll try to get back to that and not get side-tracked again. (Hah, that's unlikely, since I'm usually good for at least one digression per column.) One of the big news stories here in Hostile City is the upcoming Republican National Convention. (I think fellow Hostile City dweller thee Whiskey Rebel has probably used and defined this term enough times, but just in case you haven't been paying attention, Hostile City = Philadelphia.) Of course, as soon as Larry and I found out that the convention would be held here, we started making plans of our own. As it happens, our neighborhood is already overrun nightly with yuppies and visiting suburbanites, so once we factored in all the politicians, delegates, political groupies, media and those who always follow politicians and the media, political protesters, we knew our mission was clear – we had to get the fuck out of town. Let the city burn while we're on vacation. I'm pretty sure our apartment will be relatively safe in our absence, since we live just on the edge of what has in the past few years become a trendy gallery district. In order to get to our block, if you're coming from the trendy area, you must cross under the Ben Franklin Bridge. For whatever reason the general public perception is that once you've crossed under the bridge the neighborhood gets "dicey," so I feel fairly certain the protesters and politicos alike will head for more "high class" areas of the city where they have a better chance of getting attention from the media, which is what both contingents are really after anyway.

At any rate I was home, sick, watching the news, and they were doing a story on a group of protesters who arrived in the city early to begin "training sessions." The first woman they interviewed was asked why her group chose the Republican convention (as opposed to the Democratic convention) to stage the protest. She replied that it didn't matter which convention was the scene of their protest, because it wasn't Republicans or Democrats that she was there to protest, but our government as a whole due to the fact that major corporations fund both parties, which was what her group was really protesting. I found that to be a very interesting statement. For one thing, under her name it listed her as a resident of Berkeley. Operating under the assumption that she was totally against major corporations and that her group's broader goal was to shut them down completely, I wondered how she got here. Hmmm. Did she fly? If so, giving a few hundred dollars to any of the airlines that fly between here and California would, in my book, be supporting a major corporation. Let's say she didn't fly. Let's say that she and her colleagues drove cross country to make their voices heard. They'd need to put gas in their vehicle, right? Well, I was an English major rather than a business major, but I'd put Exxon and other companies of that ilk right up there with the airlines as giant corporate entities. So what does all this imply? That the ends justify the means, I suppose. I guess everything is OK as long as you don't examine your own actions too closely, even tangibly supporting the very same corporations which you are denouncing.

I guess everything is OK as long as you don't examine your own actions too closely, even tangibly supporting the very same corporations which you are denouncing.

That equation alone was enough to make my already stuffy head start spinning, but the next person they interviewed was really the kicker. After repeating similar rhetoric about protesting the way the government treats minorities and insisting that the only way change will ever come is if "the people" stand up in opposition to that government and major corporations, blah, blah, blah, he then took a drag off a cigarette. A goddamn cigarette! What the fuck is more corporate than a tobacco company? I think I actually yelled at the TV: "Giving a corporate entity money in exchange for cigarettes IS supporting them, you dumbass!" Of course, even if I was standing in front of the guy telling him that, I'm sure he'd find some way to absolve himself of any wrongdoing.

("It's *their* fault that I'm addicted to cigarettes," or some such nonsense.) Unless he actually spent his time in a field growing his own tobacco when he wasn't out protesting "evil" corporations, which I'm positive he did not do since he'd need to be at home tending to his crops at this time of year instead of standing on a street corner making an ass of himself, he really has no excuse.

As a Jew, I myself am a member of a minority group, and as a human being I also happen to be one of "the people" these jerks are claiming to represent. To all the protesters out there, I say this—do me a favor and DON'T CLAIM TO SPEAK FOR ME! As the above examples reveal, you are not very good at it. Chain yourself to a tree or lie down in front of moving vehicles if you must, but either speak solely on behalf of yourself or keep your mouth shut. Otherwise you'll probably just end up embarrassing me, yourself, and most of "the people" you're supposedly standing up for. No one is denying that our government is screwed up in a lot of ways, but I think there are better ways to effect change than constantly bitching about it using the most simplistic rhetoric imaginable. Even if one acknowledges serious deficiencies in the American political system, there are much worse situations you could be in than to be an American citizen. These people should at least be thankful that our government is set up in such a way that they are allowed to promote their poorly thought out anti-government views freely on the street. A lot of people in other countries don't have that luxury, but it's something Americans take for granted and sometimes abuse.

In my opinion, the other, far more heinous offense these PC ladies and gents are guilty of, particularly in the context of the furor over Jeff's editorial, is that they have no sense of humor. On top of that, they don't even have a sense of humor about themselves. That's something I can't forgive, although I do feel a certain sense of pity for those individuals who are, shall we say, comically-challenged. Life must be very hard for them, not to mention dull. But then again I come from a different place, both mentally and geographically. Where I come from, insulting your friends and yourself in a humorous way isn't just accepted, it's a way of life and even a way of showing affection—kind of like the way some rappers "dis" each other in songs. Ooops, as an "oppressive" white girl I guess I'd better not comment on rap music in anything other than glowing terms lest my comments be construed as racist.

In this issue I originally intended to write a tongue-in-cheek column about how upset I was over Jeff's reference to *Hit List* columnists as "argumentative, cantankerous, SOB's." You know, something like "I am not argumentative or cantankerous, damnit! Call me that again, Bale, and I'll come out there and take your ass outside." But since the people feuding with him not only possess no sense of humor, but also no comprehension of satire or irony, they might misinterpret my joke and think that I'm an ally of theirs—something I definitely want to avoid. In the end, like the protesters currently invading Philly, the whole scenario will become old news and Jeff's humorless would-be "accusers" will get bored and find something or someone else to focus their hysteria on. Let's hope it's each other.

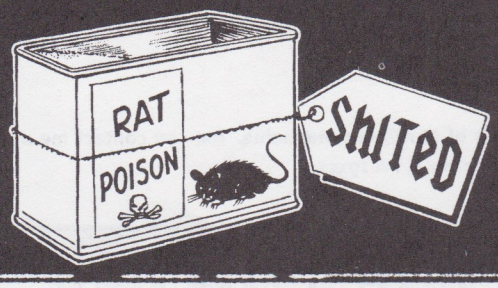
I'm the editor of *Carbon 14* magazine. You can contact me at C14/PO Box 29247/Philadelphia, PA 19125



HIT SQUAD

"YOU'RE NOT PUNK, AND I'M TELLING EVERYONE! — SAVE YOUR BREATH I NEVER WAS ONE." —JAWBREAKER

Those who know me well will be aghast at the fact that I started a column with a Jawbreaker quote — me who swore loudly and violently to anyone who would listen (and quite a few who wished to not listen) that I would never mention that triple-bedamned band again. Why the change of heart? Blame it on Brett Mathews! Ha ha ha! Like Mel Cheplowitz, Brett just had to go and mention Jawbreaker. Let's get one thing straight: I like Brett and get along with him just fine — at least I used to, ha ha, but that was before I wrote this column discussing Jawbreaker! But we do have a few minor musical



disagreements. One of which brings me to the subject of today's column: Selling out. Have you ever thought much about what it means for a band to sell out? I'm sure this is a topic of constant discussion among politically chilly Maxirocker (*MRR*) type pee-pulls, but it's just too PC for *Hit List*, right? WRONG. The Maxirockers seem to think that selling out consists of signing to a major label. That would make most of our favorite old bands a bunch of sellouts for sure: The Clash, The Dickies, The Vandals, Sex Pistols, Rezillos (who, you ask?) I said "Rezillos" goddamnit!, Buzzcocks, Stooges, Dead Boys, Cramps, etc., the list goes on and there went half your record collection. Shee-it, wasn't Dead Kennedys on IRS for a while, or am I halluciatin' in the dementia praycocks of my advancing old age? Allow me to point out that many of the above named bands issued searingly obnoxious records on those major labels. And it wasn't all an early phenomenon either. The amazing ALL (the renamed Descendents) issued one album on major Interscope a few years back, built the best punk rock recording studio on the planet with the money, and then politely bailed to Epitaph. Funny thing is, the Interscope album is harder and more ferocious than anything else they've done! So what's been "sold out" here? Is it some principle? And what principle is it that mandates a band must starve and may not earn a fucking living, eh? (Glad you asked) I'll tell you what principle that is: COMMUNISM. Yep, it's pure (or decidedly impure) socialist thought: "corporations are all bad, starving in unity in the cold and dark is good." Pah! BULLSHIT! That's the leftist propaganda Yohannon's magazine has been pushing, and frankly they've been pushing junk. In addition to the cryptosocialism, these "Marxirockers" (hee hee, I just invented another one!) try to rally social pressure against anyone who doesn't obey their whim of iron (like Mission of Burma I "fall to my iron-knees" here). The maxirockers want the "real punks" to boycott (or more likely "girlcott" seeing what prissy puritans they be) any band who signs any sort of deal with any corporate label. But it serves no purpose other than a political agenda to do so. What the hell has loud, fast, obnoxious rock-n-roll to do with politics? Loud, fast, obnoxious rock-n-roll is anti-politics — anti ALL POLITICS because it is rebellious, and politics is about the enemy of rebels: AUTHORITY. And that includes Communist/Socialist authority too. So the Marxirockers (hee hee!) are fulla bull puckey on that one. They can't have their Socialism and rock-n-roll both, sorry, the internal conflict is too extreme to be borne. Go disintegrate please.

So if signing to a major isn't selling out, then what is? I thought you'd never ask! First let's go over what it isn't, then work our way up to what it is. It isn't crawling in bed with a sleazy corporation. (By the way, there are or have been plenty of sleazy indies who rip off bands as a way of life. One of the worst around here was/is Mystic.) It isn't signing for the most money either. What fool wouldn't want money? That idea's all part of that hippie commune crap which is a namby pamby offshoot of the above named and drooling socialism. But, you protest, the posited band signed to a Big Bad Evil Label, which forces them to water down their raging wall of noise and turn it into pleasant, agreeable pap. BINGO. Now we're onto somefink. The hypothetical band changed the music. They took their primal thermonuclear assault and changed it so it would sell more copies, either at the insistence of the label (the band is spineless) or because they had no true dedication to the music they were making and would rather make more money than good music (the band is dickless). And that was the problem with Jawbreaker (remember them way back at the beginning of this rant?) — they changed their music from raw, harsh power in their early records to weak agreeable poop in their one, final Geffen Records release. And it BOMBED! The poor dears cut most of their ties to the underground, and didn't even do so honestly. One show I hear Blake claim that he's signed Jawbreaker to Tupelo-Communion for nine years, then the very next pass through El Lay Blake's chewing a mouthful of marbles trying to justify his turnaround and lollygagging with a major. And it would have been okay if the music had been great! But it wasn't. The album "Dear You" sucked. Let's deconstruct this fucker. What was Jawbreaker's greatest musical asset? The rhythm section, those powerful bass and drums. How was the Geffen record mixed? With the rhythm section so far back you could barely hear it! What was Jawbreaker's weakest link? Blake's screwball, offkilter southpaw guitar work. What was mixed forward on "Dear You?" You guessed it! The damned guitar! Next let's take up the vocals! And the songwriting! The songs were mediocre, no standout monsters to amaze, so sad. Worse, the vocals were to weep! Where was Blake's hoarse honest sounding Everyman rasping? Did the major label buy him throat surgery? Did

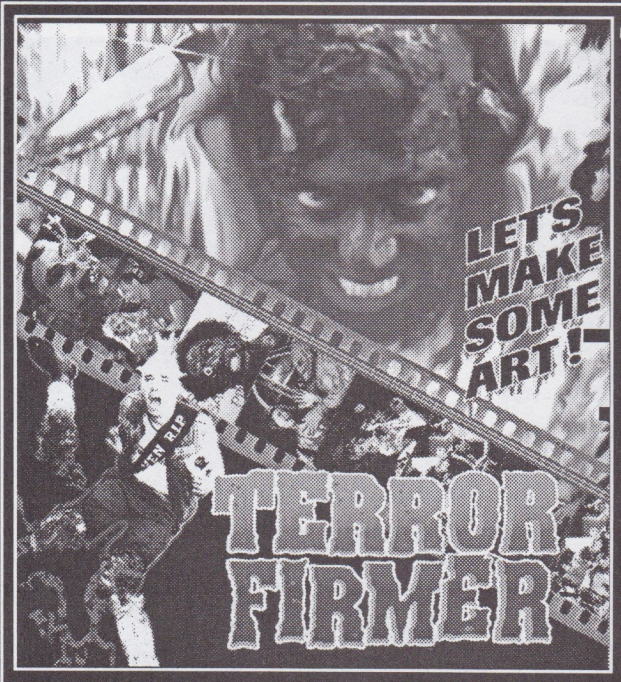
I have to wonder, I truly do. It dawned on my dark soul one night that perhaps Blake and Co destroyed Jawbreaker as the ultimate "fuck you" to the politically correct twerps who hounded them in northern California.

SHITED

they feed him an industrial sized bottle of syrupy medicine before each and every line was sung? What the hell happened to his voice? Did they put a gun to his head, or did he deliberately destroy the greatest new punk rock band of his decade? Did he do it to spite the damned Marxirockers? I have to wonder, I truly do. It dawned on my dark soul one night that perhaps Blake and Co destroyed Jawbreaker as the ultimate "fuck you" to the politically correct twerps who hounded them in Northern California. If so we should give those guys one last chance to show the world that they still know how to rock everyone's fucking brains out. Re-form. Forget that lightweight pop, Blake, reunite the band and show the world how it's done right. Got that? I'll forgive you if it was just revenge against the Marxirockers. We all hate the Marxirockers. Forget about trying to find a rhyme for fucking "orange", it can't be done. Come back and make us proud.

Re: the Coma-Tones. In the June/July issue of Hit List there was a review of a Coma-Tones record ("Sexual Intellectual") by Dimitri Monroe. He said some very nice things about the band and the record. I agree with him about the band, and I wish I could about the record, but the sad truth is I've never heard the record. Someone should send me a copy (hint, hint). I agree enthusiastically with Dimitri except upon two points, one of which is a little sad, the other of which is a little mad. Sad point is his call for a Coma-Tones reunion. Sorry, any reunion would be missing one of the old guys. One of them is DEAD. Mad point is your remark about Flipside (and I quote) "I dunno what these clowns..."(i.e. the Coma-Tones) "...did to piss off the L.A. Al's Bar/Flipside/R.A.F.R. scenemaker-inner circle..." You need to understand that there are a lot of other people in Flipside besides the Al's Bar/Silverlake bunch consisting of Gus, Bob Cantu and a few others like Mary. I call them the Silverlakers, after the sort of music and scene they seem to prefer. R.A.F.R. is just McMartin. The other Flipsiders are more into punk/hardcore, which consists of names like Thrashead, Donofthedead, Reflex, Rick Bain, Shitworker Todd and myself (among others). Please don't generalize about ALL of Flipside judging by the preferences and/or dislikes of merely SOME of Flipside. No one ever tries to keep the others from covering whatever bands they wish. No one is dictatorial at Flipside; perhaps you have us confused with the Marxirockers? Al's policy is laissez faire, which translated from French means that Al may be lazy, but he's fair. (Okay it doesn't mean that. That's a joke. So look it up, punks.) I seem to remember that Shane Williams used to write about the Coma-Tones before he went to prison. There were probably more of us who were into the band, but I'm too darn lazy to call around or look it up in my back issues. As a matter of fact, I liked the Coma-Tones too. I even participated in an interview of them (my friend U.D. asked the questions and I took the pictures) which appeared in my zine CENSOR THIS. (Issue #6, there's about 30 left, if you want a copy send me two bucks.) Just for the record, a good local OC band called The Stitches thought they had the same apparent non-coverage problem with Flipside for a while, though later a few of us (such as Bain and myself) began giving them coverage. I said apparent. The real problem in both cases is that there are too many bands to even see all of them, much less write about all of them, so in order to get any coverage there has to be someone at the zine who happens to see a band and then digs it, dig? Getting noticed is sort of random. Anyway — get your facts straight about Flipside. We're such a loose unstructured pack of music freaks that there is no way we should be regarded as a monolithic organization. More like a multimaniac disorganization! Even if Bob and Gus hated the Coma-Tones, (unlikely) that wouldn't stop someone else from writing about them. About the Coma-Tones: they were a fun band, I wish they were still around just as you do. Ever see them live? They rocked!

-ShitEd, Tujungatrashland, Californication
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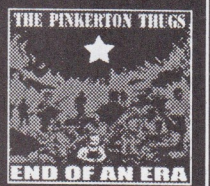








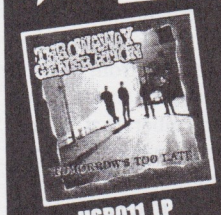


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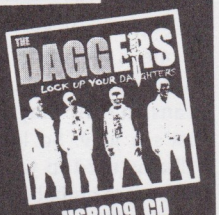
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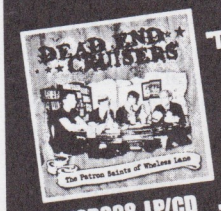
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USR011 LP



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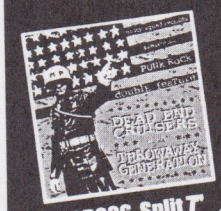
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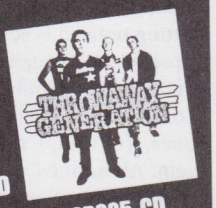
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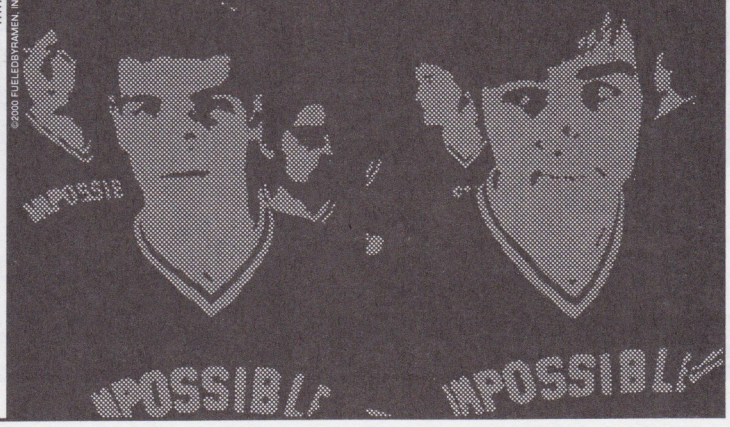
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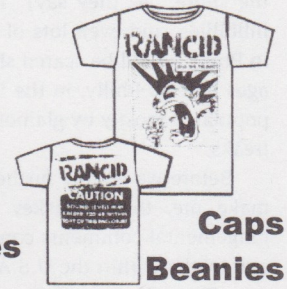


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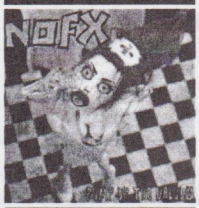
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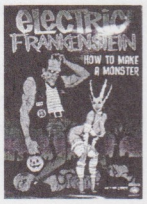


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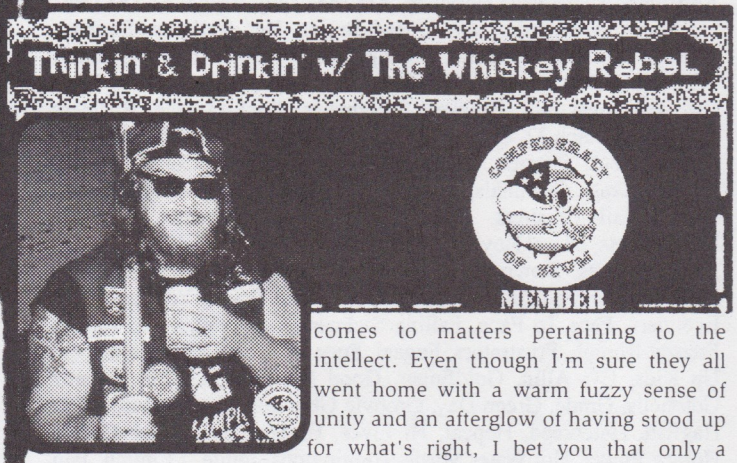
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SYMPATHY FOR JOHN ROCKER

It's almost unbelievable how John Rocker has been villified by the mainstream media. His holier-than-thou critics make me fucking puke.Since when did New Yorkers become so fucking sensitive? If Howard Stern had made the same statement, millions would have laughed. Instead, he's now considered to be evil incarnate, on a par with Charles Manson, Adolph Hitler, and even my buddy Jim Goad. On the tube the other night I watched his first appearance in Shea stadium since his remarks in *Sports Illustrated* six months or so ago. The politically correct media had the fans incredibly riled up, so 50,000 sheep bleated obscenities on cue at Rocker when it was time for him to pitch. I,ll tell you what — anytime 50,000 pissed off people are booing somebody in unison, it arouses my suspicions. SHADES OF NUREMBERG! The human race is a disappointing herd when it comes to matters pertaining to the intellect. Even though I'm sure they all went home with a warm fuzzy sense of unity and an afterglow of having stood up for what's right, I bet you that only a fraction of the Mets' fans screaming for Rocker to go fuck his Mother could even tell you what exactly he said that sent the press into a lynch mob frenzy.



So, here are the words of John Rocker:

(On ever playing for a New York team):

"I would retire first. It's the most hectic, nerve-racking city. Imagine having to take the [Number] 7 train to the ballpark, looking like you're [riding through] Beirut next to some kid with purple hair next to some queer with AIDS right next to some dude who just got out of jail for the fourth time right next to some 20-year-old mom with four kids. It's depressing."

Note the lack of racial slurs? I'd say that Mr. Rocker is a sensitive observer. I've visited New York City many times, and life there is hectic as fuck. Ask most New Yorkers, and they'd probably be eager to agree that N.Y.C. is a hectic, nerve-racking place to live. The thing is, they GET OFF on it. I'm sure that if you escorted a random sampling of New Yorkers to the South, they'd complain about all the dumb hicks running around. I live in Philly, which is a notch or two less intense than New York in many ways, and I can vouch for the fact that locals here have NO FUCKING DESIRE to stray from home (except once a year to go "down the shore," as they say). They think Southerners are a bunch of goofy hillbillies, and even lots of friends of mine that are ANTISEEN fans here in Philly would be scared shitless of the South. Furthermore, people of all ages here in Philly, in the South, or in New York think that California is populated mostly by glamorous phonies and earth shoe-wearing left-wing freaks.

Before we go any further, allow me to remind you of a few facts that make me, thee Whiskey Rebel, uniquely qualified to make precise judgemental comments concerning regional rivalries, misunderstandings, and truths within the U.S.A.

First off, I am a man without a hometown. I lived in the Pacific Northwest for much of my life, a region populated by equal shares of stodgy retirees, Birkenstock-wearing hippies, and transplanted yuppies from California. I happily fled the Northwest six years ago, and no longer recognize it as "home". I've lived in L.A. for a year and a half, and spent many weeks here and there in San Francisco. I've traveled extensively in the South, and spent months as a salesman (read about it in my book *Jobjumper*...plug, plug) combing tiny towns from Idaho to Minnesota, from Montana to Utah. In all, I've been to 40 states, including Alaska. The best place I've ever lived has been here in Philly, but I'd never be mistaken for a scrapple-eating, blue collar Philly native.

One thing I have learned by travelling around and talking to people all over the country is that MOST PEOPLE feel like they live in the "best" place in the U.S. Furthermore, the vast majority of people anywhere in this country are damned suspicious of big cities — unless they happen to LIVE in that particular city, that is.

Every year millions and millions of tourists from all over the country — hell, from all over the world — travel to New York City. Unless these tourists are from Mexico city or Hong Kong (or maybe Beirut!), they undoubtedly go home and talk about seeing lots of kids with purple hair, queers with AIDS, etc. And of course, when New Yorkers return home from an auto trip through parts of the South on their way to Disney world, they likewise go home with all sorts of tales about encountering rural types with Southern accents wearing sodbuster clothing. You know, TOBACCO-CHEWING REDNECKS.

If Howard Stern had made the same statement, millions would have laughed. Instead, he's now considered to be evil incarnate, on a par with Charles Manson, Adolph Hitler, and even my buddy Jim Goad.

How many movies have depicted New York city, or for that matter other big cities, as fucking hellholes? So WHY all the commotion over John Rocker? How many books and how many TV shows have dealt with this theme? How many of these shows and books were filmed or written by New Yorkers themselves? So why crucify John Rocker??

How many members of the screaming New York mob I saw on TV

howling for Rocker's blood tolerate kids with pink hair? How many are supportive of "queers with AIDS"? How many bellyache about "welfare Moms"? How many would want to sit next to a recently released ex-convict on the train? What a fucking mass of hypocritical cowards!

Yunno, I'd wager that if I met Rocker he'd think I was a fucking weirdo too — a fat, bearded, long-haired creep with tattoos. SO WHAT? Before this incident I assumed he was a big dumb jock millionaire. I follow baseball, and I HATE his team the Atlanta Braves. I also hate the way that they've failed to back him up. I mean, it,s not like they,re a bunch of angels. John Rocker's coach Bobby Cox is a convicted wife beater. John Rocker's teammate Bobby Bonilla was once a New York Met. As a Met he was once involved in a reckless fireworks prank that left a kid at the ballpark seriously injured. Darryl Strawberry, Bonilla's partner in the fireworks tragedy, has been busted numerous times on drug, prostitution and assault charges. Yet John Rocker was fined $5,000 and demoted to "triple A" ball for a few days after telling off the reporter that broke the *Sports Illustrated* story. Albert Belle of the Orioles has fucking punched out reporters, for chrissake, and Baseball Hall Of Fame legend Ty Cobb, probably one of the top four or five baseball players ever, allegedly KILLED a heckler. Not only that, he beat the shit out of a loudmouth quadraplegic fan that got on his nerves. Cobb knew how to handle the jeers of the crowd better than Rocker. In fact, he THRIVED on pissing off fans. If you compare Rocker with Cobb, I think it's easy to see that whereas Cobb was truly an evil S.O.B. by nature, Rocker is a basically harmless and naive-but-outspoken bigmouth.

It's not often that I come to the defense of a jock. They made my life miserable enough back when I went to school...just like quite a few of you readers out there, I am sure. But really, it's not fair to assume that just because Rocker or any other ballplayer is an athlete that he's necessarily a typical bullying asshole.

I suspect that what we have here is the latest example of the fact that the media has declared an open hunting season on white, heterosexual males. Rocker has been tried and convicted by the New York media and found guilty of speaking out against the sacred-hip concept of "DIVERSITY". I also suspect that quite a few members of the media are ashamed about the lynch mob behavior displayed towards Rocker, but they fear for their jobs and therefore wouldn't dare risk being seen as "insensitive".

Fortunately, as a lowly columnist for a mere rock'n'roll mag, I'm not afraid of whatever tag you p.c. creeps out there want to hang on me. When I see a "celebrate diversity" bumper sticker, I know that 9 times out of 10 what the asshole means is "celebrate MY diversity". The "diversity" that these dopes have in mind NEVER includes the diverse pleasures of strip clubs, a good wrestling card, Sunday gun shows at the armory, or simply sitting in your shorts knocking back beer after beer. To me, "diversity" means alternating HANK WILLIAMS JR. records with those of the MC5 and SUN RA.

As far as the annual "diversity-fest" in "Anytown U.S.A." , I say take your fucking overpriced chicken-chumpsticks and your boring drum-oriented world music and your face-painting for kids, then (to quote THE ROCK, a politically incorrect wrestling brute) shine 'em up real nice and jam 'em up your sensitive, Rainbow-loving hypocritical candy-ass.



A couple of pet hates have been gnawing at me lately.

1) Deliberate bad spelling. Here,s an example: I sold an item on Ebay to some kid, a "Limp Bizkit" T-shirt. He e-mailed me information pertaining to the auction using a mind-numbingly pretentious spelling method in which he randomly selected letters to capitalize, e.g., " I wilL siNd yoU a cHeKk tuMorRo..." I investigated the kid's Ebay record. I discovered that he had auctions of his own listed, and that he had used the same childish spelling formula to list his auctions: "koRN teesHUrt fuR sAil iN gud CuNdisHUn siSe mEedEEum"..what a fucking fool! I'm not impressed. For that matter, I never have swallowed the idea of graffiti as an art form. I've got nothing against mindless vandalism, but graffiti "artists" lose my respect when they risk arrest to spray paint an unintelligible message. Go ahead and spray paint all the secret messages you want if it tickles your fancy. But think of how much more effective your "message" would be if the bologna-eating masses could actually make sense of it.

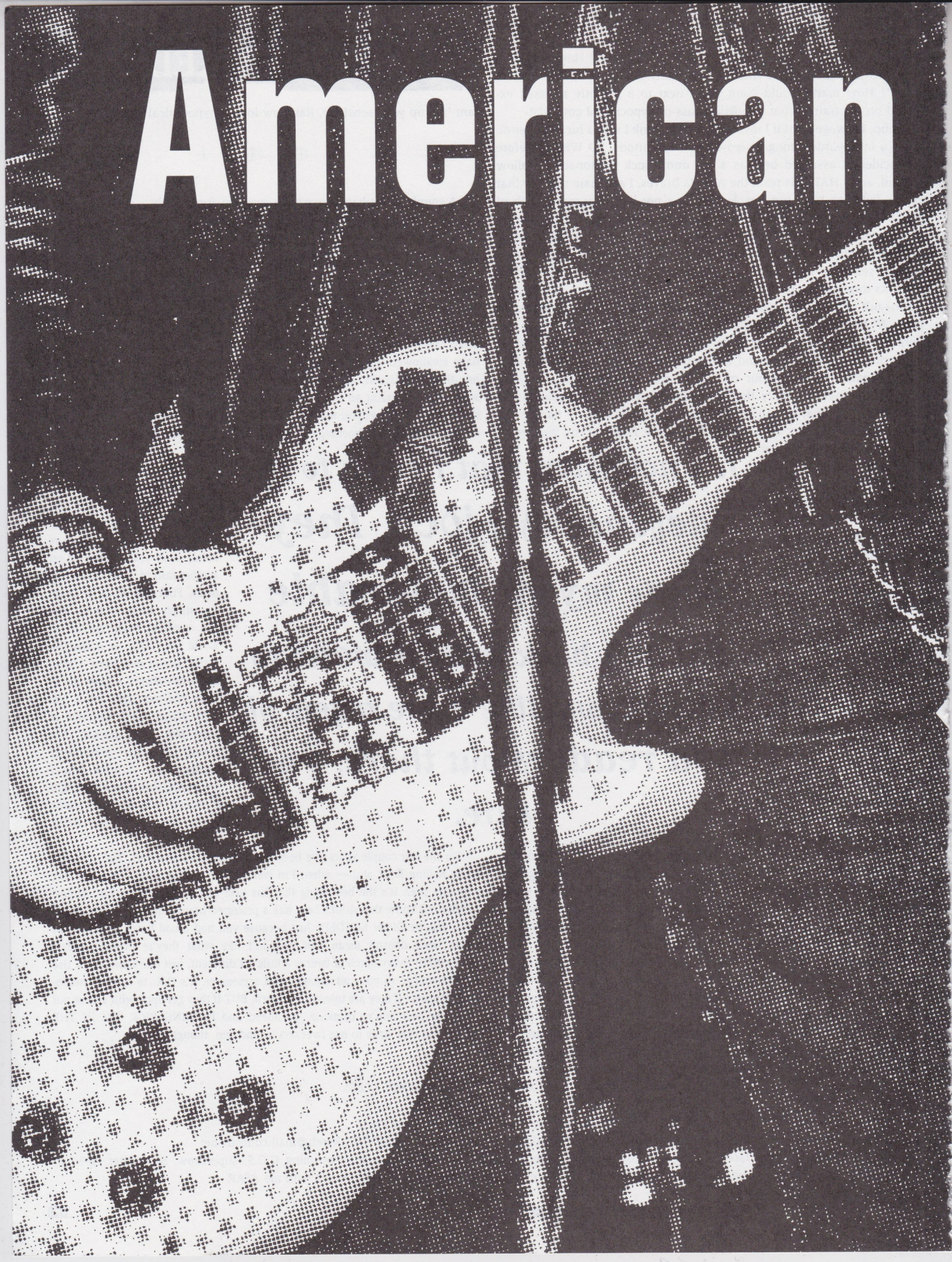
2) Another thing that's been gnawing at my scrotum is all the young people I see at the beer distributor buying bogus light beer. To me, Coors beer is pure nectar. Yeah, yeah, I know I'll get another rash of mean-spirited e-mails. Fuck you all in advance. I'm simply being truthful, and you wouldn't want me to lie, would you? Why is it that no matter which distributor I shop at, there's always a huge pile of cases of Coors Light and a tiny stack about 1/20th that size of good old Coors regular? It's always young, presumably impressionable drinkers who I see buying that bastardized light pisswater. Why in hell's name don't they push the REAL McCOY?

For the last couple years I've been alternating between Coors, Bud, Miller's, Pabst, Rolling Rock and — when I'm well heeled — Yuengling. I fucking love corporate beer. It's the best thing that has ever come along in my life. Almost everybody I know that drinks beer has a preferred brand and puts down all the rest. I say, be OPEN MINDED. Just because you had a bad batch of Stroh,s or Schlitz once doesn't mean you wouldn't like what they're brewing today. REMEMBER! Every batch of beer is a little bit different, just like snowflakes. Use that knowledge to your advantage. And remember, it's O.K. to tolerate micro-brew "sippers" if they are tolerant in return. BUT If they get lippy with you or put down the beer you're drinking, go ahead and FUCKING KICK 'EM IN THE BALLS. You may have to use tweezers to find 'em, though!

It's not often that I come to the defense of a jock. They made my life miserable enough back when I went to school...just like quite a few of you readers out there, I am sure.

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P.S. — For info on the upcoming C.O.S. supershow, September 28-30 in Spartanburg S.C., get in touch with me ASAP.


American

Heartbreak



Days come and pass, with very few leaving any sort of impression. Two days come to mind that I will never forget, both quite pertinent to the article at hand.

One being the first time I met Billy Rowe. We were both shopping in our local record store. He was a cool lookin' trashed out rock n' roll kind of guy that definitely stood out. I noticed him holding the new BLACK HALOS album, which had just come out a few days prior. I wasted no time in mentioning to him that if he was thinking about picking it up, to quit thinking about it and just do it. He informed me that he was quite familiar with the band, as his band AMERICAN HEARTBREAK was good friends with them. I tried amazingly hard to stay off of the topic of his band, as I knew what was coming. I went out to my truck, and returned with the new issue of *Hit List*, which at that point featured the aforementioned BLACK HALOS on the cover. He knew about the magazine, and my connection with Coldfront / Sin City records. There was nothing I could do at that point, and we came to the inevitable; "I'll send you a demo of our band". Words I dread to hear, as I spend about half of my free (it's funny how some words loose meaning over time) time trying to climb out from underneath the heaps of demos that we get. I told him I looked forward to hearing it, and left it at that.

The second memorable day was a combo. I had had the demo CD in my stereo for about a minute when I realized that my jaw was on the floor. I could not believe what I was hearing. Song after song, it just kept coming. Flawless, and mind blowing. While actually listening to the CD for the third or fourth time, Billy called me, and inquired about me receiving the CD, and informed me of a show that they were playing that night at the CW Saloon. Little did I know that this would be the final straw. The songs actually sounded better live, as I watched 5 people who obviously knew what they were doing, rock out in an all-out fashion. I was hooked, and signed up for life. When I started Coldfront, we created the Sin City series, as my dedication of Coldfront to hook ridden pop bands never quite solved my thirst for all out rock and roll. Yet here I was witnessing a band that actually transcended the borders of both worlds, bringing nothing but the best from each.

I am quite proud to not only have a band like AMERICAN HEARTBREAK on my label, but also to just know that they are around, playing shows, and making records. Long live rock and roll.

— Brett Mathews



TO HELL WITH CLASSIFICATIONS. THIS IS ROCK-N-ROLL, DAMN IT!



PART ONE: MODERN-DAY ROCK-N-ROLL CLASSICISM

If commercial radio were worth even half a damn, San Francisco's American Heartbreak would be one of the biggest rock bands in the world today. There's just no doubt about that. No doubt at all.

Sadly, commercial radio miserably stands as the proverbial "vast wasteland". And that's no news flash. The idea of turning on the radio and hearing a parade of pop hits is pure fantasy in the year 2000. American Heartbreak's gloriously addictive rock anthems, then, are smash hits only in the alternative universe where THE MUSIC still matters. But thank God that such a universe still exists.

One doesn't need to be particularly insightful to know that GREAT SONGS no longer mean a whole lot in the music industry. Now it's style, image, and packaging that rule the airwaves. Do you want a "hit" in the year 2000? If so, you better hope that your band can appeal to that all-important NICHE market. It's all about the niches. Who's in YOUR "crowd"?

What's lovely about American Heartbreak is that the band makes an absolute mockery of the "niche concept". American Heartbreak's "crowd" consists of anyone with a love for hooky rock-n-roll! To hell with classifications. This is ROCK-N-ROLL, damn it!

Twenty years ago, bands like American Heartbreak — talented, bold, swaggering, larger-than-life ROCK BANDS — thrived on the strength of great songs and exciting live shows. How tragically amusing it is that today such a band finds itself on the very FRINGE of the American rock-n-roll scene.

But while American Heartbreak certainly wouldn't mind being "the biggest band in the world", this five-piece is not really after fame and fortune. AH's raison d'etre is THE MUSIC ITSELF. The band plays fantastic, memorable songs and puts on an energetic, wild, and entertaining live show. Its marvelous blend of rock'n'roll, pop, punk, glam, and hard rock styles defies both pigeonholing and niche marketing. When friends ask me "what kind of band" American Heartbreak is, I tell them the truth: ROCK'N'ROLL, period. Any further elaborations are not necessary.

So WHO likes American Heartbreak? Everyone! Rock and rollers, punk rockers, indie hipsters, pop purists, headbangers, music geeks, and classic rockers alike have embraced this band's delicate hybrid of muscle and melody. If the songs stick in your head and rock your socks off, what's NOT to like?

Such an appeal may remind rock fans of the likes of KISS, AC/DC, the Who, Queen, Alice Cooper, the Rolling Stones, Aerosmith, Thin Lizzy, Guns N' Roses, and Cheap Trick — other BIG ROCK powerhouses that have delighted the masses over the years with the all-important combination of alluring hooks and sonic

ARTICLE BY:Josh Rutledge
PHOTOS BY: Devorah Ostrov | Robin Laananen | Lisa Marie Barangan

ferocity. And that's no accident. The men of American Heartbreak GREW UP with rock'n'roll music. It's in their blood and in their soul. And these fellows don't give A DAMN if such music is no longer "commercially viable". They rock and roll because that's what they LOVE to do.

PART TWO: The HISTORY

So where did American Heartbreak come from?

AMERICAN HEARTBREAK

DID NOT EMERGE AS A ROCK'N'ROLL FORCE OVERNIGHT...

And while American Heartbreak may never even begin to approach its musical forebears in terms of crowd size and record sales, one thing is certain: This particular rock'n'roll band rivals its heroes in every department. "Postcards From Hell", the band's debut long-player, is a nearly- flawless ROCK album in the tradition of ALL great rock albums ("Cheap Trick", "Back In Black", "Appetite For Destruction", etc.). Not since D-Generation's 1996 sophomore classic, "No Lunch", has an American rock LP reached such heavenly heights as "Postcards From Hell". It unleashes one absolute smash hit after another, and delivers a full, crisp sonic symphony of roaring riffs, pounding rhythms, immaculate harmonies, and infectious pop hooks. Because its very foundation lies in the quality of THE SONGS themselves, American Heartbreak's debut album will certainly endure even the most stringent tests of time.

On the commercial airwaves, hooks are the exception to the rule. Yet in the spectacular world inhabited by bands like American Heartbreak, hooks ARE the rule. Trends come and go, but FABULOUS TUNES never die. American Heartbreak has not re-invented music, but it has demonstrated how truly VITAL classic rock'n'roll can still be. Call the band whatever you like: "punk", "rock", "glam", or "pop". In the end, all that matters is that there are few better rock'n'roll bands on this planet now than American Heartbreak.

The members of this underground rock'n'roll powerhouse are certainly no strangers to the music business. The band was formed in San Francisco in late 1996 by two American rock veterans — Billy Rowe (who played guitar in the late 80's/early 90's glam metal band Jetboy) and Mike Butler (an ex-member of metal legends Exodus).

At the time, Rowe and Butler had just finished playing together in a San Francisco metal band called Mindzone. After the break-up of Mindzone, the pair decided to start a new band that would be "more rock'n'roll" than its previous outfit. The duo recruited vocalist Lance Boone (a singer who had once auditioned for the Flexapleasers, Butler's punk-pop band) and quickly began writing songs as a three-piece. "I actually thought Billy should have reformed Jetboy and let me play bass," says Butler. "Looking back, I'm glad he didn't want to do that because I couldn't wear those goofy outfits they wore then!"

The new trio used a drum machine in its early stages of writing material, but Rowe then asked childhood friend Erik Lannon to join the band on drums. Lannon and Rowe had grown up together on rock'n'roll music, so the new drummer had no problem understanding the American Heartbreak vision. Several second guitarists have rounded out the AH line-up since those early days, but Adam Becvare (who has been with the band since early 1999) has solidified it.

The fledging band took its name from a song by Girl (a band that featured Def Leppard's Phil Collen and LA Guns' Phill Lewis) called "Heartbreak America".

"We were fishing for a name," says Rowe. "And then Lance said that flipping those two words around would sound great. And that was it."

At the time, Rowe and his mates were less-than-enthralled with the state of American rock'n'roll. But instead of complaining, the boys took action. In the tradition of all great punk bands, American Heartbreak set out to fill the gap by creating its very own music.

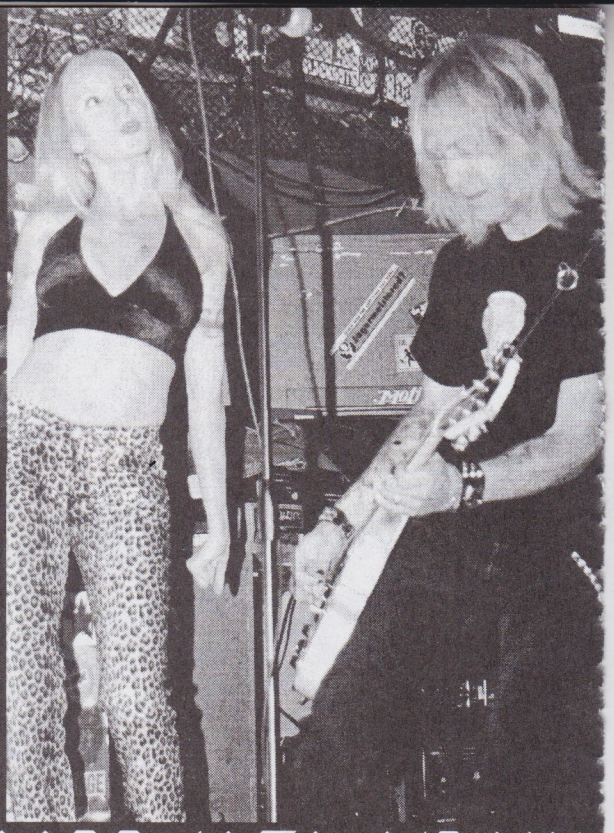
"I don't think there were any rock'n'roll bands around in the states except for D-Generation," says Butler.
"I'm sure there were, but I didn't know of any. We were listening to a lot of great bands from overseas like the Wildhearts, Three Colours Red, and Baby Chaos."

"We all felt there was a need for good rock'n'roll," says Rowe. "At least in America! Looking back to the 90's, it was not 'cool' to play or listen to rock'n'roll, which is crazy! Rock'n'roll is where all the styles came from. Blues had a baby and called it rock'n'roll, and that led to punk, metal, and so on!"

American Heartbreak did not emerge as a rock'n'roll force overnight, but the band's early days certainly planted the seeds that would later







produce the kind of first-rate rock unit that Rowe and Butler had originally envisioned.

"It took a bit for the band to click," says Rowe. "As far as being a band, writing songs, playing live, and recording were concerned, it took us a couple of years. I think we were happy with the band when we started, but it definitely got better the more we did it. And if it hadn't, then we wouldn't be where we are now. It helps to know where you want to go. We've had this lineup (with Becvare on second guitar) for about a year now, and I feel it's our strongest. I see us getting stronger and stronger, and that's how it works when the right people are playing together — it's a certain kind of rock'n'roll magic!"

"We single handedly wanted to put a true rock'n'roll record into circul ...a record that would make our heroes"

American Heartbreak had only been together for four months when they recorded their demo in early 1997, a 7-song EP called "What You Deserve". The band had no intention of mass-producing the demo. But when Perris Records (a small indie label from Texas) approached AH about releasing "What You Deserve" on the CD format, the band wasn't about to refuse.

"We never intended to release that first CD," says Butler. "It was a demo tape. We were only together for a few months when we recorded it. Perris Records wanted to release it. We needed product, so we let them."

"That EP was the first thing we ever recorded together as American Heartbreak," says Rowe. "Listening to it now, we can still appreciate it knowing where we were at the time. It was done very cheaply, and it SOUNDS like it. As we moved forward, we knew that we were going to grow and that the new material would out-rock the old. But that's a GOOD thing."

Throughout 1997 and 1998, the band continued to play shows and develop new material. By the end of '98, American Heartbreak was ready to record its first proper album. In January 1999, the AH went to Studio Litho in Seattle and recorded "Postcards From Hell" with producer Matt Bayles.

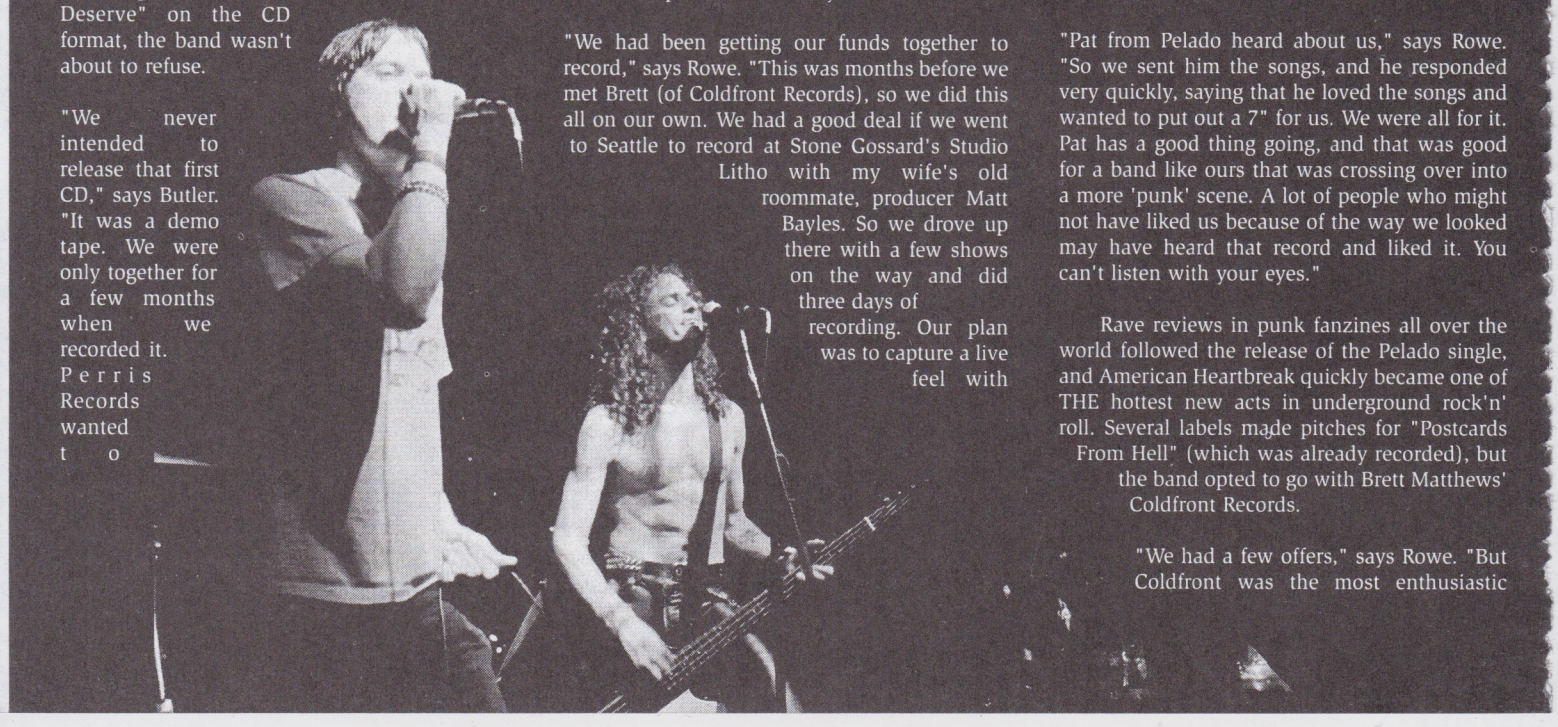
"We had been getting our funds together to record," says Rowe. "This was months before we met Brett (of Coldfront Records), so we did this all on our own. We had a good deal if we went to Seattle to record at Stone Gossard's Studio Litho with my wife's old roommate, producer Matt Bayles. So we drove up there with a few shows on the way and did three days of recording. Our plan was to capture a live feel with energy and attitude. We wanted to do the best record we could with our budget and time, and I think we did it. It's a very strong first full-length loaded with hook-filled rock'n'roll anthems!"

In the summer of 1999, the punk label Pelado Records released AH's first single, a "double A-side" instant pop-rock classic featuring the anthems "Please Kill Me" and "(I Wish You Were) D.E.A.D.". The single introduced the band to a whole new audience: the underground PUNK ROCK crowd.

"Pat from Pelado heard about us," says Rowe. "So we sent him the songs, and he responded very quickly, saying that he loved the songs and wanted to put out a 7" for us. We were all for it. Pat has a good thing going, and that was good for a band like ours that was crossing over into a more 'punk' scene. A lot of people who might not have liked us because of the way we looked may have heard that record and liked it. You can't listen with your eyes."

Rave reviews in punk fanzines all over the world followed the release of the Pelado single, and American Heartbreak quickly became one of THE hottest new acts in underground rock'n' roll. Several labels made pitches for "Postcards From Hell" (which was already recorded), but the band opted to go with Brett Matthews' Coldfront Records.

"We had a few offers," says Rowe. "But Coldfront was the most enthusiastic





ATION..." about the album. And it all came about at the New Arrivals section at Amoeba Records on Haight Street, when Brett and I started talking about the Black Halos. I said, 'Those guys are friends of mine, and I play in American Heartbreak. Let me send you our new album.' And within a week after I sent him the album, he called me and freaked out about how great it was and how he wanted to put it out."

"– KISS, AC/DC, The WILDHEARTS, The REPLACEMENTS – PROUD."

"There were two other offers," says Boone. "But the bottom line is that Coldfront cared the most about us as a band and what we were trying to do."

"Postcards From Hell" hit the street in early 2000, and the reviews have been overwhelmingly supportive ever since. The record's dazzling parade of rock'n'roll smashes has obviously struck a chord with music lovers who are hungry for great tunes and loud guitars. It's really hard to find fault with ANY of the album's 14 tracks (13 originals and a terrific cover of the New York Dolls' classic, "Trash"), and several songs sound like tunes that would be #1 singles in a perfect world. "Brain Vacation" may turn out to be the finest rock song of the year, and few albums have ever kicked off with a tune as hooky as the splendorous "Superstar". "White Girl", "Too Beautiful", "Please Kill Me", "Idiots On Parade", and "(I Wish You Were) D.E.A.D." also dish out equal doses of delicious hooks and furious guitar firepower.

"We single-handedly wanted to put a true rock'n'roll record into circulation," says Boone. "A record that would make our heroes — KISS, AC/DC, the Wildhearts, the Replacements — proud. We'd demo-ed a lot of songs the previous year, so it was like painting by numbers when it came to the basic tracks. Three days, fourteen songs, done. Great record! We haven't made our 'White Album' yet, but those songs stand up well one year later and will stand the test of time."

Bayles' studio work on the album was nearly perfect, so the CD's tasty and rocking tunes benefit from the loud, slick, majestic roar of a major-label-quality production. Everything sounds larger than life: The pumped-up guitar blast doesn't drown out Boone's velvety vocals, and the thick layers of vocal harmonies pour on the sonic sugar without detracting from the muscle of the AH rock onslaught. Depending on who you ask, it's either one of the most rocking POP albums of all-time or one of the most poppy ROCK albums of all-time.

It's nearly impossible to hear



AMERICAN HEARTBREAK IS A BAND THAT'S BRIDGING THE GAP BETWEEN



songs like "Brain Vacation" and "Idiots On Parade" and NOT ask why they aren't mega-huge radio hits. One doesn't need to merely REMINISCE about the "glory days" of rock'n'roll. As long as bands like American Heartbreak are making records like "Postcards From Hell", rock can hardly be considered a thing of the past. You may not hear it on the radio, but you can CERTAINLY hear it on your CD player. In the four months since its release, "Postcards From Hell" has already moved a couple thousand copies and has been licensed to JVC Records in Japan, as well as several outlets in Europe.

And "Postcards From Hell" is not the last title fans will be hearing from American Heartbreak in 2000. Split singles with the Black Halos and Toilet Boys are on the way, as is a split 10" on Gearhead Records with the Supersuckers, Hellacopters, and Gaza Strippers. Also in the works is a split CD with Libertine, and tracks on upcoming Dead Boys and Stones tributes.

If you enjoyed "Postcards From Hell", you'll be elighted to know that American Heartbreak is STILL not satisfied with its musical feats. You can now expect bigger and better things from this band.

"Now that the CD has been out a while," says Rowe, "I think it holds up well. And some of the reviews have been amazing. It will always represent us. But when you climb up one step, you then must get to the next one. And that's what I love. We have just finished five new songs, and they are definitely a step up. I can't wait until our third album comes out, because that's where you usually hear the BIG step."

"Tom Hamilton (from Aerosmith) once said that you couldn't make a living in this business unless you had hooks," says Boone. "When we make new material, that's a statement we all live by and focus on. Hooks! Something that someone might hum on the shitter, like 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' or 'Rock And Roll All Night', anthems that you can't get out of your head!"

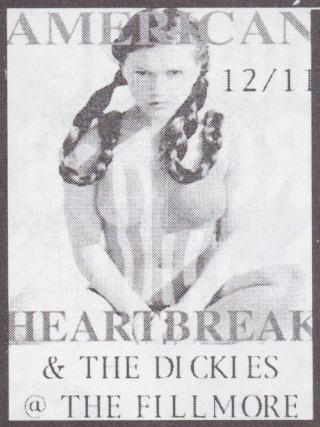
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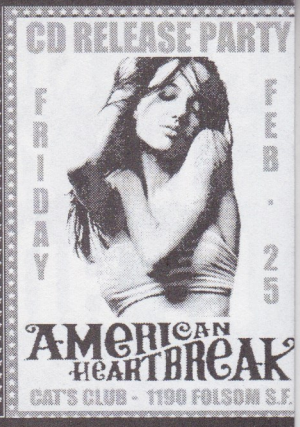
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American Heartbreak is a band that's bridging the gap between two rock'n'roll eras: the last days of arena rock (circa 1986-90) and the early days of the underground rock renaissance. While most new rock bands today are relegated to playing bars and clubs, Rowe's Babies, and it always seems to go over well. Playing a big venue is a lot more fun because of the big stage, great sound, and the people who are there to hear and see bands. You are going to run into some people who are going to hate you whether you play in big venue or a small venue. But there's usually a larger percentage that will like you when you play on a big stage. The energy level is such a high and makes you put out more energy on stage. When we play a small club, it's always hard to tell how the show will go over. It's always fun, but it's nothing like playing a big venue."

crowds," says Butler. "I think people like bands that have good songs and rock out on stage. If they say they don't, then they are lying."

TWO ROCK'N'ROLL ERAS...





history with Jetboy has helped American Heartbreak score gigs with many of the bigger bands from the heyday of Sunset Strip hard rock. And although American Heartbreak's music has little in common with glam metal, Rowe is not at all bothered by the "ex-Jetboy" tag.

"For me," says Rowe. "The whole Jetboy thing is not a problem. I'm proud of what I did with that band. I was 17 when I formed that band. When I was 21, we started recording our first album on a major label (MCA). Then we toured the world, did the MTV thing, and had a fuckin' blast. I think that has opened some doors for American Heartbreak, but this is a completely different band. I feel good about moving forward, as I see a lot of bands from my days who keep doing the same old thing. For me, it's all about re-inventing yourself and getting on with it."

American Heartbreak's involvement with more than one "scene" has exposed the band to a variety of stage experiences. The band plays smaller "punk" venues, but it often gets the opportunity to "rock out" in front of thousands of people. And these fellows are not about to deny that they enjoy the thrill of being a part of a huge ROCK SHOW.

"We have played with a wide range of bands," says Rowe. „We've played with bands from the Swingin' Utters to Warrant to the Backyard

"We play with all kinds of bands," adds Butler. "We have played shows with Oi bands, punk bands, and 80's hair metal bands. I like playing with the 80's hair bands because there are more girls at the shows and the stages are usually bigger!"

Playing in front of crowds both big and small allows American Heartbreak to test the depth of its appeal. And the bottom line is that EVERYONE seems to have a good time watching the band in action.

"We enjoy playing the larger venues for obvious reasons," says Boone. "Better sound, bigger stages, and better pay. But one thing we are quite pleased with is that we can play one night at The Fillmore with DOA and go over great, and then we can play the next night at The Edge opening for Warrant and go over great there, too. I think there is something that we do that crosses over to a wide range of musical tastes."

"We usually go over well with ALL of the



AMERICAN HEARTBREAK MAY BE ONE OF THE HOTTEST PUNK ROCK BANDS IN AMERICA THESE DAYS



PART FOUR: CLASSIFICATIONS

One thing that has really changed in the rock world over the past 15 years or so is the connotation of the term "rock'n'roll". Lots of bands once thrived as old-fashioned ROCK BANDS. But in today's era of niches and pigeonholes, few bands are able to get away with NOT falling into one specific camp. Yet pigeonholing American Heartbreak remains an impossible (and pointless) task. One cannot possibly place this band in a narrow box!

"People need to have a name for what you play or do," says Rowe. "There are so many styles that it has gotten confusing. For us, it's just rock'n'roll. We all grew up on a wide range of it in the 70's and 80's. To me, it's rock'n'roll if it has any pop/hook sensibility. Whether it's Metallica, Aerosmith, or Green Day, it's still just rock'n'roll — just with different haircuts. Being pigeonholed with a style can be either good or bad. It depends on the flavor of the year. For record labels or the press, it always helps to be able to sell a band or say what kind of music a band plays. But that can HURT a band as much as it can help it."

Pigeonholing can be damaging to a band like American Heartbreak, but Butler isn't too concerned: "I don't care if people pigeonhole bands. A lot of people need to classify bands. That way, they have a group of people to hang out with."

One "scene" that is particularly guilty of over-classifying bands is the underground punk rock community. American Heartbreak may be a punk band in the classic sense, but a generation weaned on terms like "emo", "hardcore", and "pop punk" might not know WHAT to think of them. Will "the kids" be open-minded enough to appreciate a great band that doesn't fit any established mold? That remains to be seen.

"The young kids coming up in the scene are the meat of the matter," says Boone. "They buy the records, and they come to the shows. But if you grow up on punk rock, you get older and realize that the punk scene — which is noted as the most open-minded scene — is really the most closed-minded of them all. Those are the sad facts."

American Heartbreak may be one of the hottest punk rock bands in America these days, but its appeal is hardly limited to the narrow confines of one style. Rowe remains hopeful that his band's younger fans will be willing to look past punk rock and embrace the roots of underground rock'n'roll.

"I think anyone who is into music should be open to checking out where the bands they love got their inspiration from," says Rowe. "It's all about passing it on. You can never depend upon the radio. I don't think I got into any bands from listening to the radio. When I got into the New York Dolls, they were way before my time. But



they influenced so many bands that came after them, like KISS, Aerosmith, Motley Crue, Hanoi Rocks, Girl, Jetboy, and Guns N' Roses. I love the Dolls: they were the root of so many bands, and they were very much 'punk' for their time. That's how it all works: old to new again. So to me, it's healthy to check out music from before your era. You might not like it, but you might LOVE it. What you think is 'hip' now will soon be old."

PART FIVE: A ROCK REVIVAL?

So what about the "rock'n'roll revival"? Is such a thing really happening?

Underground rock fans may indeed remember the days when bands like D-Generation and the Supersuckers seemed like the only REAL "rock" bands in North America. But now a cursory glance at the American rock underground reveals a long list of first-rate rock'n'roll bands: the Dimestore Haloes, the Dead End Cruisers, Romeo's Dead, the Black Halos, Libertine, the Beat Angels, and the Trash Brats, just to name a few. It's not that these bands haven't BEEN AROUND (the Trash Brats formed in the mid-80's), but it certainly does seem like a lot of underground record labels have FINALLY BEGUN to shift their attention to REAL ROCK'N'ROLL.

Obscure or not, great rock'n'roll bands STILL exist and still make beautiful noise. And even if their hometown "scene" is still a little dead, American Heartbreak are obviously NOT alone in their mission to deliver aggressive, catchy music to the masses.

"From day one," says Boone, "our motto has been 'anytime, anyplace, and with anyone'. I think that as our audience has started to grow, we have become more selective of what shows we take and refuse. And to be quite frank, the local music scene has not gotten much better since '97. There is still a definite shortage of good bands that we can play with and get on with in San Francisco. Bands like Petrol, Three Years Down, and Romeo's Dead are some of the bands we enjoy playing with."

"I don't really know where rock'n'roll is headed," says Rowe. "Hopefully, it's to the top again! I do see a lot of smaller labels that were once known for more 'alternative' bands now signing rock bands, but that's okay. As for the rock scene in 2000, it's much different now than it used to be. But the WHOLE WORLD is different now. You don't even have to leave your house, you can get it all from the internet! Are there great bands now? Yes and no. I love the Backyard Babies, Swingin' Utters, Bubble, and the Black Halos, but I still listen to what I grew up with: KISS, Aerosmith, Generation X, Hanoi Rocks, and so on."

"Rock'n'roll is not going to die gracefully," says


"BEING ON STAGE AND ROCKING OUT IS
THE BEST FEELING IN THE WORLD."
Marshall

Boone. "It keeps pushing new boundaries and hitting new audiences all over the world. There are tons of great bands out there. But the funny thing is that few of them are from San Francisco! Sweden is producing tons of new artists, and new bands are popping up all the time throughout the United States."

PART SIX: The LABOR OF LOVE

American Heartbreak's love for rock'n'roll classicism says a lot about the music that inspired the band. Did KISS, Aerosmith, and AC/DC sell millions of records and play gigs in packed arenas? Yes. Did they NEED such success to validate their music? No. Forget the money and the fame: The beauty of the music those bands made was in the power it had to affect the people who bought the records and went to the shows. Rock'n'roll has always been essentially about energy, excitement, and thrills. The men of American Heartbreak grew up on such thrills, and now they make the kind of music that can INSPIRE such thrills.

themselves. Rock'n'roll is all about feeling that dose of 'Dream On' or 'Smoke On The Water' the first thing in the morning. It electrifies you, and that's the way we feel every day!"

So how have all the years in rock'n'roll affected Rowe and his band-mates? Have they become jaded, or does the music still deliver those timeless kicks? The latter seems to be the case, as these men still apparently love to rock.

"Music is still as enjoyable as it has ever been," continues Rowe. "Otherwise, I would have stopped. What I love about rock'n'roll is how it makes you feel. Songs can say and make you feel so much. Just having a fun attitude is what it's all about. It's only rock'n'roll, but I love it. Yes I do!"

Says Butler: "Being on stage and rocking out is the best feeling in the world."

Ultimately, it will matter little whether or not American Heartbreak "makes it". These guys play shows and make records for one primary reason: rock'n'roll is essential to who they are.

"Rock'n'roll," concludes Boone, "is a virus that you can't quite shake. And once you have it, you're cast with it for life."

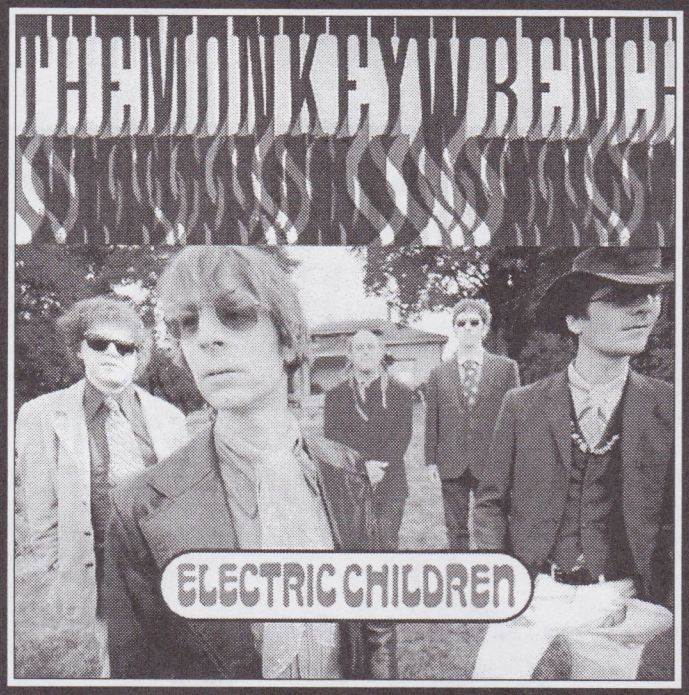




"For me," says Rowe. "It was all about KISS. I got the 'Alive' album for Christmas in 1976, and that's where it all began. Seeing Ace Frehley on the cover and in the colorful booklet said it all for me. That's what I wanted to do! From then on, all I wanted was a guitarand to discover more bands and music. It was excitement from then on!"

"We grew up," says Boone, "with our parents' records blasting out of our stereos, jumping on our beds in front of imaginary audiences, and strumming our tennis rackets trying to imitate Joe Perry, Joey Ramone, Keith Richards, and Keith Moon! There is nothing like creating a product that makes people come alive and feel great about





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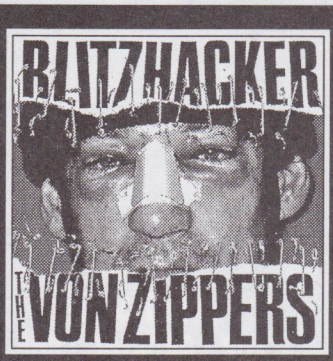
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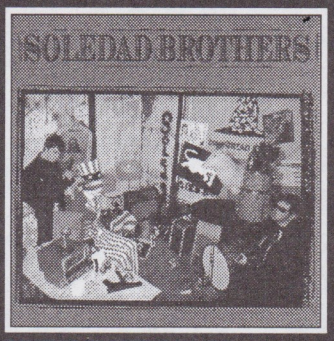
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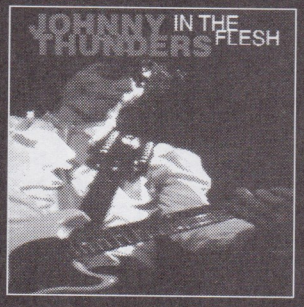
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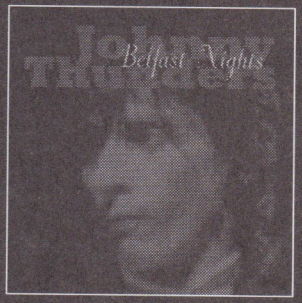
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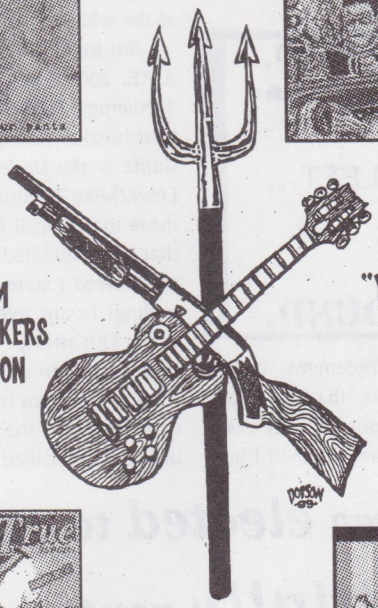




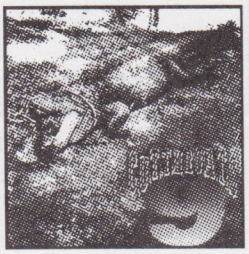
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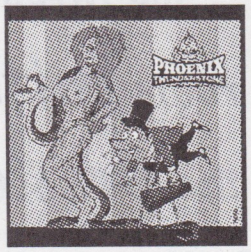


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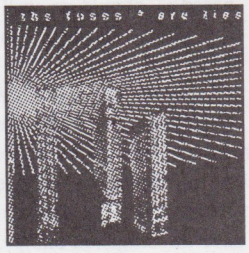


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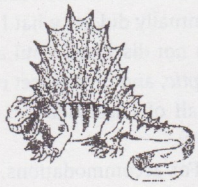


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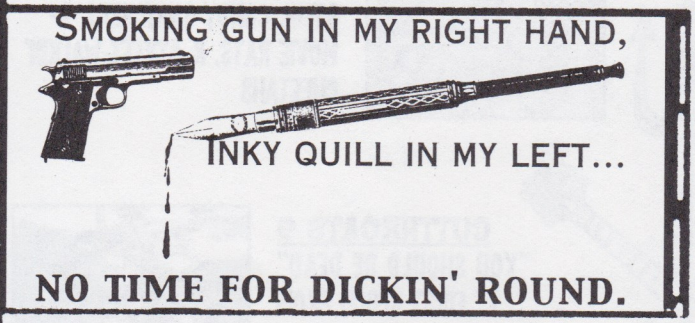


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HIT SQUAD

With a 6am knock at the door on that fateful Friday the Fourth of February, it had come to pass: I had finally joined the 21st Century e-Folly and allowed someone whose acquaintance I had met merely online to attempt being a part of my physical life. Would we get along well? Would we be able to work together in reality as well as we had within the anonymous medium where we had inadvertently met? Would I actually live to see the next day, or finally get my fifteen minutes when my body was found horribly mutilated somewhere along some lonely stretch of highway in central California? And were it successful — whether temporarily or in perpetuity — what would it state about that otherwise detestable e-medium, alt.zines?

With none of the above thoughts in mind yet the prospect of Retrospect nipping at my heels (so as to provide me with the hindsight that makes me seem so forward-looking), I opened the door to find Kelly, creator and fibula of the burgeoning Phony Lid Publications (a small press project that started somewhere in northern Alabama and, with an occasional literary collection-cum-supplement called Vagabond, grew to include the PickPocket Books that are now becoming somewhat well-known and slightly nefarious.) In any case, we had that odd click that threatened more misadventures than I had endeavored upon in many years, but before we had time to think about what lay ahead of us, we were grabbing up my boxes of zines and stuff and hitting the road on our way to A.P.E. 2000.



The trip north found us offering items and incidents rather than sizing each other up (what had happened in the first few seconds when we met face-to-face tends to take most potential friends and colleagues many hours or even days to accomplish). Once we hit town, we found the hotel in which the A.P.E. pre-party was taking place. It was a dismal affair in which groups were comprised of what appeared to be cliques, and no-one bothered to introduce themselves to those who appeared alone or out of place. (And to think that most folk in Frisco think Hollywood holds this trait exclusively!) Kelly and I made a few phone calls to try and find mutual acquaintances at home, but they were either regretfully distant or not there, so we departed after having wasted no more than twenty minutes at the "party." We made our way into North Beach (part of downtown San Francisco), had a few drinks, and then retired to the over-priced, skimpy hostel known internationally as the Green Tortoise.

The uneventful night left us to wonder aloud how the day would be, especially as we were somewhat wary of the way the rain would affect the new home of A.P.E.'s exhibit hall (from San Jose, where the zinefest had been held since 1993). Fisherman's Wharf was where the event was to take place, an odd place indeed but one that nevertheless turned out to be well suited for the melange of writers, comic artists, zinesters, and fanfolk.

The Frisco drizzle sometimes stopped and at other times turned to rain, but the turnout was impressive. Had the inclement weather not been a factor, however, the parking would have still posed the worst problem. (For anyone aware of the six cars to every parking space problem that persists — and promises to get worse every day! — in San Francisco, this is no news.) To the event coordinators, the skimpy parking lot should have been a major point to address long before the date. I would suggest a series of shuttles to alleviate the problem if A.P.E. 2001 is again held at the docks; the number of sundry other events that are sure to take place (just as they did for this year's A.P.E.) make the paltry parking lot a fucking pain in the ass, and I would wager that it was so bad as to persuade a considerable sum of attendees — and perhaps some potential exhibitors — to avoid future A.P.E.s that are held at the wharf.

But for all my kvetching, I met a great many friends and zinesters at the A.P.E. 2000, most of whom I had previously not met face to face. Karlos *Throwrug*, David *Hello, Out There* artist Sean Steppanoff, Last Gasp heartbreaker (at least to Kelly!) Juliette, Gerianne Thompson (of *A Reader's Guide to the Underground Press* (ne: *Zine World*), the ever-present Lynne Lowe/Mike Tolento combination, Stevyn of *Iron Feather Journal* were among those that I recall (it has been some time, as well as five or six zine events, that have muddied my memory of what exactly went on and who I initially met). Need I state that there was much traipsing about, drinking, and zine trading? In any event, I plan to attend next year's, perhaps as an exhibitor again. (An attempt which I have not done since 1994, or was it again in 1998? Hell if I care to recall...)

The next two trips were not unfun, but they were certainly unrewarding with respect to the event attended. The first was hosted by an art collective in Las Vegas called LaserVida, which had begun to host annual "zinefests" that, for anyone not living in that particular city of sin, are hardly worth the effort. The first one was held in 1999, and while I may be chastised by some for having such a hasty opinion (which I admit was based on only one of the two conferences heretofore held there), I would argue that the following details — on which my observations are based — should do well enough to prevent any reasonable argument.

...we three elected to accept the room initially rented to house the president of the southern California-based motorcycle club known as the Vagos...

From the start, the almost absolute lack of communication on behalf of those organizing the event was annoying. (My irritation at the lack of information had previously compelled me to attempt — via email — to prompt someone, *any* one, on the ass end of the Las Vegas line to respond. When someone finally did reply, it would have fit smugly, er snugly, among the blinkered letters section of any recent issue of *Maximum Rocknroll*. But I eventually did get what I needed in order to attend, even if the actual address was not disclosed until a couple of days before we (Kelly, Teaflora of *Vis-A-ESeptic*, and myself) set out to Las Vegas. (Why such secrecy was required on behalf of LaserVida has never been divulged by those that threw the arty party).

For accommodations, we three elected to accept the room initially rented

to house the president of the southern California-based motorcycle club known as the Vagos, a favor that nearly proved to be disastrous some weeks later when the asshole that "helped" us acquire the room (a forty-something loser named Steve) freaked out and lamely tried to threaten me with either torture or murder (he seemed too stupid to figure out which method was best!) because he got the stupid idea that I had somehow elected not to pay my portion of the room, even *after* I had already paid my part. I told him to go fuck himself and that the cheque was in the mail, yet he seemed unable to grasp that simple concept and so continued threatening me. However, I knew that Stevie-boy was not a member of the biker club. As such, he was almost certain to make an ass of himself before them (he had already done so before myself and two others) were he actually to attempt festooning some of the bike club members for a beatdown due to such a paltry matter.

But enough about that idiot and his inane attempts to be a tough guy.

The Las Vegas trip proved to not be regrettable despite the regrets. Also in attendance at that 29-30 April shindig were Gabe and Leora of *Satanic Raccoon Press*. Together, the five of us were the only people from without Las Vegas, and once I realized how insular the event was, I was immediately suspicious. Why were there no folk from relatively nearby Reno (north of Las Vegas), especially as there was a seemingly solid punk/self-publishing/d.i.y. contingent up there? Why were there no attendees and vendors from out of state? (Being that Las Vegas is a corrupt quagmire posing as an oasis, the term "other cities" is synonymous with "out-of-state.") And why, after sincere efforts to trade zines and meet folk, were we — the five of us — left to our own devices? Was it because we did not look punk enough, or were not part of the many cliques obviously present? Perhaps we failed to do as much as possible to make our publishing endeavors look as if as little effort as possible had been put into them? Whatever the answer may have been, I did not care to find out.

Nevertheless, we had more than our share of fun. Gabe and Leora had a room in the city, and the three of us had Vago Bobby's ninth floor room in Jean (a city approximately 25 miles east of Vegas), so while not sitting around wondering why we social lepers were attending a type of gathering that, twenty years ago, would have probably welcomed fellow freaks rather than have been openly suspicious (or simply afraid) of those that failed or merely refused to heed the cosmetic aspects of any group, we pursued our own interests. Since Gabe and Leora did not share *all* the vices of we other three (alcohol and drugs; I do not state this to be condescending or malicious in any way, but to complete the tale at hand), they went to a local shooting range while the rest of us went back to the "city" of Jean to enjoy the drugs (alcohol included), flashy lights, and screaming machines for which Vegas and its various sister cities are so famous.

The Vegas conference was a two-day affair, with Friday being the load-in day, but all five of us decided that early Sunday afternoon was the time for departure. By that time, the mismanagement had become appalling, the most glaring incident being when one of the event organizers allegedly informed the local Tower Records reps (Tower had a space which, according to one of those tending the respective table, cost a few hundred dollars) that Gabe and Leora had departed for Los Angeles the night previously (Saturday) and had inexplicably left behind everything save the *Satanic Raccoon* calendars and zines. Since the Tower "rep" (he was merely the boyfriend of an employee) exhibited complete confidence in his claim and the lack of LaserVida "organizers" meekly corroborated it, I thought it best to let him have the space. I collected the chairs, table and *Satanic Raccoon* posters so that the materials could be returned to Gabe and Leora once I returned to Los Angeles.

What was presumed to be a small zinefest was actually a very small, insular, and rather dismal block party...

After a couple of hours, I had forgotten about the small problem when lo and behold, there stood Gabe and Leora, wondering whence went their space. Seeing that some bullshit was obviously afoot, I took the Tower boyfriend aside and told him that, regardless of Tower's allegedly great expense, he and his would have to surrender the space to those who had originally claimed it. He protested, but I remained firm: "Move the table." By then, Amy (one of the two or three LaserVida promoters) had arrived and had to deal with the boy's problems. In the meantime, I retrieved Gabe and Leora's possessions from our car, and we three stooges once again became five lepers. This time, however, we decided to thoroughly rain on the parade by heckling the tenth rate hardcore crossover band (whose moniker I have long since forgotten — if ever I cared to ask for it! — and whose sound seemed as if the only musical diet the band sustained was provided by Revelation and Victory Records — and only the recent catalogue, to boot) and making a scene of our own. We had quickly come to the conclusion that this would be the first and last LaserVida "zine" fest we would attend, and we wanted to have fun at most any expense during our few final hours.

A Sunday in Santa Cruz was even worse, even if those putting on the 14 May 2000 event were nice while attempting to accommodate Kelly and me amidst the sparse set-up. What was presumed to be a small zinefest was actually a *very* small, insular, and rather dismal block party, of sorts. The lengthy drive to the UCSC campus revealed the "zine" fest — which was supposed to be host to approximately twenty zines — to be a costume party that badly aped the Lollapaloser tour and featured one or two zines aside from *Angry Thoreauan* and Phony Lid Publications. The Porter-palooza part (the name of the particular college was Porter College) featured "bands" such as GREEN DAY and TALKING HEADS, and let me tell you, these "kids" (it was very difficult for me to believe these eMpTVy-groomed fashionista-cum-"punks" were in college; they appeared to have come straight from junior high) were frighteningly sincere about the bands they were badly portraying. Taking on the names, looks, and between-song banter of the respective bands made for quite the embarrassing spectacle. And then there were the truly dreadful interpretations of the bands" songs — eecchh!! Meantime, the rain had gradually picked up and the lack of cover became more and more discouraging. Of the few folk that braved the drizzle-filled day and windy weather, very few dared to approach we four zine monsters (I forget the names of the the other two zines). Perhaps the rest of the crowd was fearful of missing their ongoing chance at being a loyal crowd. After an hour or two, it was clear that the burgeoning rain was determined to drench us, and as it had already claimed a stack of my rags, Kelly and I elected to leave and start the long journey home. It was a trip that would be far lengthier due to our decision to take the scenic route: that winding Highway One macadam which weaves through the beautiful Big Sur that hides the house of the owner of the San Francisco-based City Lights Books, an abode which in turn often harboured the more infamous beats such as Kerouac and Burroughs as they dried out and attempted to scribble down their thoughts before succumbing once again to whatever vices with which the western world awaited their return to "civilisation."

As for our method of appreciation, we did not ensconce ourselves within some deep wood to attempt penning semi-philosophical stories and entreaties that aspired to a depth similar to the environment, but stopped along some of the highest bluffs (easily over 1000 feet in height, from our

position down to the choppy, darkening sea) and commenced pitching small rocks down the sides of the immense, sheer cliffs. As the rocks became boulders, Kelly twice nearly became a bouncing, bloody corpse. The first time he went over the side, it was a mere tree root that saved him from an embarrassing death. From a vantage point of a nearby peninsular craig, I watched him suddenly disappear; when I heard him yelp for the help that was not nearly as forthcoming as my pelts of laughter, I laughed even harder. I finally returned to the main landmass and walked round to where I had just seen him mere moments before, and watched him climb up. Observing the trail of fresh dirt that led all the way down to where the cliff dropped directly down to the ocean (well over one thousand feet below), I could not help but laugh even louder. From there it only got crazier, and the boulders grew greatly in size, as did the massive avalanches that tore down the cliffs in the wake of boulders so big that it took the strength of both of us to merely roll the damn things to the edge. Before we got too much further along, however, Kelly saw to falling yet again, this time with not as much vigour or clumsiness as the first fall that nearly killed him. I could not even be bothered to run over to stand over him as he dragged himself up from the edge, so unspectacular was his second fall. Then again, I was too far south along the road (perhaps fifty feet or so) seeking out even larger boulders, so there you go. (And there he nearly went!) As we continued rolling boulders down Big Sur's immense sides, our delirium gradually increased, and we were like two kids at camp after midnight and blowing on a fire to get high: temporarily insane with hilarity at our delinquent deeds. It seemed like a few minutes, perhaps half an hour or so, but in retrospect it must have been two hours that transpired. Between the boulder-rolling and watching sea lions elsewhere (far below, too; they were like giant slugs evading the incoming Sunday evening tide), the trip home was incredibly cleansing, a purging of that which has for the last couple of years or so choked my desires to overcome the growing cynicism and the artful hate that I feel compelled to vomit upon those humans who make this world so artless, bile which drowns out any desire to create bereft of malaise. I imagine some folk would tease me for my hippie-styled feelings, but the trip and all that it entailed was worth any such paltry joshing. What was the end of two miserable zine "fests" turned out to be the beginning of what is surely a turning of the tide, and it physically manifest itself with the fourth zine fest of the first half of 2000, the Santa Barbara soiree.

...the trip home was incredibly cleansing, a purging of that which has for the last couple of years or so choked my desires to overcome the growing cynicism and the artful hate that I feel compelled to vomit upon those humans who make this world so artless...

This being the third Santa Barbara zinefest and the first one completely catered by *Java Turtle* editrix Lynne Lowe and *Filthy Shit Comics/Prick da Mouse* creator Mike Tolento, it was one anticipated by a considerable number of people, a fact corroborated by the crowded turnout. Last year, many vendors greedily took over entire tables due to the confusion caused by the lack of action on behalf of the so-called coordinator (Ruel Gaviola, of the assuredly defunct *Amusing Yourself to Death*, who has since gotten married, disconnected all his previous telephone numbers, and moved into a condo somewhere in Santa Barbara, and has completely abdicated his involvement in the zine "community" despite the pleadings of those zinesters that have yet to also realize that Ruel and certain others never really gave a fuck about them, then nor now). This year, not only was that not the case, but were even one vendor to have taken more than his or her half-table, some other editor would have been bereft of the space reserved. Even when one editor (who had canceled at the eleventh hour but called back at half-past to reclaim the reservation) posed a problem, the "situation" was handled so well and with such discretion as to not even be noticed by anyone save those two or three folk immediately involved (I know only because I talked at length with Lynne afterwards to get the lowdown on all the behind-the-scenes action). The casual professionalism with which the entire day was overseen filled me and everyone else with visions of even greater things to come for this gathering. Because of the burgeoning attendance — of both vendors and attendees — there promises to be a larger room for what shall surely be an even larger turnout in 2000, as well as far more events and hopefully the return of zine and self-publishing forums (which last year were miserable — when they even occurred! — due to Ruel mishandling his part of the general programme). Other than the zine-trading, idea-exchanging, and making of new comrades' acquaintanceships, there was a film by Kara Herrod entitled "Grrlyshow" which was about female zines and which was not only well-filmed but phenomenally edited (even if I wanted to vomit during the one very brief segment when all those interviewed stated that *Factsheet 5* — referring to the third version — was the rag responsible for encouraging them to start self-publishing; the following shot was a copy of *FS5* v.III featuring — you guessed it — Seth Friedman's vacuous albeit happy mug). Other than my own gripe, however, "Grrlyshow" was a short film that I highly recommend (and will review in detail in the subsequent issue of *Hit List*). It is humorous and informative and ultimately very encouraging.

I could go on about the success of the Santa Barbara zinefest, but I have four groups of reviews of the zines I picked up at the four 2000 zinefests I have attended to date, so let me simply state that I will be at the fourth SB show and that I enthusiastically implore all other regional zine editors (in CA, NV, CO, NM) to attend the one in 2001. Hell, even if one is outside of the southwest area, it should be worth the effort to attend. Lynne and Mike are very helpful in making arrangements and offering advice; their mailing address and email will be among those disclosed at the tail end of this column. And one other favorable facet of the Santa Barbara event is the programme given out during it, a guide which allows vendors to tell attendees (and other editors) a brief bit about themselves, their passions, and contact addresses. A seemingly small addition, one may surmise, but it is a highly appreciated addition to a thoroughly wonderful event. All other similar gatherings would do well to take the hint (those that do not offer the amenity, that is to state).

Before I begin the zine reviews, let me offer some speculation regarding *Flipside*. Up until mid-1999, I was writing a zine news/review column in what is easily the longest-running punk fanzine, bar none (Al founded it in 1977), an effort which commenced as a response to editor Al quipping that, since I found the conventional zine "reviews" in *Flipside* so dismal (I condescendingly called them "mere listings" and was forever droning on about the lack of opinion — especially since the "reviews" rarely did anything more than simply reiterate each zine's table of contents), I should do my own zine reviews. Yet when my reviews were occasionally axed due to the tiny-minded zine review editor's ego (said "editor's" name not being worth mentioning), Al promptly said "Then make it a column

space, dammit!" I took up the offer. However, it fell by the wayside approximately two years after I enthusiastically started it; I had become overwhelmed by too much writing and far too many projects to complete. I meant to eventually resume the column, but the lack of time afforded kept pushing it back. With new and disturbing developments regarding a couple of court cases involving *Flipside Magazine*/Records, however, it is definitely questionable if I will once again put in my now-dormant (and quite possibly dead) frequent piece, primarily due to the side effects of the current court case regarding the distribution mess between *Flipside* and Rotz Distributors. What I have heard is not pleasant, and it involves the apparently repulsive tactics employed by *Flipside*'s lawyers, as well as the alleged lack of communication on Al's behalf with at least one person whose contributions to *Flipside* have ceased due exclusively to the lawyer's threats and unethical tactics. This person has been a part of *Flipside* and the Los Angeles punk/hardcore scene for a very long time, and what he had to offer may well have been beneficial to the case should it become as messy as it seems to be gearing up to be. As such, I have elected to wait, watch, and investigate. And I am open to any correspondence regarding this matter from anyone else involved.

And now, onto some zine reviews.

This first batch is not a batch, but the one item that I slated for review from the A.P.E. 2000 (what I did with the rest of those things I picked up or got with a swap, I cannot recall; everything is in storage and I am in limbo, keeping my head above water — barely! — by couch-surfing): the 10" record/relatively recent edition of the long-running *Iron Feather Journal*. The editor, Stevyn, has been doing *IFJ* for nearly as long as I recall (respective to my zine world perspective), and that means he has perhaps eleven, twelve, or even more years under his pen-belt. (I had the then-recent edition that I meant to include, but someone stole it when I stupidly left it on the photocopier at a place where I was padding my timecard, er, "working" as a temp.) *IFJ* disseminates info useful to hackers and phreaks, gives a bit of a solid peak into the underground rave scene (in which Stevyn has been involved for many, many years) and, were it more frequent, would be one hell of a networking source for the underground. (Due to its infrequency as well as the expediency — and thus its transient nature — of the internet, I would imagine that a considerable amount of contact information is dated). I neglected to listen to the vinyl, but I will state what little I do know about it: the name of the band is MULTICAST and there are three cuts on the EP. The style, judging from the name and Stevyn's tastes, is probably techno (for lack of a better term, not to mention my ignorance of the genre and its offshoots).

Moving on to the pile of pamphlets, publications, and piles (*piles as in "shit"), I am now on about those zines collected via trading at the LaserVida fest. Half of the items I collected at this artsy albeit clique-ridden affair were of the typical fare: reproductions of other zines' articles, activist flyers advocating animal rights and the demand for vapid folk to be responsible ("Ignorant people shouldn't breed"), hastily penned charters for various sociopolitical cells, stickers, promo flyers, and various zine riff-raff. The zines that I picked up were not much more interesting. Whether or not the cut-and-paste style was contrived or simply necessary, I could not care to investigate, but I have to admit that this style has become to the zine world's latest generation what the mohawk has become to punk rock and torn jeans were to 1980's "big hair" metal: a costume that was initially designed due to factors that are now not much of a problem for anyone with a bit of social engineering skills and sleight of hand (both of which are absolutely free, I might add, thereby refuting beforehand that universal problem and ubiquitous gripe among zine editors: finances). I will comment first on the LaserVida zinefest programme, a few scratchily-constructed pieces of paper that had little to offer outside of the contact addresses of exhibitors, an itinerary of the two-day event, the floor plan of the place at which the event occurred, and not much else. It could have been made memorable were it to contain excerpts from those zines attending (or at least descriptions, or perhaps even reviews, of them), some photos from the previous year's fest, and maybe some editorial facets pertaining to zine promotion or simply some perzine-fashioned tales of misadventures. To have only the most rudimentary info on the event is probably not encouraging to people who have little or no idea of what constitutes a zine or why some folk — such as yours truly — are so goddamn rabid about them. Of this latter half of zine material, half of it was hand-scrawled crap with accompanying illos that were worse than the most refrigerator art. Needless to say — but nevertheless I shall — those photocopied farts are not worth naming, nor are they worth wasting more space to pan them. The better-looking zines had little more than their clean layouts to warrant mention, what with the stupid superhero parody comics and typo-filled pathetic moanings about "poor little me, oh woe!" And then- Hmmm, I see I have come to the bottom of the pile without saying much except that, be one a newbie, crusty old zine vet or merely a pink spectator hoping to add some figurative melanin to one's existence, the dismal display would have not helped the newbie progress nor the old goats to *not* bray; as for imploring the man in the street to get the hell out and further investigate the zine world, I currently have no confidence in such a success.

...those photocopied farts are not worth naming, nor are they worth wasting more space to pan them.

The Santa Cruz shindig yielded for me one measly, feeble attempt, a lackluster endeavor for which I traded — I will try most anything once, no matter how aesthetically dreary the facade and contents may initially appear to be — and which would scream for its own deletion had it even a sliver of enthusiasm. So unremarkable was it through and through that I literally have not even sufficient empathy as an engine to compel me to take the one small step from my chair to retrieve the tripe and mention it by name.

I gathered together a medium-sized bag of zines at the Santa Barbara zinefest, and then proceeded to fill it with more zines that I obtained by the one true zine tenet, trading. Due to the large amount of them, I shall be very brief so as to try covering all those that I wish to review. A special edition of *Vis-A-Septic* (#4) was created for initial release at the Santa Barbara gathering. It featured the artwork of Mike Tolento and the words of the obnoxious yet no less sharp pen of Catfish McDaris, the latter being a writer with whom I am sorry I waited until now to learn of his works (this particular broadsheet features a great poem entitled "See You in Reno?", a bit of well-crafted verse that will make even naysayers of the vanishing art — myself chief among them! — appreciate this one among those few that can create it).

The *Far Flung Y2K Calendar & Comicbook* was a trade that made my day, too. What appeared to be a contemptible comic strip of cute li'l creatures from the farms and woodlands of somewhere else, turned out to be a great project that exhibited the creator's excellent writing, inking, and conceptual abilities. In it, each day is a series of frames, and each page that announces the respective month is also utilized as the "chapter" announcing the

HIT SQUAD

dilemmas and misadventures that the grand-theft auto creatures undertake. The cardstock and excellent photostatic reproduction makes this limited edition calendar — which is no less desirable due to its being a calendar — a great zine project.

Tight (#1) is an overpriced, sloppy job that has its audience cut out for it. Advancing the issue of fat (as regards a person's weight), how it affects those who are fat, and dealing with the rest of the world in regards its perception of fat, *Tight* is more a perzine that happens to make the personal political and is a far too cute for me (cutout dress drawings, being "ghetto fabulous," and so forth). It ultimately does little beyond expressing some personal feelings.

Having been on dreadline (for thish), I initially elected to give *Angerbox* #3 a glance and mention. But upon being given a final fortnight to finish this col(umn), I took in the belated effort (the previous issue was published in 1993, I believe, a record even by the zine world's idiom). Carlos' semi-massive missive fixated on the topic of depression, a mental illness with which he recently had a bout and which appeared to have prompted him to leave behind the political bent that long ago defined his zine, to pursue the perzine approach. I am not sure if I have experienced depression, for the way I persuade my mind to work is in such a manner as to ignore such self-imposed illnesses. But upon reading the medical descriptions of depression and its cousins (such as "bipolar disorder"), I can swiftly and assuredly state that I have all of those symptoms almost all of the time (I cannot recall a time when I did not have such symptoms), but I seem to not have the effects of that disease which conjures up images of brows forever furrowed. Carlos presumes my attitude — that depression is due those that bring it upon themselves — and while he somewhat valiantly salvages his self-esteem whilst lambasting those (myself included) whose attitudes are condescending towards his former state of mind, he fails to recognize the big picture, a portrait that I am now unveiling because of Carlos' many and detailed revelations: that everyone deals with deep depression, but most of the artistic types take it far too seriously. Once — and only if! — one emerges from that dark and seemingly endless tunnel, however, there is the endless attention to detail, the inability to live impulsively and, if one is so staunch as to have realized that the only confidant to be trusted stands in the same place as the sole person to impress (i.e., oneself), then a truly incredible journey awaits the "survivor." Despite my sole disagreement with the premise of *why* depression sets in, I highly recommend this rag.

The *Veronica Atomic/Zombie Hitman* split comic is nicely put together but has little to offer other than temporary amusement, even for hipsters looking for "cool stuff." The better of the two is *Zombie Hitman* (#0), a tale following a selfish assassin who will waste the better part of a day chasing down a couple of middle class clowns who slightly dented his car. On the flipside is the uninspiring spy tale about a woman who is drawn as if she is the younger, less busty, and no less clunky (in the curves) feature character Lara Croft from the popular video game, *Tomb Raider*. Both tales end with guns blasting brains from such close range as to splatter the murderers, one of whom eats the grey slop and the other whose tale ends as she "sexily" hovers over the corpse, covered in its brain goo and blood.

Pirate Jenny (#1) is a new dyke zine that has some great articles (especially the one detailing a few of the many thousands of women that were purported to have been a very large part of the German and French resistance against the Nazis up to and during WWII), as well as some stilted opinions. (Like any group or culture, there is the "faithful opposition" that underlies and all too often undermines — via in-fighting and factional divisions — most every organized group when they should realize that anyone can don the boots of the oppressors and find a victim, and such sentiments often start with an exclusionary attitude that is no different than that of the group in power, be the difference predicated on race, sex, religion, or any other unchosen characteristic with which one is born. Most people are morons, and just because they are male, female, brown, black, white, quadriplegic, or what have you does not make the fact any less fantastic, just as aligning oneself with people simply because of a shared and unalterable trait is no less stupid than hating the rival high school's students simply because they go to the rival high school.) Other than that observation — one which too many sociopolitical zines fail to realize or eventually heed, thus my perpetual diatribes whenever I review one that appears to draw lines such as those described above — which was directed at the subtle demeanor found only occasionally in *Pirate Jenny*, this has some good stuff among the forgettable filler, very dark (and unscreened) photos, and personal disclosures (which range from appreciable to bad poetry).

What appeared to be just another cleverly crafted comic by an artist hoping to utilize the self-publishing world as a stepping stone turned out to be something that, due to the situation of most (or all?) of the artists involved, may be too much for any mainstream or semi-professional publishing house: *Tales from the Big House* is a collection of dark tales that appears to recount the respective artists' mishaps and the crimes that got them into prison, as well as the dreams and terrible incidents the writers endured while imprisoned. There are no happy endings, no attempts to exhibit remorse, and no moral threads to be found in this harrowing pub.

...most every organized group when they should realize that anyone can don the boots of the oppressors and find a victim...

So let us get on with spreading the word on words well-fashioned and which occasionally are appealing to the eye. (I would have offered a whole slew of rag reviews, but at the eleventh hour — hell, half past it, at least! — I realized that I had somehow deleted the entire first half of this column (and even backed up the fractured version on all discs) and so had to devote what little time was left to re-write the lost portion.) First up is the fabulous *Infiltration*, a zine that is best described as the *2600* of the Big Room ("Big Room" being archaic geekspeak for the "outside world"). And for those unfamiliar with the notorious hacker mag (*2600*, that is), the subtitle will make clear editor Ninjalicious' intent: "the zine about going places you're not supposed to go." Issues numbered 13 and 15 are the specific editions mentioned here. The former features great exposés on Toronto's tube (the Sheppard Subway line), the Festival Hall (also in Toronto), and how to dress up for "draining" (a term that specifically means spelunking storm drains, yet one that I shall take the liberty to describe as any unauthorized access to buildings and digs under construction, being renovated, etc.). The photos have become better reproduced, and although they remain a bit grainy, the visuals and incidents they provide are greatly appreciated, especially those of sleeping guards as

well as of signs that invite nosy ne'er-do-wells. With the latter issue, I had only time to flip through it, but predicated on previous ones it is sure to be no less fantastic than any recent edition. The theme is "Infiltration at Sea!" and, judging from the photographs and those snippets of text I caught in passing, it is sure to spur the rag's readers to petition Ninj to make this particular theme an annual effort (or near enough in the zine world, meaning once every two or three years!). The story of the Brent Spar (a floating tank that stores crude oil) and its misadventures with the British government as well as with Greenpeace; the exploration of the "Grande Hermine" (a wooden sailing ship whose age was not disclosed but which was fashioned after "La Grande Hermine", a vessel used in 1535 by Jacques Carter for his own exploration of what would later become part of Canada); and various modern ships are the stories that fill #15.

Frontera Magazine (Vol.5, #1) is a magazine that makes an issue of race, and while I always take issue with being proud of that which one cannot choose and can only negate courtesy of death, I nonetheless must recommend this rag because it is not blinkered like most every other race-based magazine (no matter the culture espoused). Anyhow, I should step off my soapbox and get on with what *Frontera* is about rather than what it smartly avoids (such as Jennifer Lopez, Ricky Martin, and other white-washed Latino tokens that, like O.J. Simpson in his prime, are not so "down with" their race as to do anything more than contribute token amounts of money to charities that claim to assist Latinos). One will find some damn sharp commentary, as well as humorous takes, on incidents regarding run-ins with corporate shut-ins that for some reason have declared *Frontera* a clearinghouse for the Latino communities — a key to Latinos' handbags and wallets, in other words. In one episode, a Motorola minion telephoned the magazine office to enquire where Latinos congregate and how best to get them to divulge habits that would help the company sell Latino-targeted, focus-marketed pagers back to them. The secrets of the Aztlan were not surrendered by the Latino leaders, and so the poor employee retreated back to his cubicle — but not without being given some great ideas which we all hope he shall attempt pitching for a few pesos more: a taco-sauce powered pager, a Migra-Detector, a Rampart Radar (good only for a limited area, of course) and other nacho-flavoured novelties that were conceived in response to the corporate racism that few dare to oppose simply because it's legal. What makes *Frontera* different than other Latino rags is that it promotes only those Latino people in whom the editors believe, rather than the current trend of God-fearing, Red-blooded Mestizos that are simply a subtle shade darker than the previous run of God-fearing, Red-blooded Americans whose supporting record labels and movie studios have budgets big enough to make most anyone think that Hootie and the Blowfish, Ricky Martin, and Britney Spears are different simply because of cocks, cunts, and colours.

What makes *Frontera* different than other Latino rags is that it promotes only those Latino people in whom the editors believe, rather than the current trend of God-fearing Red-blooded Mestizos...

With the next installment, I hope to address the distro facets of self-publishing (which I mentioned in *Hit List* #8). In the meantime, feel free to send me your comments regarding complaints, commendations, suggestions, and so forth — but be forewarned that no anonymous correspondences will be considered. I also hope to review more than a small handful of zines, but if one hopes for a review, do note your desire with whatever may be sent else I will pitch the pub in one of the many overflowing *Angry Thoreauan* review material boxes.

Angerbox {$2 postpaid}, POB 24626, Los Angeles CA 90024.

Far Flung (gave no mailing address, so for those without access to a computer and email account, artist FC Brandt has foolishly left you out of the loop) <bainst@etheria.com>

Frontera Mag {$12 for a four issue subscription}, POB 30529, Los Angeles CA 90030-0529. <www.fronteramag.com>

"Grrlyshow", Kara Herrod, 576 Valencia, Suite 202, San Francisco CA 94110. <www.grrlyshow>

Infiltration {$2 cash EACH, postpaid}, POB 66069, Town Centre PO, Pickering, Ontario, L1V 6P7, Canada. <www.infiltration.org>

Iron Feather Journal, POB 480004, Denver CO 80248. (I was recently informed of Stevyn and Co. moving to the upper midwest, however, and that aside from the move, the fact that his moving van was stolen may also preclude a timely response. One's best bet is to email him at <IFJ@Mycal.NET>) <http://globalgoodys.com>

Phony Lid Publications, POB 2153, Rosemead CA 91770. <www.fyuocuk.com>

Pirate Jenny {$2 postpaid}, POB 1544, Santa Barbara CA 93102.

Santa Barbara Zinefest (for Lynne Lowe and Mike Tolento), POB 20028, Santa Barbara CA 93120. <javat@silcom.com>

Tales From the Big House {$2 postpaid}, c/o FC Brandt, 39 Hinckley Street, 2nd Floor, Florence MA 01062.

Tight {$2.50 or $2 + two stamps}, 836 1/2 Robinson Street, Los Angeles CA 90026-2704.

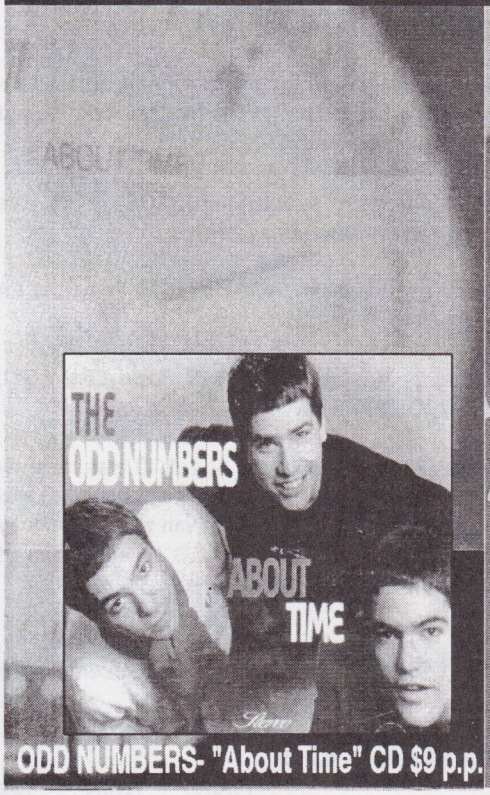
Veronica Atomic, 1214 NW 25th Street, Suite #2, Portland OR 97210. <shiftyspy@hotmail.com>

Vis-A-Septic, POB 3441, Quartz Hill CA 93586.

Zombie Hitman (no address for archaic correspondence, I suppose, so for all you Joneses out there, try: <zombiehitman@hotmail.com>)

and, of course,
Angry Thoreauan, POB 3478, Los Angeles CA 90078. <www.angrythoreauan.com>

Coldfront Records is proud to announce the addition of one of the greatest mod / power pop bands in the world today to it's family, The ODD NUMBERS . We have always been huge fans, and are now beyond excited to get to work with them. You can expect a new full length in October, but until then, we proudly present what got it all started, their appropriately titled debut "casset", "About Time", now on CD.



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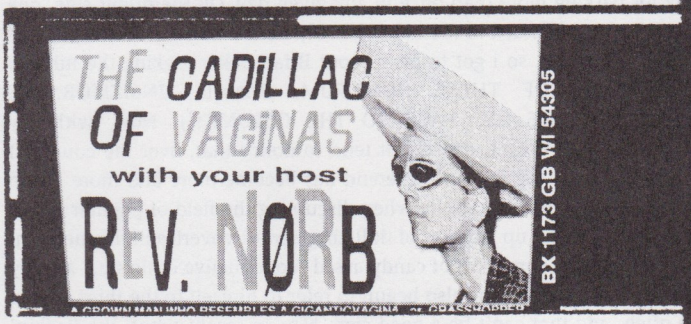
THE NEW ALBUM
THE ART OF DROWNING
OUT
SEPTEMBER 26th !!

There is a haunting to this record, with the edge pulled back on the intensity.
It's amazing! When all falls into Place, it ALL, falls into Place!

NITRO RECORDS

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As of 11:23 PM CDT 7.3.00, the Smugglers may not actually be the best band in the world, as, being from Canada, they have automatically cheated. I say this not due to any unseemly stirrings of misdirected geographical partisanism evoked by my writing this on the cusp of the anniversary of the American Revolution — the day, as every American schoolchild knows, that the thirteen original colonies declared their independence from Canada ("Crispus Buttocks" — get it?) — but simply by dint of the fact that it is a well-known truism that Canadian bands have an unfair advantage over unCanadian bands by virtue of their government's official cultural policies aimed at mollycoddling the locals. F'r instance, it is some kinda rule — not "rule of thumb," but, like, Edict From On High — that x% of the songs Canadian radio stations play have to be recordings made by Canadian artists. Same policy holds for their music-vid channels. Obviously, this type of institutionalized artificial blatant localism puts bands from anywhere but Canada at a senseless disadvantage, thusly, in an effort to level the playing field, as it were, i have decided to bar any and all popular music ensembles of Canadian origin from holding the coveted "Best Band In The World" heavyweight belt and/or hernia truss until further notice. I mean, what the fuck? You don't see th' fuckin' American government making rules that NHL teams have to have fill some sort of minimum American player quota lest they be disbarred from the league, do ya? Hell, no! That kinda tampering don't fly in the land of the free, jack! In a real country, everything's run by money, just like the good lord intended it to be, and all the other stuff just falls into place naturally. I mean, i understand why they have rules which unfairly favor the locals — they're basically saying "we are a nation of backwoods hicks and thusly cannot compete in the dog-eat-dog world of popular culture with our infinitely more connected neighbor to the south, therefore we must take steps to inflict our homegrown attempts at popular culture on our own people, by force if necessary," which is all jolly and swell, except that, shit, i live in fucking Wisconsin. But for the grace of God, Wisconsin might as well be in Canada — i mean, it's certainly desolate and lame enough (of course, were Wisconsin actually in Canada, i will state without shame that i would sooner move to goddamn Illinois than live within the confines of the Canadian border and suffer thru roll after roll of their weak excuses for SweeTarts™. I mean, i've had Wacky Wafers™ that were better than Canadian SweeTarts™ [double of course, the standard Canadian comeback to this fatal flaw in their nation's social fabric revolves around Canadian beer being "stronger" than American beer. I dunno. As far as i can tell, five dollars, worth of American beer in America will get you quite a bit drunker than five dollars, worth of Canadian beer in Canada {unless, of course, their communist masters give them all free beer just as they dole out free medical care}, and if there's any other relevant way to measure alcoholic bang-for-buck, i'm wholly unaware of it! — and yet, nobody ever cuts my band any slack because we're from fucking Siberia. I never hear anyone saying "oh yeah, that band's from the middle of goddamn nowhere, they're a bunch of backwoods hicks who cannot compete in the dog-eat-dog world of popular culture, let's give them medium rotation and put them on TV or our nation will crumble," ya know? Why should Canadian hicks peck away at all the delicious magnetic birdseed while the American hicks starve? The cultural handouts distributed to the locals by the Canadian government totally undermine the consciousless greed and wanton exploitation that constitute the very heart of rock-n-roll! I object! I object! I object! If i'm wandering thru the Station Mall in Sault-Sainte Marie and i hear "Takin' Care of Business" by Bachman-Turner Overdrive playing over the radio in some store, i want to know that the DJ is playing it because, goddammit, it ROCKS (or, more correctly, because the program director thinks that the station's potential advertisers will think the station's listeners who might be their potential customers and might be listening at that time will think it rocks) — not because there,s some Mountie standing three feet away from him, ready to whap him behind the ear with a rubber truncheon if he were to play, say, Grand Funk Railroad instead ("how aboat a dooble shot o' BTO then, eh? You play 'You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet' and I might think aboat keepin' them loamps off yer noagin..."). Actually, speaking of Grand Funk, i think the next Best Band In The World will probably be the band that covers "Can You Do It," but the fact that i have just made public mention of these qualifications has sort of already spoiled my surprise, so i make no warantees, expressed or implicit, in this matter. BE THAT AS IT MAY, the Canadians are hereby disqualified; the title is declared vacant, and play passes to the right (my righteous indignation in this matter has swelled to such brobdignagian proportions that i may forsake my traditional 4th of July trip up to Canada tomorrow in lieu of going to Milwaukee and seeing a professional sporting event involving the Milwaukee Brewers and Philadelphia Phillies, simply on accounta 1. My Amoco C'mon Back Club Card, duly filled with five stamps acquired by purchasing eight gallons of gas or more at a participating Amoco dealer, will get me in the game for free; and 2. There is some vague sense of aesthetic cohesion at play here, since i think the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia [well, that's where the Liberty Bell is, and that's what really counts], and Elton John had that song "Philadelphia Freedom," and therefore watching a team from Philadelphia playing on the 4th of July would be very exciting and symbolic, plus i get in for free. Actually, now that i think about it, i would be rooting against the team from Philadelphia on the 4th of July, what the hell does that symbolize? Wait, i know! It means UP AGAINST THE WALL, IMPERIALIST RUNNING DOGS OF THE CAPITALIST MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX!!! RUSSIA NUMBER VUN! IRAN NUMBER VUN! RUSSIA NUMBER VUN! IRAN NUMBER VUN! NIKOLAI VOLKOFF NUMBER VUN! IRON SHEIK NUMBER VUN! NIKOLAI VOLKOFF NOW SING RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM, FOLLOWED BY JAY AND THE AMERICANS COVER!!! RUSSIA NUMBER VUN!!! IRAN NUMBER VUN!!! [actually, i just went to a baseball game yesterday, but it didn't really count, because it was the Brewers vs. the Cubs



Why should Canadian hicks peck away at all the delicious magnetic birdseed while the American hicks starve?

HIT SQUAD

{a hotly contested battle for fourth place in the NL Central!}, so going there was mostly just to bask in the feelings of inherent superiority over the lame Cubs fans {oh, sorry, was that redundant?}, because the Chicago Cubs have ALL these fans, and ALL this money, and ALL this talent — and, yet, they STILL manage to somehow field a worse team than the Milwaukee Brewers, who have NO fans, and NO money, and NO talent, and that is a beautiful thing. Afterwards, myself and co-conspirator Time Bomb Tom made tracks to Milwaukee's lakeshore for Summerfest, where we got drenched in the rain along with a bunch of other losers and wound up stuck for well over an hour in this tiny, ill-ventilated little trailer that served as ALL's dressing room, waiting for this veritable Noah's Ark-inducing gullywasher of a rainstorm to abate so we could walk the two miles back to my car, as i'm way too cheap to pay for parking more than once in any given day. On the bright side, one of the other people stuck in the unimaginably humid trailer with us was Bad Religion's drummer, so i got to hear about Brian Baker fucking the midget. BUT ENOUGH OF THESE HUMDRUM, BANAL, UNMEMORABLE ANECDOTES! LET'S GET BACK TO THE COLUMN!]). Now, with my declaring the title vacant, one might tend to notice that, over the course of the last few years, the Rockin' Reverend has become more and more apt to routinely emit blanket negativity when discussing the field of popular music than to actually offer.up any sort of titillating new discoveries in the medium, or to even offer up some sort of candy-assed "constructive criticism," as they say in English class. He has also begun to refer to himself in the third person more often, and that can't be a good sign. Nay, in recent times, the Rockin' Rev has merely played the role of embittered, disillusioned schnook — not even motivated enough to make a decent curmudgeon (not that curmudgeonliness is exactly at a premium in this day in age). However, being a kind and beneficent sort of embittered, disillusioned schnook, i have decided that the time for wallowing in the muck and Mirer (whoops, i'm mixing my sports references! Bad form! Bad form!) (but trust me, if i could work a pun out of "Wuerffel" right now, i'd do it) is behind us; it is time for ACTION (okay, one last major parenthetical aside spurred by the keyword "ACTION": A few weeks back, i was attending a punk rock show at my local punk rock venue. As the evening's festivities ended and the crowd — some of whom were not male — filed towards the exit, i decided to take some sort of ill-defined metaphorical bull by the ill-defined metaphorical horns, and, with purloined El Marko, wrote the word "ACTION" in big letters on the back of a flyer. I then silently stood at the door holding my "ACTION" sign as the patrons filed past me, as if i were a limo and/or taxi driver sent to the metaphorical airport to pick up "ACTION," figuring, you know, if the ACTION won't come to Mohammed, Mohammed will come to the ACTION, or some goddamn thing [Russia number vun! Iran number vun!]. ACTION did not so much as look at me askance, let alone allow me to carry its baggage. The crowd trudged past me without even acknowledging my presence, except for the occasional dumb "ACTION" related music pun offered by my weird friends. However, Boris bassist Erik #1 is so bemused by my "ACTION" sign that now, when any given punk show we are attending ends, he finds said sign and makes me stand there holding it up by the doorway as the crowd makes their way to the exit. Anyway, as i said, this particular approach to inciting a rendezvous with ACTION was so completely bereft of result as to be amazingly entertaining in its futility; not once was i even asked why the fuck i was standing there like a complete idiot holding up an "ACTION" sign, let alone brought into contact with anything that might resemble ACTION itself. Finally, after holding up this "ACTION" sign for who-knows-how-long, someone i do not know finally walks up to me and starts a conversation. Out of all the random people in the entire universe this could be, the first and thus far only person to start a conversation with me after a punk show whilst i am holding up my "ACTION" sign turns out to be Larry Livermore. I didn't get any ACTION, but we did have a very nice discussion regarding the shortcomings of local urban planning); i am ready to give back to that which has given so much grief to me over the years. Let the stars quake and the heavens tremble: REVEREND NØRB IS FIXING TO MAKE WITH CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM. I mean, no one ever does anything like i tell them it oughtta be done: I tell the drummer of Bad Religion that his band needs to add "Billy Gnosis" and "Chasing The Wild Goose" to their set; he blows me off and attempts to pacify me with some sordid tale of forbidden man-dwarf love. Such is my lot, it appears. However, i am quick to remind thee that if people don't do what i say, there is, of course, no hope for rock & roll. Bearing those key facts in mind, i have decided to focus my initial energies on revamping album titles at this point, figuring that this rather modest initial public offering will, if nothing else, build up my cred for when, later in the game, i start making more drastic suggestions like "I hereby demand the Beatles reform with Mark David Chapman on rhythm guitar" and so forth. With that in mind, i now present you with a list of unsatisfactory album titles, and my suggestions for improvements on same.

...the Rockin' Reverend has become more and more apt to routinely emit blanket negativity when discussing the field of popular music than to actually offer up any sort of titillating new discoveries...

CHIXDIGGIT "Born On The First Of July"
new title: "...and Circumcised On The Fourth; All Hail The Purely Profit-Driven Engines Of American Mass Culture, Every Bit Of Canadian Radio Exposure We Receive In Lieu Of Underprivileged American acts like Grand Funk Railroad and Britney Spears Is A Crime Against Rock"

DICKIES "Dogs From The Hare That Bit Us"
new title: "Doggone, The Heroin Bit Us"

NEW BOMB TURKS "Nightmare Scenario"
new title: "Street Survivors"
alternate new title: "Mom And Dad Went To Epitaph And All We Got Was This Lousy Album Cover"

LOOSE LIPS "Talkin, Trash"
new title: "Peace Thru Syphilis"

TIGHT BRO'S FROM WAY BACK WHEN "Runnin' Thru My Bones"
new title: "Here Today, Bon Tomorrow"

THE MAKERS "Rock Star God"
new title: "We Bet Urge Overkill Five Grams Of Coke We Could Make A Worse Double Album Than Exit The Dragon, — So Cough It Up, Blackie"

THE WONGS "Reanimate My Baby"

new title: "Reanimate My Label"

NASHVILLE PUSSY "High As Hell"
new title: "Dookie"

BAD RELIGION "The New America"
new title: "Can,t We Still Be Friends?"

THE MUFFS "Alert Today, Alive Tomorrow"
new title: "Please God...Just One More Fruitopia' Commercial..!"

BORIS THE SPRINKLER "Live Cincinnati 1999"
new title: "Nineteen Drum Solos And Some Mumbling"

NOBODYS "I've Been Everywhere"
new title: "Wow, We Sure Toured With Some Shitty Bands"

THE AUTOMATICS "Murder/Suicide"
new title: "We're Not Just The Band Who Butchered Chewy Chewy, Anymore"

ANGRY SAMOANS "The 90's Suck And So Do You"
new title: "The 90's Suck And So Do We" (actually, "I'd Rather Do The Dog" is one of the best Angry Samoans songs of all time, so maybe the title should've stayed the way it was to begin with)

ZODIAC KILLERS "The Most Thrilling Experience"
new title: "Ross Got Busted For Underage Drinking...By A Green Bay Bike Cop"

TEENAGE KNOCKOUTS "Japanese Murdercycles, Guitar,s and Gun's"
new title: "If We Cud Plooralise Wed Be Dangerouse"

ZEKE "Dirty Sanchez"
new title: "Fuck You I Already Took A Shower Last Month"

MR. T EXPERIENCE "Alcatraz"
new title: "Please Buy Me A Sweater (I'll Only Ask You Once)"

MANPLANET "Skylab"
new title: In point of fact, the title can stay the same, but the band must change their name to "Manplanet...Or Astro-Manplanet?" (actually, Manplanet are my official "find" of Y2K, they're sorta like yet another entrant into the Devo-Servotron-MOAM-Supernova non-human rock sweepstakes, but nicely color-coded [the colored stage beverages in the Erlenmeyer flasks which match eatch member's jumpsuit is a particularly nice touch] and emitting output strangely not musically dissimilar to a spaced-out 20/20 or something, but with topical contemporary period kitsch lyrics about space exploration and large balls of twine. Mark my words: Their drummer is going to be the next Paul #2. God help us all)

THE PUSHERS "Turning Blue"
new title: "Knock Knock! Who's There? Asbestos! Asbestos Who? Asbestos I Can Tell This Band Has No Redeeming Qualities Whatsoever Other Than The Fact That They Might All Fatally OD Before They Make Another Record"

THE ZILLIONAIRES s/t
title: "So What, At Least The Cover's Cool"

THE SMUGGLERS "Rosie"
new title: "We Pay Five Dollars For A Pack Of Cigarettes To Keep Canada Strong And Free, And To Help Our Government Force Our Radio Stations To Play Local Bands Against Their Will"

THE BOYS s/t (reissue)
THE BOYS "Alternative Chartbusters" (reissue)
THE BOYS "To Hell With The Boys?" (reissue)
THE BOYS "4 Boys Only" (reissue)
new titles: "Thanks For Ignoring Us For The Last 20 Years, You Trendy Pieces Of Shit" Vols. I thru IV

TEEN IDOLS "Pucker Up"
new title: "I Forget What Exactly We Were Thinking When We Thought Dressing Up Like *Combat Rock*-Era Clash Was Cool But The Fact That You're Ripping Us Off Seems To Indicate That We Are At Least Partially Validated"

"I hereby demand the Beatles reform with Mark David Chapman on rhythm guitar"

BELL RAYS "Let It Blast"
new title: "Knock Knock! Who's There? This Band Doughnut! This Band Doughnut Who? This Band Doughnut Do Too Much For Me, But Some Of My Friends Like 'Em"

THE QUEERS "Beyond The Valley Of The Assfuckers"
new title: "Fuck Fuck Fuck Cunt Cunt Cunt Fuck Fuck Fuck Cunt Cunt Cunt Fuck Fuck Fuck Cunt Cunt Cunt Fuck Cunt Fuck Cunt Fuck Cunt Fuck Cunt Cunt Fuck Cunt Fuck Cunt Fuck Cunt Fuck Cunt Cunt Cunt Cunt Cunt Cunt Cunt Cunt Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck Cunt Cunt Cunt Cunt Cunt Cunt Cunt Cunt

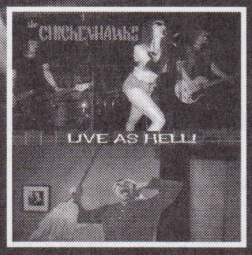
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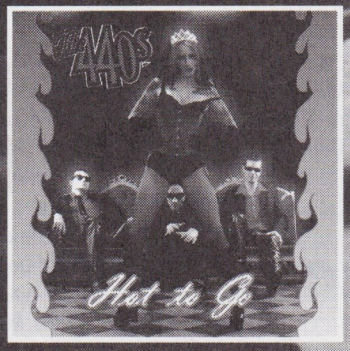
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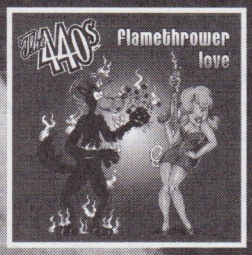
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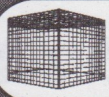
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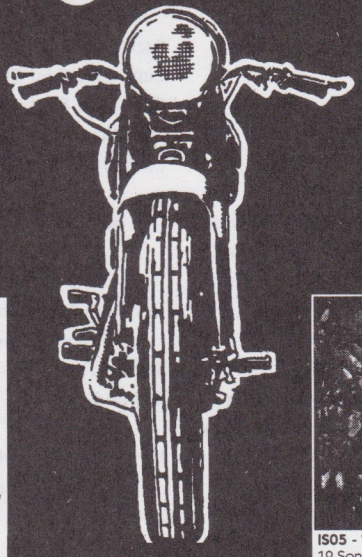
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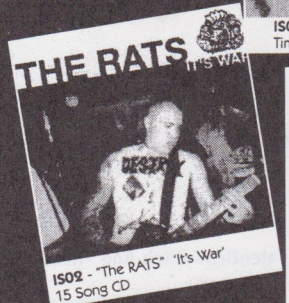




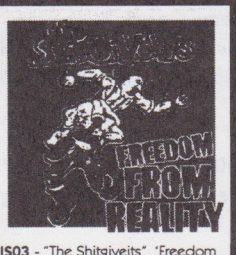
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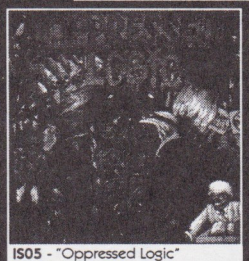
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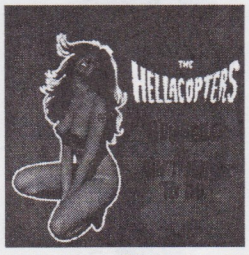
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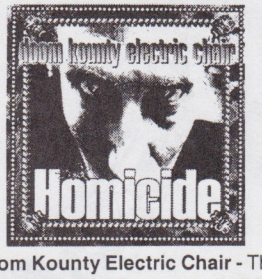
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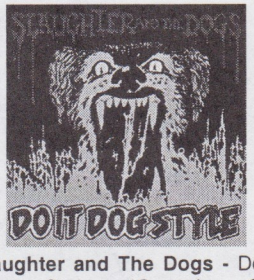
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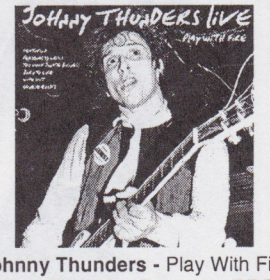
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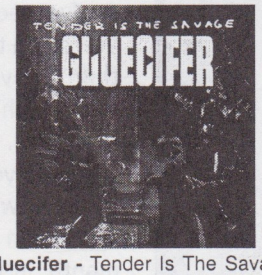
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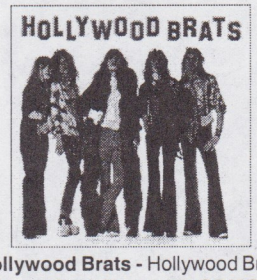
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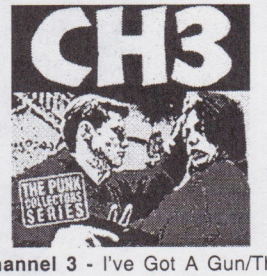
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INTRO RANT BY DIMITRI MONROE, BURNTOUT RECLUSE...

ROCK'N'ROLL HEART: MR. RATBOY



Cats like me make the absolute worst rock critics...as a drunker man, I had harbored some grandiose delusions of Rock'n'Roll Salvation, but instead have found myself here in the bourgeois suburbs of this disturbingly lacklustre town picking chicken and bussing tables for minimum wage, so, OF COURSE, I'm bound to tell ya that that Buck Cherry guy sucks! He's on VH1 in snakeskin pants and mirrored shades murdering a half-forgotten Dramarama classic, while I'm here, taking shit from heartless fools! See, between you and me, I always kinda planned on being, well, more or less, where, say, Kid Rock is today, but this town I inhabit only sees me in a bloody apron. Or handcuffs. But even trapped in this degrading mediocrity, I still inexplicably love real rock'n'roll, and it ain't healthy, cuz I love rock'n'roll like Ian from the Cult, or Peter Laughner, or Ozzy, or Les Bangs love(d) rock'n'roll, and so long as there's a dwindling party of totally authentic and vital, capable rock'n'roll heroes left standing, I'm gonna feel obliged to resume my emotional ranting, in the vain hopes of turning more people onto these usually neglected genuine-article spitfire superstars, like my man, the always underappreciated, Gilbert Avondet, better known as the one and only, World Famous, MISTER RATBOY - who's one of the most criminally obscure guitar greats since the days whenever those other classic underdogs like McCoy, Chrome, Salmon, and Thunders were being similarly ignored. MISTER RATBOY was the driving force behind three absolutely great bands that made some amazing records that frustratingly went nowhere - Motorcycle Boy, Pillbox, and now SOUR JAZZ. I mean, three outstanding world-class bands with excellent songs and charismatic, top-notch singers! It really ain't no mystery when I think about it - almost every 40-something record store clerk I've ever met invariably claims he was one of the twelve people who actually liked the Dolls or Velvets in the early 70's, when it's usually more than obvious they were actually, well, Aerosmith/Kiss guys, AT BEST. Revisionist Nostalgia. Mark my word, ten years from now, all these young punks with the new Betty Page tattoos who discovered hairdye and self-mutilation at the Nash Pussy rock event last month, in years to come it's gonna be real chic for them to claim they were into SOUR JAZZ, those few who are still involved in music by then, even though, actually, they were, well, Hellacopters/Turbonegro guys, AT BEST! What follows is the sad but true, and ultimately triumphant tale of MISTER RATBOY'S reckless misadventures barrellin' down a Street Called Rock'n'roll...



Dimitri: Origins of Ratboy/introductions to music/when did you start playing guitar? Teen Faves? Early bands? Didn't you get to see all my fave groups (JT, Lords, Hanoi) in their heyday? Formative experiences?

Mr. Ratboy: I was born in Switzerland (sorry, it's not very R'n'R) in the 60's. I started playing in the late 70's after my uncle bought me a crappy acoustic; my parents wouldn't buy me a guitar coz they thought it was just a phase I was going through. The first single I bought was "Venus" by SHOCKING BLUE and the first album was DEEP PURPLE's "Machine Head". I listened to a lot of PROGRESSIVE ROCK (I still am a huge MAGMA fan!), but when the SEX PISTOLS album came out I got into PUNK ROCK, just like everyone else in these days. It was also a lot easier to play. I didn't seem to be able to emulate ROBERT FRIPP very well, but I could do an adequate STEVE JONES impersonation. I soon discovered where the PUNKS had stolen all their shit from, and in no time I was a STOOGES/NEW YORK DOLLS fan. In the early 80's I moved to London and I got to see most of the people I was into at the time: THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS, LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH, HANOI ROCKS, LONDON COWBOYS, DOGS D'AMOUR, NIKKI SUDDEN, JAYNE COUNTY, etc. Back in Switzerland in the mid-80's I formed my very own shitty Glam-Rock band, BROOMSTIXX RIDERS (I know, I know...) and recorded my first LP. Thank God it's very hard to find! It was fun, though. We even opened for the LORDS once.

Dimitri: When did you first come to America seeking fame and fortune? Origins of Motorcycle Boy? Where did you first meet Francois & Co. Did you play with anybody else in America before MC Boy of note?

Mr.Ratboy: In 1988 I moved to Hollywood and soon hooked up with MOTORCYCLE BOY. It was the first band I really auditioned for. I did give a tape to IGGY then, but he had just hired ANDY McCOY. Oh, well. MOTORCYCLE BOY had been playing for a few years and had been through a dozen guitar players before me! Francois had come to L.A. from Washington state in the mid-80's and in no time had managed to become a local celebrity. He's a very talented individual with a clear vision of what he DOESN'T want to do, and I felt very lucky to be able to play with him. When I joined, the band already had recorded two tracks for a compilation called "Let it bleat", and they had a very good draw. My audition was more like a drinking/beauty contest: For about a month, Francois took me to every bar in Hollywood, fed me a lot of booze(FREE, when you're a Motorcycle Boy!), and showed me around to girls, saying stuff like "I'm thinking about having him in the band, do you think he's cute enough?" He never really said I was in the band. My first show was July 4th 1988. Nobody in the band ever said anything about my guitar playing, either. I was swiftly renamed "RATBOY" coz nobody thought that GILBERT was "rock" enough.

Dimitri: Motorcycle Boy Highlights/Greatest accomplishments? How do you know Syl Sylvain? Why did you quit that group? Weren't your feelings hurt when the record came out and you they reshot the cover photo with your replacement, crediting you as an "additional musician"?

Mr.Ratboy: The 3 years I spent in MOTORCYCLE BOY were very fun. I got to meet a lot of people and play a lot of shows. I wrote and recorded a few songs that I'm still proud of today. I think the problem with MOTORCYCLE BOY was that even if we had great songs, looked cool, played highly entertaining gigs, and enjoyed a very loyal local following, we were NOT a good product for labels to sink their ca$h into. I did not understand it then, but it's pretty clear now. We didn't listen to what anybody said, we drank way too much, we were VERY unreliable, and we were EXTREMELY demanding. We were looking for a major label to take care of us, to baby-sit us. We didn't have a manager, didn't own anything, had no money for food, clothes or instruments. I didn't have a place to live then, either. We rarely rehearsed, it was too expensive. I don't think any label wanted to deal with people like us when they could sign bands like WARRANT, who would bend over backwards for them AND like it! All the major labels saw us and passed on us, ALL OF THEM. In the end we had to accept the Triple XXX deal coz that's all we had left. I had become friendly with SYL SYLVAIN in NYC, and we thought he would be a good producer for the album coz we liked how "melodic and pop" his solo records sounded. His 2nd solo effort "SYL SYLVAIN & The Teardrops" is still one of my favorite albums of all time. We first tried to get JAMES WILLIAMSON but couldn't locate him anywhere. We also talked to JOHNNY THUNDERS, but in the end we chose SYL. After recording the album we entered a really lethargic period where the drinking increased even more and drugs started to pop up more frequently. I think we only played 2 shows in about 4-5 months. At the second show, a fight broke out on stage between Francois and our drummer Kenny and I decided I had had it: I unplugged my amp and walked out of Al's Bar through the audience. That's how I quit. There was a pretty cool review of the gig in *Flipside*.

HIGHLIGHTS:
Recording the first *Flipside* single and the "POPSICLE" album. Auditioning for ALICE COOPER, who had seen a picture of us and wanted us as his backing band. Too bad we couldn't play any of HIS songs, so we ended up playing one of our own, the appropriately named "SUICIDE"! He laughed and said he'd give us a call. I'm still waiting...

LOW POINTS:
An important gig in NYC where we had a fight on stage before we actually played a single note. JOHNNY THUNDERS was backstage with us and he ended up playing instead of us. The audience was fine with it, but I wasn't.
When the album came out over a year after we recorded it, they had reshot the cover with my replacement, a RATBOY clone! They also called me an "additional musician" even though I played about 80% of all the guitars on the album! I was irritated, since everybody had sworn I would be on the cover and get proper credit. My replacement might have looked like me (lucky dog!), but he was NOT a "soundalike" and I enjoyed reading the bad reviews for the subsequent shows.

"DON'T GET ME WRONG, I LOVE R'N'R, I JUST APPROACH IT FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE THESE DAYS."

Dimitri: Origins of Pillbox? Where did you meet Chris Barry? Greatest accomplishments with Pillbox? Weren't you managed by Joan Jett? Didn't you tour? Why did Chris Barry quit the band? What are him and Screamin' Joe Rizzo up to nowadays? Who was his replacement, and comments on the record you did as Pillbox after Chris left the group? Are you still pals?

Mr.Ratboy: I met CHRIS BARRY in a used clothing store in NYC. He still was in 39 STEPS, his previous (Canadian) band, and he invited me to see them at CBGBs. He blew me away, so I knew we had to "work" together in the future. The perfect IGGY/STIV/JEFFREY LEE combination, EXCELLENT! Good sense of humor, too. The problem was (there's always one, isn't there?) that CHRIS is Canadian and lives in Montreal. We formed PILLBOX in '92 and started writing songs whenever CHRIS was in town. At the time we were still very serious about "getting a deal", "having a career" and other similar nonsense that musicians think will fix all their life's problem. In retrospect, we achieved a lot in a short time: We got a management "thing" with Jetlag, JOAN JETT and KENNY LAGUNA's company. We released a single and an album, made one video and toured Canada twice, once with the mighty RAMONES. But I NEEDED MORE (more mustard, pickles & relish!) and after about 2 years I thought we couldn't put enough effort into it to accomplish my utopian goals, what with CHRIS living in Montreal and the rest of us in NYC. So my good friend MARK PHELAN replaced CHRIS on vocals and we did another record, a 10" white vinyl LP on Feralette records. We were still trying very hard to "get signed," but we still couldn't reach my idealistic and unrealistic dreams so we soon disbanded like every rock band invariably ends up doing!

CHRIS & I are still friends, he's in Montreal and plays in a band called ACRYLIC. SCREAMIN' JOE RIZZO is also a very good friend but it's hard to keep track of Joe's current bands. In the past few years he has drummed for WALTER LURE's WALDOS,



PHOTO BY LANCE GURA

JAYNE COUNTY, JESSE CAMP, D-GENERATION, the HOMEWRECKERS, the AMAZING CHERUBS, and many more that I'm forgetting. Later, MARK PHELAN wrote the words for my solo album.

Dimitri: You toured with Jeff Dahl and Marky Ramones' INTRUDERS, and then, as I remember, took some time off away from music, learning to play the sax and listening to Sinatra records, and then did some band called the HAS BEENS? Anecdotes regarding that era? How did the solo record come about?

Mr.Ratboy: The JEFF DAHL album and tour happened while I was in PILLBOX, in 1993. A good experience, since the tour lasted over 2 months and I soon learned I didn't like touring very much. The HAS BEENS was a concept band that I formed with some friends while visiting Europe a few years back. Since it's a well known fact that EVERY band ends up breaking up sooner or later, I wanted to form a band that would last less than A DAY. The HAS BEENS lasted exactly 23 hours. We managed to rehearse once, book a studio, record 2 songs, and take some pictures in less than a day. We had never talked about it before. It's still one of my greatest achievements, I think. The songs were covers, but we might not have succeeded if we had to write the songs too. When we reform (it's well-known that most bands do) we'll try to write at least one original, I swear! After PILLBOX broke up (see, they all do), I felt I needed to take a break and reevaluate everything. Why did I start playing music in the first place? How much had I strayed from my original intentions? How could I play music on my own terms without ever having to say "I'm doing a showcase for Atlantic on Friday night" again? Did I still enjoyed music? Where did I fit into the abysmal current music scene? How could I play wild and rebellious Rock'n'Roll music for the "KIDS" when I could in reality be their dad? Especially since the contemporary "KIDS" didn't like Rock'n'Roll music anyway? I was just going through the usual shit, nothing special, your standard mid-life crisis. Everyone goes through this! Didn't you? It's also at that time that I added the "MR" to my name. Now that I was a little older, I decided I deserved some respect. From then on I've insisted on being called MR RATBOY, I simply won't have it any other way!

In 1996, in the middle of this internal turmoil , I was hired to be in MARKY RAMONE & THE INTRUDERS, a post-RAMONES band. My picture appeared on the record even if I did not really play on it, only on one song. My payback for the MOTORCYCLE BOY album, I guess. I played with them most of the year, and it culminated with a trip to BRAZIL to play with the newly-reformed SEX PISTOLS! That was fun, but I didn't like being a "hired gun", since I still don't take orders very well. I quit/got fired (depending on who you talk to) after an argument about the shirt I had been wearing for one of the PISTOLS gigs. Plus, I never even owned a pair of Converse sneakers!

Back in the States I was offered the opportunity to do a solo album by my friend PRICE HARRISON from Feralette records, and I jumped on it. I recorded "A Gift from Mr Ratboy" with the help of SCREAMIN'JOE RIZZO on drums. Half the songs were leftovers from PILLBOX, and the rest was brand new stuff. I even managed to get my friends STEVE WYNN and PHAST PHREDDIE to play on it, which was cool! I enjoyed the time off, listened to a lot of music, and did try to learn to play SAX, but my neighbor didn't let me. I only played guitar once in a while, always for fun. I often joined the WALDOS on stage and I sometimes took part in "Jam nights" at the Continental in NYC. For one of them, some friends and I even performed the STOOGES' "Funhouse" album in its entirety, from "Down on the Street" to "LA Blues"! I decided I would form a new band whenever the time was right, when I met the right people. It had to be different than the previous ones. Not so much in musical direction, but more in the way the band was going to be "functioning" and the kind of people that would be in it. I don't like to practice much, I hate carrying my stuff around, and I don't want to have to argue with band members about insignificant little details. Also, I don't like touring much, unless it's done right (i.e., for CA$H!) Basically, I don't like to compromise about anything and I don't want to lose my precious time convincing some idiots that I'm right about this or that.

It was tricky. I needed to find people like me: Good looking (important!), mature (I didn't say old), lazy (just a bit), jaded (good), bitter(even better), with a day job (with pay, so we don't need to try to "get signed") and, of course, totally out of touch with the present musical scene. Naturally, they had to share some of my excellent musical tastes too! It's very tough to find musicians dedicated enough to practice once in a while (not too much, please!) but also smart enough not to try to convince me to go play a show 5 hours from home for a few measly bucks! The unconditional commitment usually required is the reason why it is hard for me to stay in any band that is not mine.

If you've ever been in a band, I'm sure you know what I'm talking about, you might not agree with me but you probably have been in this kind of situation before: Some blockhead tells you "What? You don't wanna play this out of town gig for free? This is good for your career, what do you want to do, play music or work for the rest of your life?" Well, I'd like to play music but at this very moment I need to pay my bills. To me, it doesn't really matter where the cash comes from as long as it keeps coming in. Which means that I'll play a show if I make some money or, at least, if I don't lose any. But I will not lose money to play unless, of course, it's my own band. I'm just less and less romantic about the whole "rock thing" than most musicians, and that makes it harder to find the right people to play with. Don't get me wrong, I LOVE R'n'R , I just approach it from a different angle these days. In my future band I wanted no pressure, no manager, no record deals, and no assholes, just friends playing music they enjoy together. Sound easy? Believe me, it ain't!

PHOTO BY LANCE GURA



Dimitri: Comments regarding other collaborations: Bebe Buell...

Mr.Ratboy: I met BEBE BUELL in the early 90s, when I had just moved to New York. I played in her band then for about a year, before PILLBOX. We recorded an album for Skydog records,in France. She's a great person, very fun! We're still friends, and I actually jammed with her and SAMI YAFFA a few month ago. Her new band plays "Get Some" on stage.

Dimitri: Freddy Lynxx...



MARKY RAMONE AND THE INTRUDERS

Mr.Ratboy: I met FREDDY LYNXX in 93 in Paris while I was on tour with JEFF DAHL. We kept in touch and I have played on a few tracks that appear on his latest opus, "Bloodied Up". Freddy is a very talented and genuine individual. Highly recommended.

Dimitri: BJ Snowden....

Mr.Ratboy: AHHHH, BJ SNOWDEN! When I was working at the now defunct Venus records I came across this AMAZING demo cassette tape by BJ SNOWDEN called "Life in the USA and Canada." Intrigued by such a title, I popped it into the player and was floored! She's a very infectious songwriter with a very unique vocal delivery, A TRUE AMERICAN ORIGINAL. Everyone in the store was under her spell, and in no time we convinced the owner of the store to revive his record label (then dormant for over 10 years) to release this MASTERPIECE. If you're interested you can find out more about her by visiting http://www.venusrecords.com
I strongly recommend buying her album, it will better your life, it's THAT good. It's REAL independent music. After the album came out, FRED SCHNEIDER and I produced 2 tracks for an X-MAS single that hasn't seen the light yet. How weird is that: "Produced by FRED SCHNEIDER and Mr RATBOY"? FRED also wrote the liner notes for the CD.

Dimitri: Kevin K....

Mr.Ratboy: PILLBOX and the ROAD VULTURES, KEVIN's previous band, were labelmates. I've know him for about 8 years. After the ROAD VULTURES were done, KEVIN went solo and he hasn't stopped improving since! It's amazing, his songwriting and guitar playing have matured so much. I liked the ROAD VULTURES, but the KEVIN K BAND stuff is, in my opinion, even better. The fact that I played guitar on some of the tracks might have something to do with it too, HAH. I'm not joking, KEVIN is good, check him out.

Dimitri: Origins of Sour Jazz? Those guys' previous bands? Where did you find them?

Mr.Ratboy: LOU and I had known each other for a



PILLBOX

how similar our tastes really were! After a late night, boozed up conversation at Brownie's, I told him something along these lines: "Since we both are a little sick of bands, rock music, and the idiots who play and listen to I, why don't WE try to put a band together and do it right?" I was drunk, I'm not actually sure what I told him, but he said OK! We started writing songs, and from the beginning I knew it was going to work out fine.The first songs were "That's Cool" and "It Ain't Cool". After a few awkward "auditions," we found the right rhythm section for us: "COWBOY" MARK RUBENSTEIN on bass and "SPLAT ACTION" FITZGERALD on drums. The rest of the band might not be as good looking as I am, but they sure are lazy! One of them might even be more bitter than me! They all love the name SOUR JAZZ (it's hard to believe, but I've met people who hated it!). They all have dogs (a sign of wealth, since they can afford to feed them), and they all drink colorful sissy drinks, just like me! The drummer even listens to MAGMA - what else could I ask for? Since we don't have any pressure (no label, no manager, etc.) and we finance everything ourselves, the music we produce is of high quality. At least we think so. Nobody tells us what to do. We are not trying to get "picked up" by any major labels, we don't even think they would be interested in a band like us. The mythical "KIDS" that every label is talking about would probably not like us: we're too old and we don't belong to any trendy scene. SOUR JAZZ doesn't "do it" for the kids, the chicks (did I mention we're all happily married?) or money (we all have jobs). We "do it" for ourselves, just because we like it. No other reason. That is why our music is so exceptional!

Dimitri: Congratulations on the birth of your child. Why did you and your family move away from NY to Japan? How do you feel about NY's heavy-handed attack-dog police policies? What's NY like nowadays? What do you miss the most? Contrast where you live now with Greenwich Village culturally.

Mr.Ratboy: THANK YOU, ARNAUD is so f#*k*n' cute! Last year I felt I was in a rut and needed a big change. With a baby on the way I wanted to make sure I'd have time to spend with him, and frankly I needed to get away from NYC for a while. Losing my job a few month earlier also helped. My wife YURIKO is Japanese, so the choice was obvious. I still love NYC and I probably will move back there, but it is indeed changing very fast. It's becoming harder and harder for people like me to make a decent living. I miss my friends the most. Life where I live now (Niigata, Japan) is very different! It's very quiet and there's not much culture, at least not the kind I'm into. So I listen to alot of music, read a shitload of books, and play guitar everyday, writing the future SOUR JAZZ hits.

Dimitri: You mentioned playing recently with Hiroshi Nakagome's GOLDEN ARMS in Japan.

Mr.Ratboy: I've known him for seven years, and as soon as I got to Japan we hooked up. He asked me to play on his next album, and I had a blast. I will also play with his band live in a couple of weeks in Tokyo. Hiroshi deserves more attention than he has received so far...

Dimitri:What current rock groups do you apreciate/respect?

Mr.Ratboy: Nobody, really. I don't care much about current rock groups unless they're friends of mine. The last things I liked were the BEASTS OF BOURBON, EDWYN COLLINS, TURBONEGRO and, believe it or not, OASIS.

Dimitri: What are you actually listening to for pleasure these days? Last book read?

Mr.Ratboy: Music: THE "Funhouse Sessions" box set, HARVEY MANDEL, CHRIS SPEDDING, DR FEELGOOD, ZZ TOP, ROY BUCHANAN, ONLY ONES/PETER PERRET, ALICE COLTRANE, MORTON SUBOTNIK, ASHRA, MAGMA. I listen to all kinda shit! Books: I've been reading anyhting I can find from STANISLAW LEM. My fave of his is *The Cyberiad*. Also STEFAN WUL novels in French and any of SALVADOR DALI's books.

"TEACHING ENGLISH AND FRENCH IN JAPAN IS A VERY STRANGE EXPERIENCE FOR ME."

Dimitri: Day job...how does teaching compare with Venus records? Why did that place close down?

Mr.Ratboy: Teaching English and French in Japan is a very strange experience for me. The pay, being three times more than my previous job, is a plus. I can't complain about it. I only work nights and I have a lot of free time. Venus Records closed down coz the owner moved to upstate New York; it was a little upsetting.

Dimitri: Whatever happened to our friend, the beautiful Alia Saaed?

Mr.Ratboy: I don't seem to remember her. Sorry, I'm an old man.

Dimitri: What's Phoebe Legere up to nowadays?

Mr.Ratboy: No idea. Same shit, probably. What could she be up to?

Dimitri: Why won't you help poor Iggy out?

Mr.Ratboy: The guy is lost! He'd rather play with his drug buddies than get a good band. I tried to play with him so many times, but I never even got an audition. I guess my hair's too short or something. I don't think he's interested in putting out good records anymore, he's just paying the rent at this point. Every new album is just an excuse to go on tour and murder his own classics with his bad HEAVY METAL band. The guitarists are so bad it's amazing! It's a little sad to go see him these days, but I did see RON ASHETON with DARK CARNIVAL and he's still THE MAN!

Dimitri: Weren't you working with Sam Yaffa/ Demolition 23? What happened to that project?

Mr.Ratboy: SCREAMIN'JOE RIZZO and I practiced twice with them at the very end, just before MICHAEL MONROE [ex-HANOI ROCKS] moved back to Finland. I was really into it, but I don't think MICHAEL liked it too much. It could have been cool.

Dimitri:What's your affiliation with B-52 Fred Schneider?

Mr.Ratboy: He's a huge BJ SNOWDEN fan, and together we produced an X-mas single for her.

Dimitri:How about the Motorcycle Boy Reunion with Bebe Buell show?

Mr.Ratboy: That was weird. A week before my birthday last year I got a call from BEBE BUELL saying that MOTORCYCLE BOY was gonna be in town for a couple of shows. I didn't think it would happen but, sure enough, they came to visit me at work a few days after! I ended up playing "Get Some" with them on my birthday! BEBE sang it that night. It was great to hang out with them and see that time had erased all our past differences.

Dimitri:Current events with Sour Jazz, the new album "Lost For Life"?

Mr.Ratboy: SOUR JAZZ has an album out in France (on vinyl only) called "No Values", and a second album to be released later in the year, "Lost for Life". We're currently looking for an



American label to release both albums on one CD for the US market. We also recorded a few tracks for various compilation albums that will come out later this year: A Spanish FLAMIN' GROOVIES tribute, an Italian HOLLYWOOD BRATS/BOYS tribute, an Australian thing called "Rock'n'Roll Wars", and a US compilation called "A Fistful of Rock'n'Roll".

Dimitri: Any parting thoughts?

Mr.Ratboy: Listen to SOUR JAZZ, you might like it. And if you don't, that's cool too.

Dimitri: I keep askin' everybody, "Who will Save Rock'n'roll?"

Mr.Ratboy: ROCK'N'ROLL is beyond salvation! It has been dead for quite a while now, and it's quite alright that way! I think ROCK'N'ROLL, like JAZZ, is a moribund art form that, even if it's not relevant anymore, it's still very cool and somewhat important. I appreciate the fact that there's only a handful of us still playing it, I don't mind that at all. Let's be real: It's 45 years old! How could it still be important for today's teenagers? They need their own form of rebellion, not that of their parents! I'm actually amazed that record labels have managed to keep its smelly carcass appetizing for so many years! I love it, but I totally understand why a 13-year old kid would find it boring. It is boring: it's always the same themes, the same riffs, the same imagery. I just happened to grow up on it, and so it's still very indispensable to me. I'm also pretty good at it and I still enjoy it, so why would I stop? As far as saving it, I'll leave the job to luminaries like the BACKYARD BABIES.

Good luck! ⊕



The official Mister Ratboy discography:

My Bands:

SOUR JAZZ - "No Values" LP (Ghost Rider Records, 1999)
180 grs. vinyl edition, 100 first copies on GREY marbled vinyl(very nice!), the rest on black.

MR. RATBOY - "A Gift from Mr. Ratboy" LP (Ghost Rider, 1999)
180 grs. vinyl edition.

MR. RATBOY - "A gift from Mr. Ratboy" CD (Feralette Records, 1998)

PILLBOX - "Pillbox" 10" white vinyl (Feralette, 1995)
Produced by Godfrey Diamond , who also produced one of Mr.Ratboy's favorite records of all time: "Coney = Island Baby" by Lou Reed.

PILLBOX - "Jimbo's Clown Room" CD (Circumstantial, 1993)

PILLBOX - "Holly/Sinister Urge" 7" (Get Hip, 1993)
Color vinyl single.

MOTORCYCLE BOY - "Popsicle" CD (Triple XXX Records, 1991)
Produced by SYL SYLVAIN (ex-New York Dolls). Mr.Ratboy did play on the whole album! The album took a year to come out, and in the meantime he had quit the band and moved to NYC. The band members and people at Triple XXX promised they would use the pictures that had been taken for the cover (featuring Mr.Ratboy). Instead, they reshot the cover and gave the guitar credit to a new guitar player who had just joined and did not play on the album at all. Mr.Ratboy was just credited as an "additional" musician! Definitely "not cool".

MOTORCYCLE BOY - "Feel it/One punch" 7" (Flipside Records, 1989)
Color vinyl single.

Contrary to popular belief, Mr.Ratboy did not play on the "Let It Bleat" vinyl compilation (Gore records, 1988) which features 2 Motorcycle Boy tracks,"Shakin' Finger" and "Kenny Toy".

BROOMSTIXX RIDERS - "Rockin' Aliens" (Switzerland, 1986)
Vinyl only. Our hero was then known as "Brian Blade"! Like Buster Poindexter said about his DOLLS days:"I was young and naive, I didn't know better..." Anyway ,the future world-famous one can be heard on guitar and heavily accented vocals on the whole mess! Light years from the greatness he will achieve later, but definitely worth a laugh if you can find a copy.

Bands I've played for:

MARKY RAMONE & THE INTRUDERS CD (1996, also released in Japan, Europe, South America)
This is a tricky one...Some kind of good karma-payback thing for the
lack of "real" credit on the MOTORCYCLE BOY album. The King Records version is the only one that actually features Mr. Ratboy, but on only 1 song! He played guitar on and wrote "Boomerang", a bonus
track that appears only on the japanese release. The whole story is that he joined the band after the album was recorded, but before it was released or the band

played out. Marky wanted to show the "live" band on the cover, so pictures were taken featuring Mr. Ratboy (wearing a MC BOY shirt!). If you look at the credits they read: "Live, The Intruders are...," and that was the truth! By the time the album came out in America (on Thirsty Ear Records) Mr. Ratboy was out of the band and out of the picture! That version features a new picture of a new line-up that didn't play on the record either. Confusing? I think so too!

MARKY RAMONE & THE INTRUDERS - "Coward with a Gun/I Wants my
Beer" 45 (1996, colored vinyl, Blackout Records)
Same as above. Get it for the picture! (Just joking...)

JEFF DAHL - "Best of" CD (1993, 1+2 Records, Japan)
1000 copies, limited edition. Played guitar on "She's so cool","Positive", and "Hey, Cinderella" (from "Wasted Remains").

JEFF DAHL/POISON IDEA - "Dead Boy" CD (1993, Triple X)
Played guitar on "Method to my madness" (same sessions as "Wasted
Remains").

JEFF DAHL - "Wasted Remains" LP/CD (1993, Triple X)
Played guitar.

BEBE BUELL - "Gargoyle/Bored baby" 45 1992, Ultra Under Records)
Colored vinyl. Played guitar and produced.

Compilations, Tributes, and Weird Things:

FREDDY LYNXX & THE CORNER GANG - "Bloodied Up" (1999, Julie Records, Japan)
Played guitar on 3 tracks.

STELLAN WAHLSTROM DRIFT BAND - "Time Leaves you Behind" (1999, Belpid Records, Sweden)
Played guitar.

KEVIN K Band - "Rule the Heart" (1997)
Played guitar on "Gang War"

V/A - "Live at Brownies" CD (1996, Feralette Records)
PILLBOX performs a live version of the Saints' song "Demolition Girl". Other bands include the Waldos (Walter Lure's rock combo) and Jayne County.

V/A - "Hodge, Podge, and Barrage, Vol.3" CD (1996, 1+2 Records, Japan)
PILLBOX performs "Bobby"s Shakin' Again".

V/A - "The Bam Balam Explosion, Vol. 4" CD (1996, Bam Balam Records, Spain)
PILLBOX performs an early version of "Spaced Out". This is the only Pillbox version of this song, which will later be re-recorded for the "Gift..." album.

KEVIN K BAND - "Party Down" CD (1996, 13th Street Entertainment Records)
Played guitar on "Manic Panic" and "It's Just Trash".

B.J. SNOWDEN - "Life in the USA & Canada" CD (1996, De Milo Records)
The credits read: "...De Milo records would like to thank its crack A&R staff...especially the "World-Famous" Ratboy, who discovered the tape." Go figure.

V/A - "I Only Play R'n'R for the Kids to Dance" LP/CD (1993, Skydog Records, France)
Tribute to J. Thunders. Played guitar and produced the BEBE BUELL track, "Little Bit of Whore".

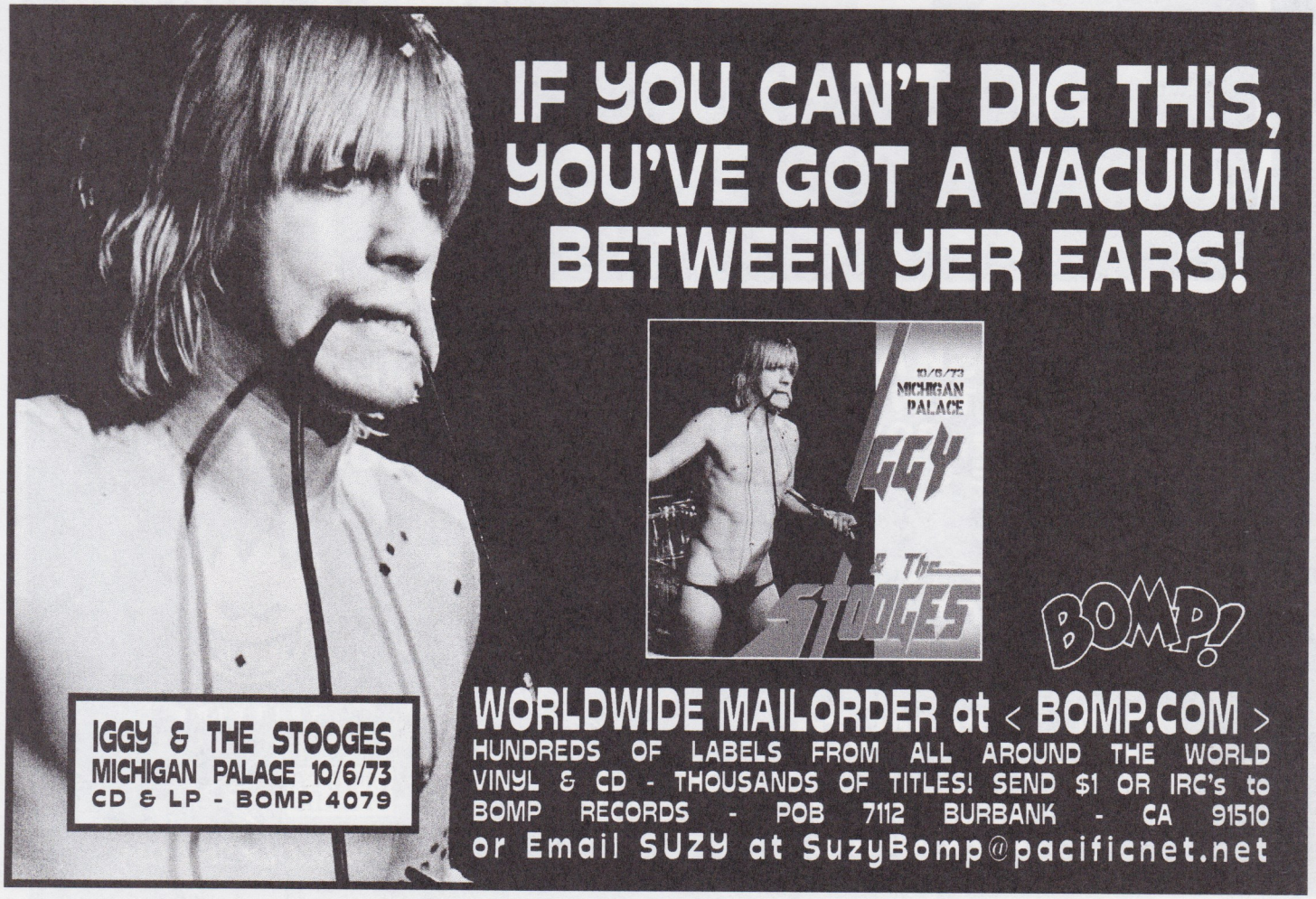
PISS FACTORY - "Piss Factory" CD (1993, Relativity Records)
Played Toy piano (another hidden talent?).

NEW YORK DOLLS - "Paris Le Trash" CD (1993, Triple X)
The credits read:"East Coast Research: Mr. Ratboy (NYC)." Nobody knows what this really means, but our Mr. Ratboy seems to be especially proud of this one.

PISS FACTORY - "Autostrada/Bad Day" 45 (1992, Big Dog Recordings)
Colored vinyl single. Produced.

V/A - "Gabba Gabba Hey" LP/CD (1991, Triple X)
Tribute to the Ramones.
MOTORCYCLE BOY performs "Loudmouth" alongside bands like Bad Religion and L7, plus Jeff Dahl, Chemical People, White Flag and others.

V/A - "City of L.A. Power" LP (1990, Flipside Records)
Limited edition, 2300. MOTORCYCLE BOY performs "I Hate the Sunset Strip" alongside bands like Bad Religion and L7 (again!), plus some lesser-known talents. The song was not written by Mr.Ratboy, like the sleeve reads, but was entirely written by Francois. This was later reissued on CD, coupled with another Flipside compilation called "The Big One".



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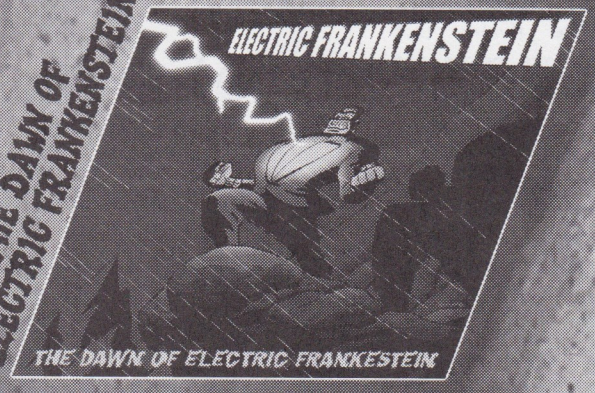
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FALLING JAMES III

IV. LEAVING TRAINS TOUR DIARY (D.C. NOTES)

Still commiserating with the ghosts of New York City, I had no desire to spend my day off in Washington, D.C., the belly of the beast, like certain guitar players and bassists in this band. I'm a Scorpio, and Koko and Melanie are Leos, if you know what I mean. Something had to give. Since nobody wanted to back down, they drove ahead to D.C. with Honeyburst, and apparently had a grand time shopping without me, Allen and Fred.

But when we all met up on Tuesday at the Metro Café in D.C., it was like that scene near the end of "This is Spinal Tap" when Nigel Tufnel rejoins the group in Japan and everything's O.K. again. We all hugged, and no one was mad. It felt great to be back in the same adventure; it had been so lonely without the two Leos, multiplied by the missing miles between us. Despite the dumb arguments and my constant threats to go home, we divas were ultimately too vain to sacrifice the chance to perform a concert in front of a captive audience. The show must go on: We need the attention. And that's especially true for Allen "Alien Rock" Clark, whose public compulsions include nudity and fireworks (especially when he's playing guitar in Fearless Leader).

The Leaving Trains and Washington, D.C., have always had a strange, explosive rivalry that started long before our first tour in 1986, when we were thrown out and permanently banned from the 9:30 club after our then-drummer tried to strangle me midset. In the early '90s, Bobby Belltower and Whitey Sims lost most of their clothes and stuff when someone broke into the van, smashing a window, while we were playing at another club. I didn't have anything in the van that night, as I try to keep all of my stuff near me onstage, like a hockey goalie/mama bear making sure she doesn't stray too far from the net/nest. It sucked for Bobby and Whitey, who had almost nothing to wear for the rest of that tour except for a few of their worn-out, crummy shirts we found scattered on shrubs a few blocks away. It was ironic and annoying that someone had gone to the trouble of stealing such worthless stuff.

In the past, we'd often ended up in D.C. at the most miserably humid war times, and it was hard not to link the place with the weather and obscene brutalities being conducted under Reagan, Bush, Clinton, etc. The place was like a giant funnel, collecting all of America's misguided ignorance, selfishness, and dumb hate. On many tours we'd avoided D.C. altogether, and often skipped nearby Baltimore out of perverse spite (plus, we're not that popular there). D.C. was a symbol of ongoing oppression, and genocide, and war. And bad speeches. And false hope. Like the idea of a country of immigrants starting a democracy based on the attempted destruction of "Indian" nations already living here.

We Angelenos were considered vulgar, garish, obvious, drug-abusing, perverted, lowlife, trashy, naïve, provincial whores by D.C.'s dignified, closeted, sober, cynical, high-minded, overmedicated, patronizing, patriarchaic, Purityrannical whores. The whole capital was just as fannishly consumed with the cult of personality as Hollywood, but with the pretense that its particular posture was dignified and historic and meaningful, that things like mere sex were beneath its august notice, that perhaps sex didn't even happen, and that men couldn't dress like secretaries and women couldn't act like presidents, that Columbus was the first to arrive on this old New World, and that real people didn't die in wars, they just turned into marble statues, like the Washington Monument and its opposite-reaction counterpart, the Vietnam War memorial, toppled over horizontally instead of pointing a spiky finger at the sky; black and mournful and filled with dead names instead of white and blank and arrogant.

And yet one of my favorite times, maybe more than 10 years ago, was seeing this marble swamp during a blizzard, when the snow rounded off the edges of the giant bank vault buildings and their pompous columns and corners, burying them in sexy, lazy drifts, soft and peaceful, austere, lovely. When the clouds cleared a bit, the sky was serene and lovingly pink against a shiny, brilliant gray. Plus, I do love those pink blossoms that come out on the trees in spring.

Just like Spinal Tap, we played a much more inspired show (unlike the debacle in Philly) once our prodigal Nigels, Melanie and Miss Koko, returned, flaunting the domineering black vinyl fetish wear from their remorseless shopping spree. The Metro Café was pleasantly well-attended, the weather nice, and the club staff were actually friendly. Although I certainly blamed everybody in the room for the current wars, I didn't think they were such a bad lot of people, not really, not deep down inside, and I think at times we played extra spontaneously, with more thought and melody, if only to make up for the Philadelphia unraveling. We punished the well-behaved audience with sadistic versions of our two new, special anti-war rants "I've Made That Mistake Before" and "Use Your Own Weapons Against You," as if playing them in an evil nation's capital would stop the bombing.

...it was like that scene near the end of "This is Spinal Tap" when Nigel Tufnel rejoins the group in Japan and everything's O.K....

Because *Carbon 14* writer Steve Halperin had now made it to three Trains shows in a row, and to keep up with Honeyburst, who had earlier that night played a bunch of different songs, we changed our set list to keep the carnies' attention, adding "Temporal Slut," "Ice Cream Truck" and "Sugarcaning" for the first time on the trip. "I finally get a mike!" joked Miss Koko, making her lead-vocal debut of the tour on "Ice Cream Truck," switching to guitar while

I played her bass. She spat out the lyrics with the brattiness of her Sluts for Hire version (though I don't think she threw in her ad-lib "thinking about a girl who can just suck cock" this time), and the audience loved her. "Sugarcaning" was a lovely, hovering interlude with its spidery arpeggios spiraling in building waves of fuzzy open-string drone above Allen's solemnly rolling toms, unfolding slower than our usual punk tempos.

Here's the Leaving Trains' D.C. set list, saved with help from Michael K.:

TERMINAL ISLAND
CREEPING COASTLINE OF LIGHTS
BIG BABY
BIG STAR
I WANNA BE YOU
USE YOUR OWN WEAPONS AGAINST YOU
I'VE MADE THAT MISTAKE BEFORE
LEGALIZE ME
TEMPORAL SLUT
ICE CREAM TRUCK
FUCK YOU, GOD!
CAPRICIOUS (I DON'T CARE)
SUGARCANING
NOW I'M MAD

That night at the Metro, Honeyburst received a much anticipated shipment of their "100% Lover" debut 7-inch singles, with "Arthur Lee," "Why Should I Fall?" and "Paint," on the mysterious Get Bent label. The singles also contained four different trading cards, with a picture of each musician's favorite drinks:

Smith Hutchings (bass): double shot of Myers dark rum and Coke

Jon Couch (drums, backing vocals): 12-once long-neck bottle of Budweiser

Mike Michalski (guitar, backing vocals): double shot of bourbon and ginger ale on the rocks

Michael Kastelic (vocals, harmonica): shot of Cuervo tequila and a 12-ounce bottle of Sol beer

Anyway, Honeyburst had a really fun and rocking audience-interactive show. They played all three songs from the single, as well as Cynics classics "Cry, Cry, Cry" and "Baby, What's Wrong?" (which typically started each set), and a Sonics cover, "Shot Down," which Michael tonight dedicated to Melanie Vammen, since she's in Strychnine Witch, Johnny Angel's all-star Sonics-tribute band.

Honeyburst also whipped out a couple of cool new originals for the first time on the tour, like the jangly, poppy "Justify," which Michael K. called "a beautiful song of unrequited love and hate." Then he peered at individuals in the crowd like he was looking through an imaginary looking glass, and asked, "Does anybody remember ROMPER ROOM?" before "Magick Mirror," another rocking ditty about romantic survival. "Can't see your face anymore . . .," Kastelic trailed off, as Michalski strummed the last, pensive chord. My fave Honeyburst songs included "The Tone," a fast and snappy garage rocker they played most nights, with Mr. K. yowling about love and unrequited technology (as in lonely phones that keep ringing). I was especially fond of Smith Hutching's "Window," with Smith's inexorable, descending bass bumps, Jon Couch's resolute drumming, and Mike Michalski's hypnotizing beacon of single-note lead-guitar high-string octave chiming. "I could make you understand . . . " And let's not forget "Glen or Glenda?," as in the Ed Wood movie, in which Michael wonders, "So do you kiss your mother with those lips?" It starts off with a buzzing caveman riff and then soars into a more daydreamy guitar cloudiness, then gets weird, before sliding back into the garage.

Here's Honeyburst's set list from the Metro Café:

BABY, WHAT'S WRONG?
ARTHUR LEE
WHY SHOULD I FALL?
YEAH
JUSTIFY
MAGICK MIRROR
THE TONE
SHOT DOWN
WINDOW
GLEN OR GLENDA?
PAINT
WASTE MY TIME
GET MY WAY
CRY, CRY, CRY

I was probably still feeling smug about how well the show had turned out when I went across the street afterward to move the van closer to pack up our equipment. It took me a moment to comprehend why something seemed different. The long side window was smashed (why? There are so many easier ways to get in!), and Miss Koko's best stage clothes were gone, along with, improbably, my drab and faded raincoat, full of holes. The broken glass was scattered everywhere inside the van like a thousand diamond pebbles, which took a long time to get rid of completely, not just in the van, but even months later in my apartment, where the pieces were scattered by the comings and goings of my luggage. Somehow that glass got into everything and sprouted everywhere and wouldn't go away. It was the window that kept on breaking.

The long side window was smashed and Miss Koko's best stage clothes were gone, along with, improbably, my drab and faded raincoat, full of holes.

We rarely left anything important in Valerie the van, but we were still out of our normal rhythm from splitting up, and I think poor Koko was so resentful of my constant, condescending warnings about previous tours and our capital city's collective bad karma that she subconsciously blocked out my advice, forgot to bring in a few bags for once, and I probably unintentionally caused the whole thing by worrying too much, Except for the shiny new black dress she was wearing that night onstage (and the other threads she'd just picked up in D.C.), most of Miss Koko's all-time-best stage clothes were stolen, and we didn't find any of them lying around afterward as we trolled the nearby alleys and streets.

The video camera was also taken, so our little tour-movie experiment ended halfway through the actual tour in Philly. Luckily, the first two-hour videocassette, with the tornado footage and the Beautys and NYC, had just been filled up and Koko had packed it somewhere else, and it

wasn't stolen. There was only a little bit of footage on the new videotape in the camera, including my psychodrama outside Upstairs at Nick's, which is no loss, but overall it was a major disaster that overshadowed our exuberance about the show. We gave up looking for our stuff eventually, and limped away from the neighborhood in our van, its gaping maw raining new chips of glass like hail, clacking to the street and into the back seats whenever we'd hit a bump. We ended up downtown in a ritzy diplomat-type area. Koko Puff splurged one more time, on a really expensive hotel, and we straggled upstairs, where it was nice to relax in our room with a few friends who were at the show and say "so what!" Usually, I'm against spending more than $25 on a motel, but I think Koko correctly realized we were all on our vacations and deserved to spoil ourselves.

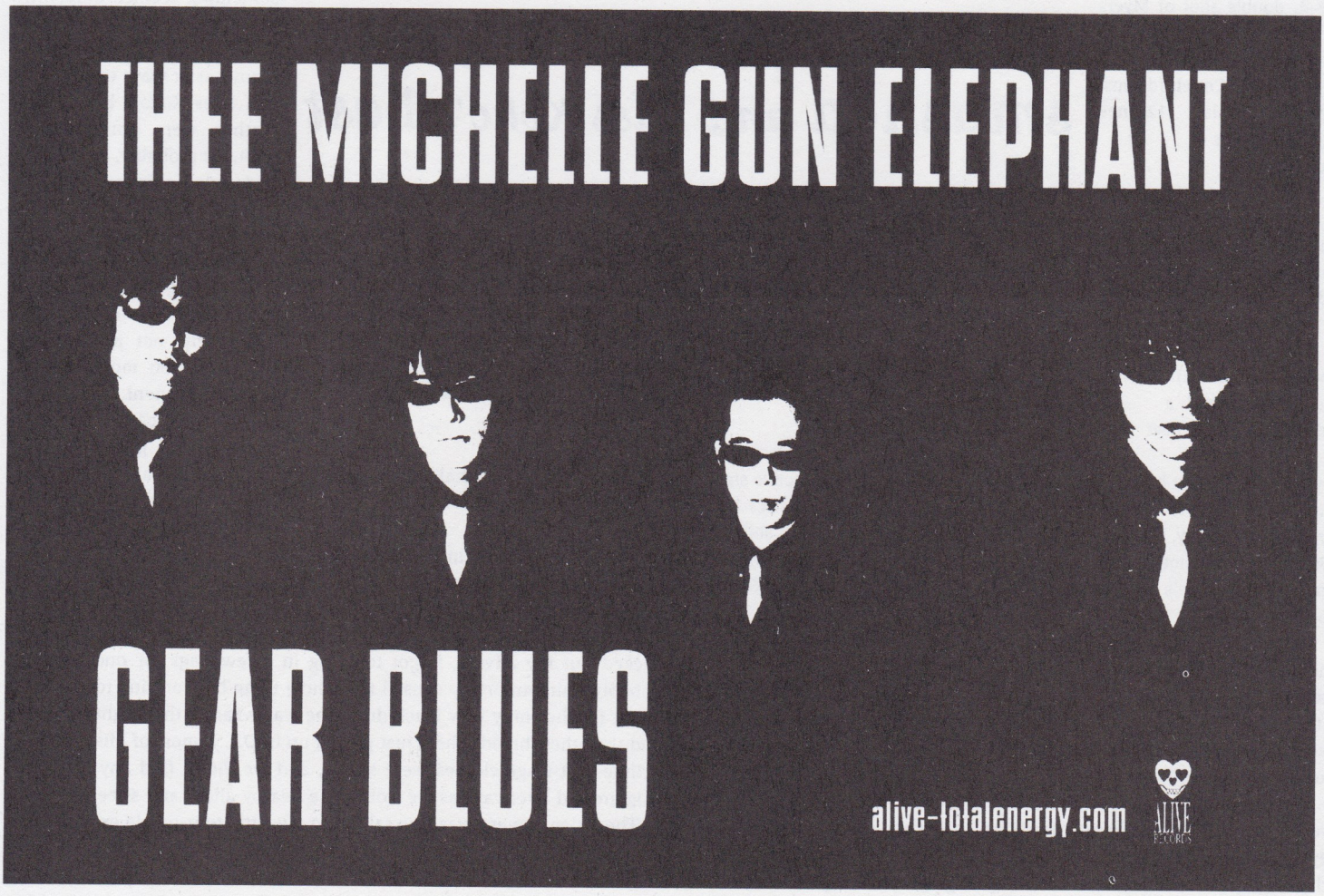
The next afternoon, Wednesday, May 26, we slunk slowly through the streets of Washington, District of Columbia, past the white mausoleums of government, and the Washington Monument, which was under repair, covered with scaffolding and sheets of plastic. It looked like it was wrapped in a giant condom, bursting angrily from the ground.

The lawns of the grassy knolls in the park areas between the monuments were filled with thousands of governmental women taking their lunch breaks, reveling in the new spring sun. They were everywhere. They looked like secretaries or lawyers or businesswomen, wearing Washington's restrained white, tan or pale blue colors, in business suits, skirts and blouses, with white or brown pantyhose, hardly anyone in pants. And there were no men! Perhaps the men were still inside the buildings somewhere, watching. It was very surreal and dreamlike, and also mundane. Like "Picnic at Hanging Rock."

Most of the office girls were prettier than models, larger than life, their eyes looking up telepathically as we passed, like deer, with stockinged calves that glistened with extra radiance in the daylight, and curtly layered hair catching that light and framing embellished faces in the glimmer of halos. The makeup was just a little too glamorous, the hair piled too perfectly in intricate up-dos, clothes tailored so smartly, so mercilessly, to best show off alluring demarcations of thighs, of arms and necks. It didn't seem job-related. The city simmered with undeclared sex.

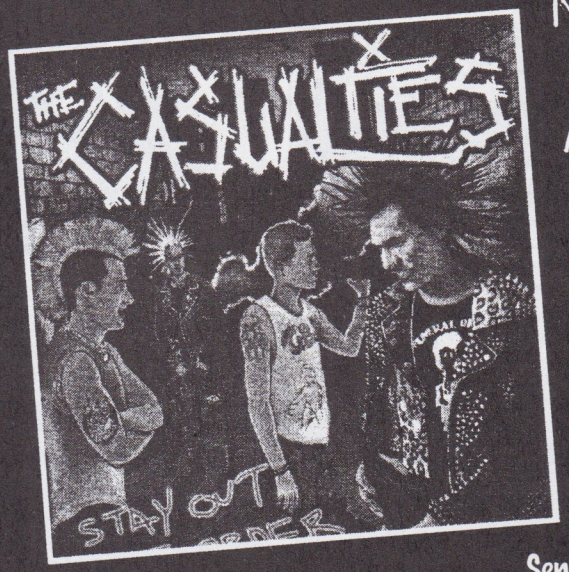
I was just driving through, I wasn't their intended target, but I felt guilty that I was so easily caught in the same visual snares they were setting to snag the attentions of the ugly men they worked for, the ones currently bombing Yugoslavia, or putting up fences and killing people at the Mexican border, those dashing politicians and business representatives and lobbyists and lawmakers. While the women frolicked on the lawns and in the paneled, dignified chambers of their mostly white, mostly male bosses, who were apparently stressed out from the burden of oppressing the rest of the world, the city's larger, poorer black population seethed, trapped in rotting neighborhoods just blocks away from the White House and Congress, but far from real power or opportunity.

We drove all over D.C., looking for a place that could repair our broken glass window, but ultimately nobody could do it in time, since we had to get to Columbus, Ohio that night. Fred patched up the cracked window panel with duct tape and cardboard, which worked out okay for a while, though we'd often hear the muffled, behind cardboard scratchings of bits of glass that would break free of the remaining piece of window.



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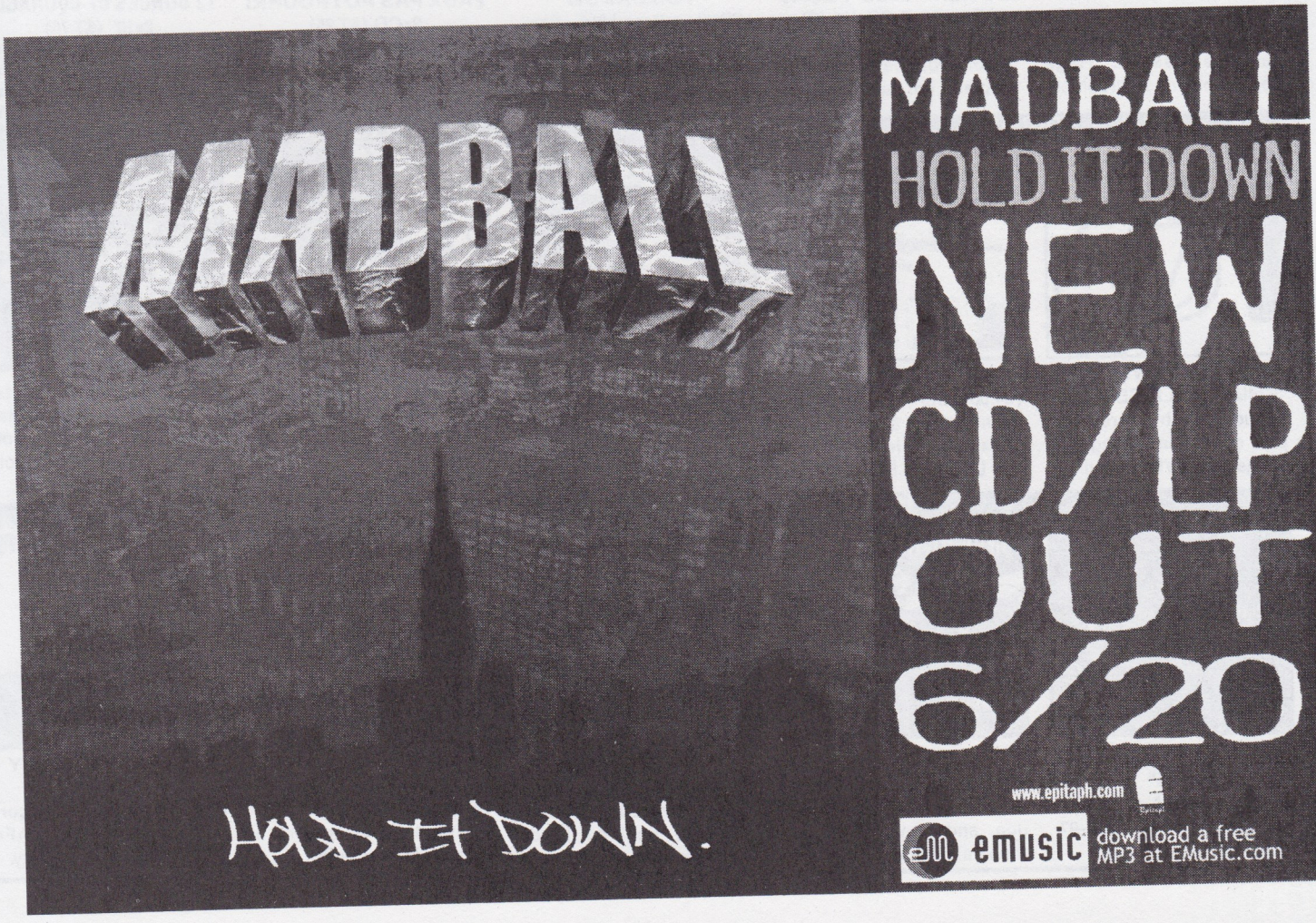
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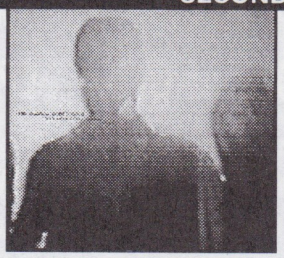
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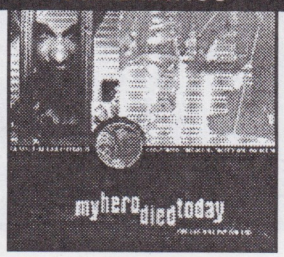


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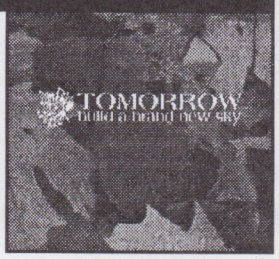
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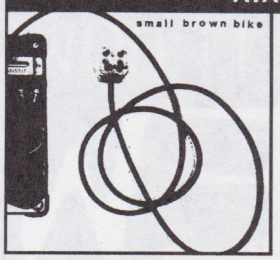


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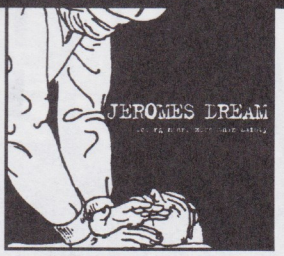


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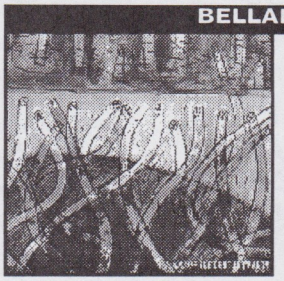


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At War With the Universe.

By Larry O'Hara and Steve Booth. London: Notes from the Borderland, 1999 [BM Box 4769, London WC1N 3XX U.K.]. 135 pp., oversized, $20.

In 1990, Tim Hepple, a veteran of the neo-Nazi National Front, infiltrated several environmental activist organizations, among them the publication Green Anarchist, on behalf of the British internal security forces. A year later he joined the white supremacist group the Church of the Creator, some of whose members are suspects in the Atlanta Olympics and abortion clinic bombings. In time he was found out, and two individuals associated with GA, Steve Booth and Larry O'Hara, blew Hepple's cover in the 1993 expose *At War with the Truth* (alluding to Hepple's autobiography *At War with Society*). Not surprisingly, Hepple dropped out of sight for several years. But then, according to Booth and O'Hara, Hepple; now calling himself Tim Matthews; infiltrated a very different fringe scene: UFOlogy. At War with the Universe exposes in detail these latest of his maneuvers and manipulations.

The authors face up to the obvious, and related questions: Why should the political police infiltrate a subculture of harmless, apolitical eccentrics? And why should anybody care? In the first place, whether or not UFO phenomena are what UFOlogists think they are (and they have several theories), it is possible that some of what they investigate involves security secrets. In fact, we now know this. The U.S. Government recently admitted that many UFO sightings in the southwest were not "weather balloons" or hallucinations, they involved top-secret espionage aircraft such as the U2. The state's concern with the flying saucer enthusiasts may have less to do with what they're looking for than with what, in looking, they might find.

O'Hara and Booth further suggest that the spooks are protecting and promoting their own career interests. Since the collapse of Communism, it is not at all obvious that MI5 or the CIA have enough work to do to justify their multi-billion dollar budgets. After Ruby Ridge and Waco, such a suspicion is easy to entertain. Thus the orchestrated hysteria against the militias, Ibn bin Laden, and other ogres with nothing in common except the fact that nobody has even proven they've so much as swatted a fly in the United States. If nothing else, the pigs are keeping in practice.

And this answer to the first question, I think, to some degree answers the second. If, from the Establishment perspective, the UFOlogy people in any way threaten it, others outside of the Establishment might want to rally to their support. If they don't threaten the status quo, that is even greater cause for alarm, for that means the system is cynically assailing those who, however innocuous, are different enough to be set up for target practice. Be it the "black-clad messengers" of Eugene, the "trenchcoat Mafia" of Columbine, the Trekkies, the headbangers, the philatelists — if UFOlogists, who isn't a possible resource for police with time on their hands?

Americans might react that "it can't happen here." Admittedly this book-length text is for us remote in place and esoteric in content. It has reportedly already done much to discredit Hepple/Matthews with British UFOlogists, but why should Americans plunge into the minutiae? I think, for two reasons, that some Americans should. The first is that Hepple/Matthews has designs on America (pp. 71-72). Via the Internet he is bombarding American UFOlogists with self-promotional material apparently in preparation for a tour. Those interested in UFO phenomena would do well to prepare themselves.

The other reason is that it can happen here, and anywhere, and this is a case study in police infiltration and disruption tactics. As the authors are well positioned to do, they document how Hepple/Matthews uses the same methods on UFOlogists as he did on environmentalists and anarchists. A favorite ploy is to supply a targeted group with a cocktail of information plus disinformation, then leave it dangling, and discredited, when the falsities are exposed. Another is entrapment: for instance, supposedly to explore the Military Hypothesis (UFOs are secret experimental military aircraft), Hepple/Matthews has provided UFO publications with maps of airbases and urged them to publish them. If the maps are accurate, where did he get them? If they are not, why did he get them?



Be it the "black-clad messengers" of Eugene, the "trenchcoat Mafia" of Columbine, the Trekkies, the headbangers, the philatelists — if UFOlogists, who isn't a possible resource for police with time on their hands?

Appreciating that the sometimes excruciating detail of their expose might daunt even those with a compelling interest in this esoteric topic, the authors provide summaries every few pages which I would suggest reading first as orientation. Overkill? Better to overkill than not to kill at all, and if the authors consider it worth their time and trouble, who else knows better their levels of energy, interest and expertise? Such demurrers tend to come from people who aren't doing anything at all. I consider it salutary if every once in a while, in-depth muckraking comes to bear on the small fry too (e.g., Processed World, Murray Bookchin, Jim Hogshire, Adam Parfrey). Let no one be allowed the comfort of taking it for granted that he will get away with anything.

Bob Black
P.O. Box 3142
Albany, NY 12203-0142



It had been nine months since the local evening news in Philadelphia had reported on the "Satanic Rave." But as I sat down to eat my microwave meal, I was once again assaulted by broadcast video footage of white letters splashed across a blue banner warning, "We Kill Children." Turns out, with the accused parties having their day in court, the "Satanic Rave" news archive was officially reopened, repackaged and released again.

Everyone involved knew it was a farce. A Mischief Night Party to celebrate Halloween and showcase the best Philadelphia has to offer in hardcore. It was held in a warehouse near the edge of the city's downtown section and the event was a huge draw. The Philadelphia Police and the Department of Licenses and Inspections were tipped off and mayhem broke out when the inevitable raid went down.

By the time the media got a hold of the story they refused to let it go. It even hit CNN and made the national blotter. Ridiculous charges of satanic rituals ensued after the cameramen and reporters got back to their editing suites with panoramic shots of mutilated dolls, customized Halloween decorations and band banners that were way over the top (at least for the evening news broadcast). One story even went so far as to claim that the rave" was a recruiting drive for the local chapter of satanic worshippers. It was the headline story for nearly a week. But it was all just a piece of the mythology behind one of the rowdiest hardcore acts in Philly's history, Bad Luck 13 Riot Extravaganza.

Formed nearly four years ago, Bad Luck 13 has generated quite a bit of controversy since erupting on the scene. Thirteen members strong, the band is part circus act, freak show and wrestling match mashed together with a heavy, thundering hardcore thud. It's a rare occasion when the band even gets to finish a set.







BAD LUCK 13

PHOTOS COURTESY OF JEFF "MET" THEIS

So much power is thrust inward and outward that club owners tremble with fear as the band's large and loyal following envelop into a whirlwind of uncontrollable energy. The plug is usually pulled early and often.

Fronted by lead vocalist, Jag 13, who dons a bloodied butcher's smock and cleaver, Bad Luck 13's core group of noise makers also includes Psycho Mike and Dr. Super Evil Balls taking up guitar duties, the Hostage on bass, and the newest member, the Decrapitator on drums. Besides the musicians, the lineup includes fire breathers, wrestlers clad in Mexican masks and a revolving cast of miscellaneous degenerates with equally deranged names such as King of the White People, Token Black Guy, Terrible Tim, the Unibomber, El Duce Allin, Meth Dealer Steve, etc. Rounding out the package is a stage show filled with fireworks and a slide projector flashing images of autopsies and snuff film stills behind the band.

Recently, the band has launched an updated web site (HYPERLINK http://www.badluck13riotextravaganza.com www.badluck13riotextravaganza.com) and Too Damn Hype has just released their latest CD "We Kill Children," which was aptly titled after the sidebar story involving the banner that was prominently displayed in the media's coverage of the satanic rave incident nine months ago.

And here it was hitting the television screens again as the first round of legal proceedings took place. On top of this incident, band members maintain outstanding warrants in Pennsylvania and New Jersey (where the interview took place). I visited the band during a rehearsal and we dove right into some recent rumors that were in circulation.

Who nailed the midget porn star?

Jag: Dr. Evil Balls fucked Bridgett the Midget. Erhh, she blew him.

No shit?

Dr. Evil Balls: Well, ya gotta live the rock star life style. Livin' the rock star life style entails midgets. I was in California and met this cute midget named Bridgett. We hung out, smoked a little weed (a few bong hits, we might've smoked some crack or we might not of). I got a little romantic, told her how cute she was and one thing led to another and I'm gettin' my dick sucked. And I'm like, wow, I'm really stoned and here's this midget suckin' my dick. I got a blow job and I'd like to say it was one of the best blow jobs ever. She's a professional. After that, I slept over her house and we spooned - it was like holding a teddy bear.

Anybody else tappin' on some strange?

Jag: Dealer Steve fucked a retard that couldn't talk and fucked a chicken on stage then blew it up.

Dealer Steve, what's up with the retard?

Dealer Steve: We're in Levittown, PA; you know, white trash. It was an after-show party and this retard comes up and she has a nice body. I pointed to her tits and made a suggestion for her to lift up her shirt. She did and she had some nice titties. So we were fuckin' with her, throwin' shit at her. I got her to take her bra off and we started to play with her breasts. She grabbed my hand and took me over to the woods. She pulled down my pants and then she pulled down hers and pointed to her pussy and started making these noises [Dealer Steve imitates the noises sounding like a baby seal getting clubbed]. So I tried to finger her, but she had a retard pussy because it was on an angle. I put the condom on and put my penis in and continued to thrust while she made all these noises. After a few minutes I got bored, and pulled out. Then we set her pussy on fire and threw her bike in the creek.

That's fucked up. A retard and a chicken?

Jag: Yeah we have video proof. "Free Reign Retard-Volume One." The chicken was dead, but the retard was alive. However, the chicken was a boy so it was homo-bestial necrophilia caught on tape. Bad Luck's all about the homo-bestial necrophilia.

Speaking of tapes, I heard Bad Luck's been hitting up some soundtracks.

Jag: "Traces of Death #5." We do a song; it's behind some gruesome shit. The series is like the Faces of Death video series. They use our song "Lookin'' Out My Window." And it's the part of the song where it goes "...I wanna slit the manager's throat / grease barrel / track the rats / I wanna slit the manager's throat." And they show this Chinese dude in this Burger King, he hung himself in his work place. And they're playing Bad Luck 13. All the workers are running around. It's crazy. It's as close to a snuff film that you can legally get. Also we're on the "While You Were Sleeping Video." That's a graffiti magazine and they put out a video called "Bedtime Stories." And we're on the "Little Devil" bike video. It's called "Seek and Destroy." They use our song in the grand finale of the video. They show crashes and they have footage of our shows. Shit gettin'' destroyed.



What's the story behind the formation of the band?

Jag: We are from parts unknown and collectively we weigh over a ton. We started as a group of lunatics that just acquired each other. When you're in a sick band like this you attract a certain element and we just picked some [members] up here and there until we became a band of traveling idiots that will stop at nothing. We attract people that aren't afraid to get a little hurt for the sake of entertainment.

How have you been holding up personnel-wise?

Jag: We keep revolving members somehow because some of them are so crazy they don't even realize they're in a band and forget to show up. But we're always collecting new idiots. I don't think we ever played a show with the same lineup as the night before. We sadly just lost a member, the Unibomber, who, well, blew himself up - making some pyrotechnics. He has no hands anymore. Smoking while making pipe bombs. He's done. And if anyone out there knows how to make bombs, we need someone new. He was in a coma for 13 days

"We're the most banned band. Nowadays, we can't play a show unless we guarantee the club we're gonna play behind a cage."

and out of respect we should all pour out 40's for the dead homey.

I know the band has a tough time getting booked.

Jag: We're the most banned band. Nowadays, we can't play a show unless we guarantee the club we're gonna play behind a cage. Other bands have played behind cages before just to make a spectacle. It's not our gimmick, it's our guarantee. We have to be caged because we're animals and we're too threatening to the crowd.

Do you consider the band belonging to any particular scene or are you thinking outside that sort of thing?

Jag: We're gonna start our own scene. We don't know what we're gonna label it yet, maybe just Hi-Jack Core or Stage-Jacking.

Stage-Jacking?

Jag: Stage-jacking is a mixture of car-jacking and jacking off.

How have shows been outside of Philly?

Jag: We were booked to play at a club that's connected to a Howard Johnson's in Salisbury, Maryland. We get down there, the show was all of sudden' full and they don't want us playing. So we pull all the amps and everything into the lobby of the Howard Johnson and just started playing. We took it over and all the people came out of the bar. There was a bunch of people already there to see us and they couldn't stop us so we decided that we're gonna do that from now on. We told the lady that we were booked to play there and she said, "I don't know, I've gotta make some calls, I didn't hear anything about this." Meanwhile, we just start playing. She's flipping out and they can't stop us, they have one bouncer. We set up right in the lobby; we weren't anywhere near the club or the bar. We were just in the lobby of the Howard Johnson, with all the picture frames and chandeliers and shit. All these people there, they couldn't stop us so we kept playing. Then once we decided to stop playing and she was done flipping out, Dr. Evil Balls ate her ass. He asked her what's she doing after work and she said that she never gets off and he told her that he's got a room at the HoJo's and if she wanted to stop up, well, he can eat some good ass.

I heard about some crazy bus trip the band took with a bunch of folks from the Philly scene.

Jag: King of the White People booked us at Life in New York City on a Wednesday night. It's a $25 cover, red velvet ropes and shit. And they said we had an unlimited guest list, so we got a bus and took fifty people with us. And we played for about thirty seconds and the plug was pulled. Guess who was there? Andy Dick, some soap opera bitch, Steve Gorillo from the Howard Stern Show, the Lunachicks and Agnostic Front. Once the bouncers and the melee broke out Terrible Tim wrapped the sound man's neck in barbed wire. And he threw a fuckin' trash can knocking down all the cocktail tables they had in front of the stage.



Where is Terrible?

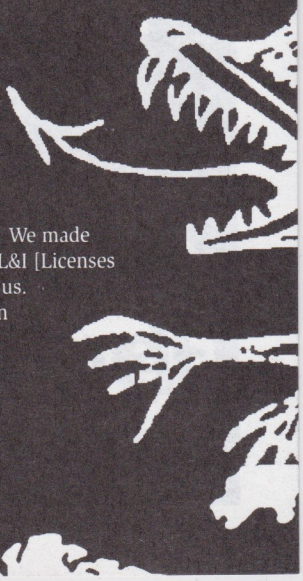
Jag: He went through some bad trauma at the Metal Fest. The Metal Fest was held at the Expo Center in Pennsauken, New Jersey. The stage hand watched us pull in about fifteen items wrapped in barbed wire, including a ten foot ladder, a folding table, a shank, and various pyrotechnics. The mic stands were all wrapped in barbed wire. Everything, we just wrapped everything in barbed wire for this show. It's a big show. We were the first band. It started out with 25 people by the time we where finished it was mobbed. We come out full on, fire breathing, blood, vomit. People and shit are getting thrown all over the place. We were throwing live fish and biting them in half, spitting them at the crowd. The bouncers were throwing the fish back at us. We are out to impress because this was a whole new metal crowd, which we never played in front of before. Then it comes time to send Terrible through the table. The table's wrapped in barbed wire. And it's between the barricade and the stage. Some maniac lit the table on fire with the wrong fluid. He used charcoal fluid, which burns too hot. He lights the table on fire doesn't stop pouring the fluid, to the point where the barbed wire is on fire for a couple of minutes, so it's searing red hot. And there's really hot flames burning off this table. Not to mention the ceiling started to smoke. Now the fire becomes out of control. Security tries to stop him. They're at the table moving the barricade. And a security guard may have been sprayed with some lighter fluid in the mix. Which is now known as "Aggravated Arson" apparently in New Jersey. They had to shut the entire Expo Center down for three hours to run an arson investigation. Anyway, Terrible fears nothing. Decides he's gonna please the crowd. Climbs the ladder, after this table has been on fire, dives twelve feet down into the fire and doesn't reappear for a while. When he does, he's on fire. This barbed wire had seared into him and the table was so burned it was beginning to melt. It wasnít even burning, it was melting. And this shit just stuck to him and he was on fire and we couldn't put him out. Now half his tattoos are burned off and that's why he's not here. He went to the hospital. First, Second and third degree burns.

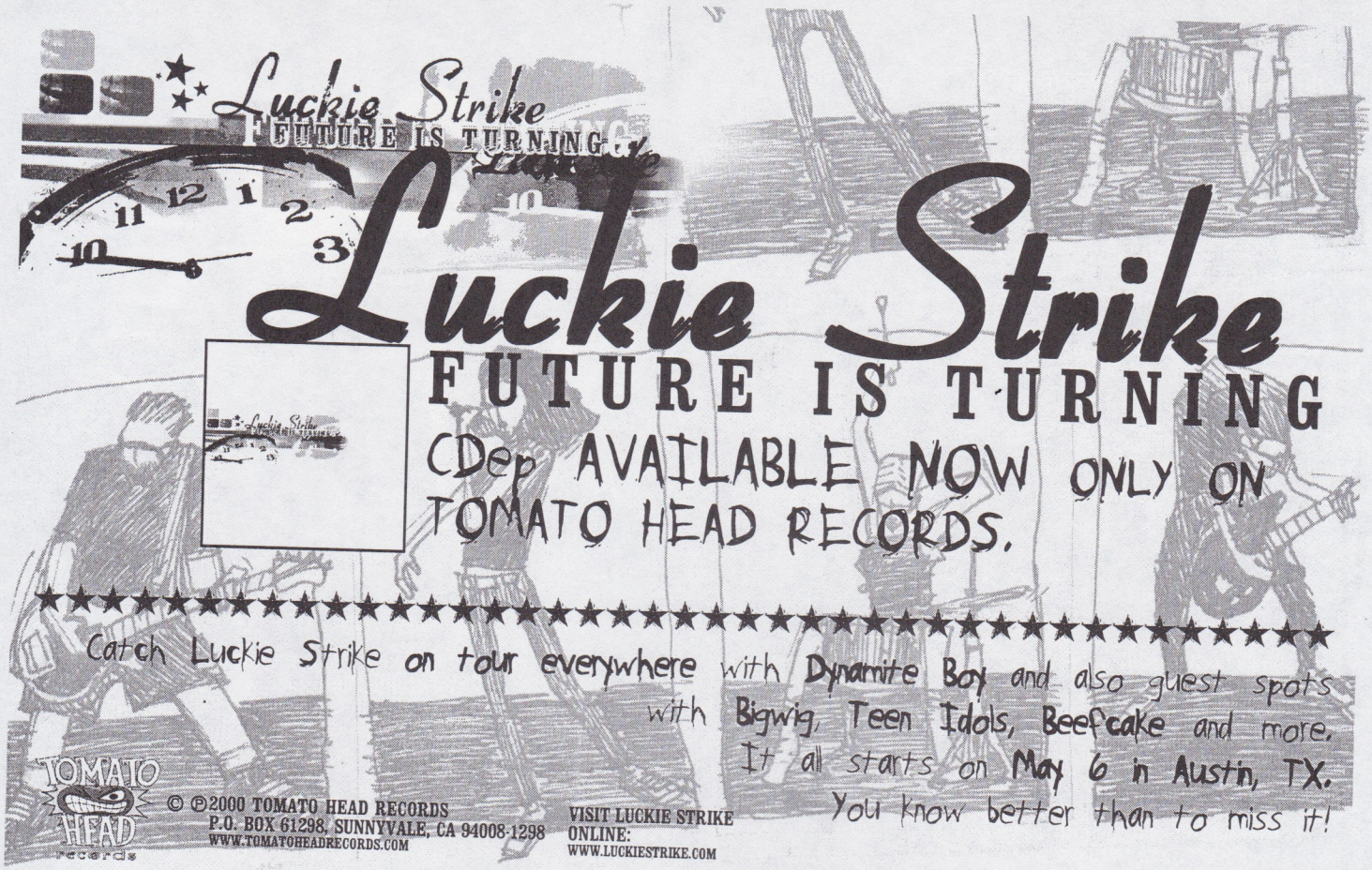
What happened after your set?

Jag: Everybody jets out; the sound guy is flipping out about a broken mic stand. He's holding it, with the barbed wire on it. Our new drummer, Decrapitator, is tryin' to get his equipment out. He's racing back to his car and there's this dude waving a broken mic stand wrapped in barbed wire screaming, "Give me a hundred dollars for this!" The police are already there circling because the fire alarm went off when the fire got out of control. Six cop cars surround Decrapitator's van and that was it. He was cuffed and slapped with the shit. What's great is the Decrapitator had only been in the band about four days and he doesn't even know any of our names. It was his first show with Bad Luck.

Any words regarding the infamous "Satanic Rave" incident?

Jag: Ain't no party like a Bad Luck party. We threw a "Satanic Rave." We made headlines everywhere. L&I [Licenses and Inspections] raided us. It caused a melee. It's on the CD, you can hear about it. They're still looking into claims that "We Kill Children."




Luckie Strike
FUTURE IS TURNING
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u b black don' step back sit u now to the front this b your bus
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u b white u not b all right, b left to do what got to b done

-- Alurista Z Eros
Quoted by Jose Palafox in
HeartattaCk and *Maximum Rocknroll*

What strikes you most about the above quote? Its celebration of illiteracy or its blatant racism?

I suppose you could make the argument that the deliberately misspelled words are an artistic affectation rather than a display of ignorance, since it's pretty obvious what the author is trying to say.

But what about the racism, which is equally obvious? What is it doing in magazines like *HeartattaCk* and *MRR*, which loudly and proudly proclaim that they will not publish racist material of any kind?

In the unlikely event that I need to spell it out, what is the likelihood of those magazines publishing a poem that went:

If you're black, get back
If you're brown, don't stick around
If you're white, you're all right
This is your bus and you can cut the heart out of anyone else who tries to get on it

Okay, I hear the sighs and moans out there. Is he going to start banging on about race *again*? Well, yes, I'm afraid I am, because I think it's one of the most crucial issues facing America today.

But it's not just race I want to talk about, it's the politics of identity, which is just a fancy way of describing the neo-tribalism which threatens to overwhelm several thousand years of accumulated civilization and culture.

I first encountered Jose Palafox's article, which included the above quote, in *HeartattaCk*, a magazine I've always admired, even though I admit to not always agreeing with or even understanding some of what they're talking about.

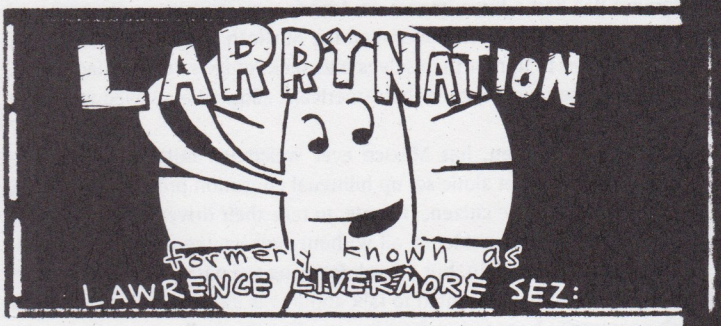
This particular issue (#26) was a theme issue about "Punks and race," though I hadn't gotten more than a couple pages into it before I started calling it "the racist issue," and I believe in my heart that's a fair description.

I don't doubt the passion, the sincerity or the good intentions of *HeartattaCk*'s contributors, but I also don't doubt that the picture they paint of America is wildly inaccurate, needlessly inflammatory, and completely counterproductive.

If *HeartattaCk* #26 were your only source of information, you could be forgiven for thinking that America was the most evil, hateful, and above all, racist nation ever to befoul the planet. Nowhere would you find the other side of the story: that America is the most racially diverse and egalitarian nation in the (known) history of the world.

Ironically, I think Palafox, one of the most articulate contributors to *HeartattaCk* #26, knows this is true. In his column, he recounts how upset he was when he thought his application for US citizenship might be rejected, forcing him to return to Mexico. And why, pray tell, would he be so anxious to become a permanent resident of this hotbed of racism we call America?

Well, perhaps because it gave him opportunities to accomplish things that would have been far more difficult, if not impossible, in Mexico? Because he had made a good life for himself here, formed deep friendships with people of all races, found ways of expressing his creativity and exploring his intellectual potential? Because he had been granted the rare honor and privilege of doing graduate study at one of America's best universities? Gee, if a deeply racist society could work out that well for Palafox (and the many millions of other Mexican immigrants who have so enriched the quality of American life), I wonder what he would do to make things even better.



Hopefully, he has something more to offer than "traverse the whole length inside the belly of the shark 'n' take his heart out." But I wonder. It's not that I expect him to kiss the ground and worship the land that has been so gracious as to take him in. I don't need to be a Berkeley grad student to recognize that immigrants have often had a rough time. Yet they keep on coming, and most of them have done well enough that they show little interest in going back where they came from. Anyway, when you get down to it, every single person in this country, including the so-called "Native Americans," is descended from immigrants, and to my mind, that's one of America's greatest strengths.

If HeartattaCk #26 were your only source of information, you could be forgiven for thinking that America was the most evil, hateful, and above all, racist nation ever to befoul the planet.

But one reason that immigrants have been so successful in this country is that they've been assimilated into the mainstream of American culture. That's how it was with the Italian family I grew up next door to. Mom and Dad could barely speak English; their kids grew up fluent in English, and the grandkids, well, you'd never guess they were anything but full-fledged Americans. Which, of course, they were.

In recent times, though, there's a new take on immigration, one which holds that people shouldn't have to learn to speak English or to adapt to a new way of life, that they should feel free to go on living the same way they

did in their native countries, and that American society should adjust itself to accommodate them rather than the other way around.

This seems to be the way Palafox sees it. In his column, he laments that when Californians voted on Proposition 187 (which attempted to deny government services to illegal immigrants), that the illegal immigrants were not allowed to vote on it.

Yet how many countries anywhere allow citizens of a foreign country to vote in their elections? His reasoning was that Proposition 187 would have an effect on the lives of illegal immigrants and thus they should have their say on it.

One could just as easily argue that Mexico's corrupt and near-dictatorial government has had a huge impact on Americans. Its mismanagement and looting of the economy so impoverished the Mexican people that millions of them were forced to uproot themselves and seek refuge in the United States. Yet has anyone seriously argued that Americans should be allowed to vote in Mexican elections?

By the same token, has Mexico ever welcomed millions of English-speaking immigrants, let alone set up bilingual education programs for them, allowed them to become citizens, to vote, to take their driver's license exams and become permanent residents, all without ever having to learn Spanish?

I could go on in this vein, but I'd risk focusing too narrowly on one aspect of the issue; what I really wanted to talk about was identity politics, and that doesn't necessarily have to involve race or ethnicity at all.

For example, I was thinking about the time Jello Biafra was attacked and seriously injured by some "punks" because they thought he was a "sellout" and a "rock star." In the aftermath, the police were called, but while they were investigating the assault, people let the air out of their tires and generally harassed them.

Biafra wanted to know the names of his attackers so that he could have them arrested or sue them, but a wall of silence closed around them. Nobody would help identify them because "punks don't tell on punks." That's identity politics in action: someone's hairstyle or costume or skin color matters more than the quality of their actions.

I found it quite ironic when Biafra, who's seeking the Green Party nomination for President, announced that his running mate would be convicted cop-killer Mumia Abu Jamal. When you nominate someone for Vice-President, you're saying that you think that person is the second most qualified person in the entire country to be President. And what are Mr. Abu-Jamal's qualifications? Well, as near as I can tell, they consist of the fact that a) he's black; and b) he *might* be innocent of the crime for which he's been sentenced to death.

I have no desire to see someone executed for a crime he didn't commit, but it's an awfully big stretch to say that being unjustly accused of a crime qualifies someone for any political office, let alone the highest one in the land. And leaving aside the fact that most of the evidence suggests Abu-Jamal is guilty (if he's freed, it will only be because a court has found that there's a "reasonable doubt"), what else has made him a hero to Biafra and much of the radical left?

Well, the most common description of him is as a "black nationalist." And what does that mean? I know what a "white nationalist" is: a euphemism for "white racist" or "neo-Nazi." Is someone who wants to divide up people on the basis of color any less of a racist because he's not white?

Biafra's readiness to defend and romanticize Mumia is uncomfortably reminiscent of something Tim Yohannan pulled in *MRR*. Yohannan, who'd helped whip up sentiment against Biafra in the months prior to the attack by referring to him as a "wealthy rock star," made light of the whole affair. He published a picture of the "punks" beating up Biafra and attached a commentary which, smirking between the lines, essentially said, "Well, we can't tell for sure from this picture whether they're attacking him. I mean, they might be trying to help him up."

And it's true, the picture could have been seen that way. If it were the only piece of evidence at a trial, Biafra's attackers might have been found not guilty. Just like Mumia might eventually be freed because there is a chance, however slight, that he didn't actually pull the trigger. But Biafra's leg is still broken and that cop is still dead.

One of Biafra's favorite causes these days is the anti-WTO movement. He, along with many members of the "New New Left," is still basking in the afterglow of the Seattle protests, but there's a perhaps fatal flaw in the movement that I'm betting will doom it before it gets much farther, that being the schism between non-violent protesters, who represent a broad coalition of labor, environmentalists and the general public, and violent protesters, who represent a tiny handful of neo-primitivist thugs and virtual fascists.

Just like the punks who wouldn't dream of beating up Jello Biafra and were appalled to see it happen, yet still couldn't bring themselves to stop the guys who did beat him up, thousands of decent and passionate and well-intentioned protesters let their demonstration be hijacked by a couple hundred hatemongers and vandals. Why? A combination of cowardice and the fact that the "black bloc" types wear similar costumes and listen to similar music. Ergo, they're fellow punks and get special treatment, no matter how badly they behave.

I was thinking, too, about the much-publicized case of Brian Deneke, the Texas "punk" who was killed by a local "jock," who in turn got away with it because he was one of "the good kids" (see, identity politics cuts both ways). Watching the documentary about this murder, I was especially affected, first because young Deneke was wearing a Filth t-shirt that was probably produced by my old record company, but more because I've both witnessed and been the victim of this type of conflict.

When I was a kid, there were no punks, but there were jocks, and they pretty much ran the school and were pampered by the community, just as apparently is still the case today. Kids were beaten up and even killed over their hairstyles and clothes (the opposing sides were the "greasers" or "trolls" vs. the "frats" or "varsity").

One could just as easily argue that Mexico's corrupt and near-dictatorial government has had a huge impact on Americans.

And you know what? It was stupid then and it's stupid now. What happened to Deneke was clearly wrong and the half-wit cretin who killed him should have been put in prison, but the whole conflict never needed to happen, wouldn't have happened if people didn't feel this constant need to divide themselves up along tribal lines. Is being "punk" about having fun and playing music and thinking for yourself, or is it about wearing a strictly defined and highly conformist costume that has the effect of waving a red flag in front of the bull-headed thugs who wear an equally defined and conformist costume that denotes them as "jocks?' Put another way, do you love your piercings and your mohawks and your torn band t-shirts so much that you're willing to fight or die for them?

A few weeks ago I was visiting my 92 year-old uncle. We sat there talking for eight solid hours about everything from family reminiscences to the history of the world. Despite his age, my uncle is completely clear-headed, and more abreast of political and cultural affairs than many people half or a quarter his age. He's also a great-hearted liberal, the kind of guy who was a feminist before the word "feminist" was invented, who espoused integration and racial justice when America was still in the throes of its own homegrown apartheid system.

Hell, he even wrote his Congressman to complain that his taxes were too low. "Why the hell are you giving me tax breaks?" he demanded, "I've got plenty of money. Tax people like me and use the money to help the folks who really need it." Needless to say, we agreed on most things, but while we were looking at his high school photos from the 1920s, I had a sudden, jolting realization.

There he was in his varsity sweater, hanging out with his fellow football players and a couple of cheerleaders. Not only was he a star athlete, he was president of his class, popular with the "right" people, an all-round "Big Man On Campus," as they used to say in those days.

I mentioned this to him, and he laughed. "Yes, I guess some people might have seen me in that light."

If I'd gone to school with him, I would have been one of them. Based on my own high school experiences, I would have hated him, without even knowing him, based solely on his image and appearance. In fact, I've spent much of my life hating and fearing jocks and expecting them to hate me for being a greaser, a weirdo, a fag, a hippie, a punk, a skinny, not particularly athletic geek.

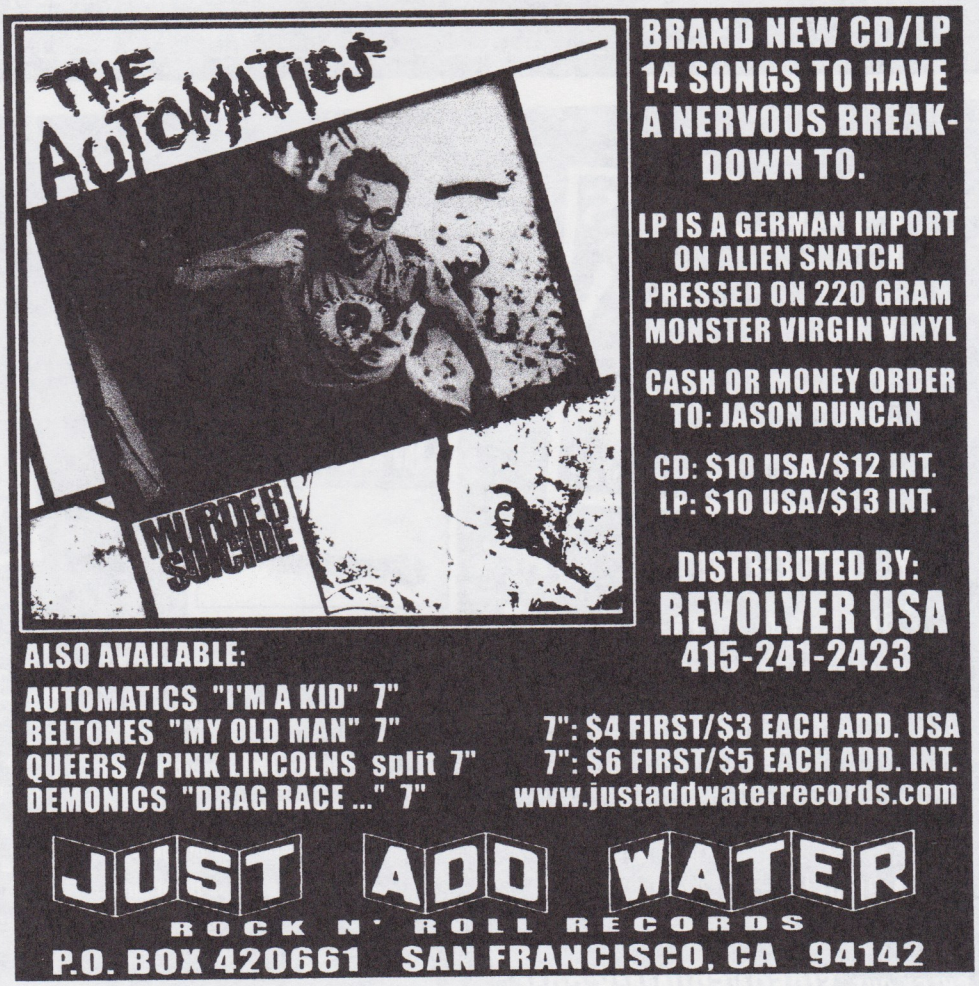
And though I've met jocks who were like that, I've also met punks who were idiotic, violent, and hateful. On balance, I've known more cool punks than cool jocks, true, but I couldn't get over the notion that one of the smartest, kindest, most generous human beings I've ever known had been a dyed-in-the-wool jock, and that I'd had to get halfway through middle age before I was mature enough to judge him by his words and deeds rather than his style of dress or choice of recreation.

The game of "jocks and punks" is just another generation's version of teenage gang warfare, and nearly everyone eventually outgrows such things. When it comes to matters of race and culture, things can get a lot more serious. That's why I bristle when I hear *HeartattaCk* writers saying things like "I do not like white people," "Racism will always exist so long as whiteness exists," "White people are responsible for bad laws, bad music, bad art and oppression of non-white folks."

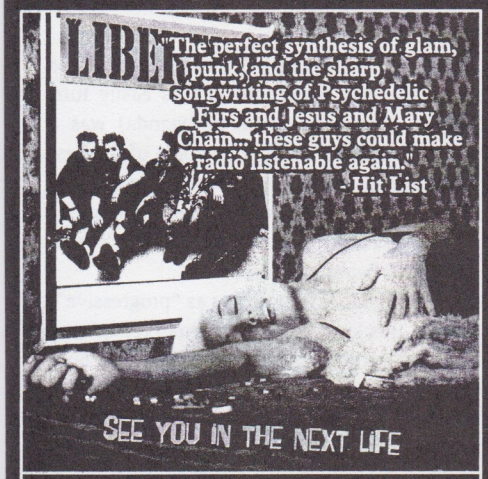
It's not that they couldn't point to many examples of bad white people and bad white governments. But someone else could just as easily turn around and point out that Idi Amin (former president of Uganda) was a cannibal, and that black people have produced, along with some of the best music ever, some of the most racist, misogynistic and ignorant gangsta rap ever. Neither set of statements is a useful or intelligent contribution to racial understanding, any more than shouting "Punks are cool and jocks suck" will help prevent another Brian Deneke from being murdered.

The contributors to *HeartattaCk* may think of themselves as "progressive", but when it comes to race in America, they're way behind the curve, fighting battles that were won decades ago, and setting up new battle lines that only serve to divide people and perpetuate misunderstanding. I just traveled 7,000 miles across the United States and Canada, and everywhere I went, I saw people of all races interacting, living side by side, intermarrying, remaking the American dream in their own image and likeness.

When I compare that to the America I grew up in, an America which was rigidly segregated, in which black people didn't even appear on television except as servants and Pullman car porters, I have to wonder what substances these *HeartattaCk* kids are on. I mean, I know many of them are straight edge, but they've got to be smoking something not to see a) how far we've come, and b) how their obsession with race and ethnicity is precisely the opposite of what an integrated, culturally diverse society needs. You want racial pride, you want cultural identity, go to Kosovo. See what a fat lot of good it did for those people.



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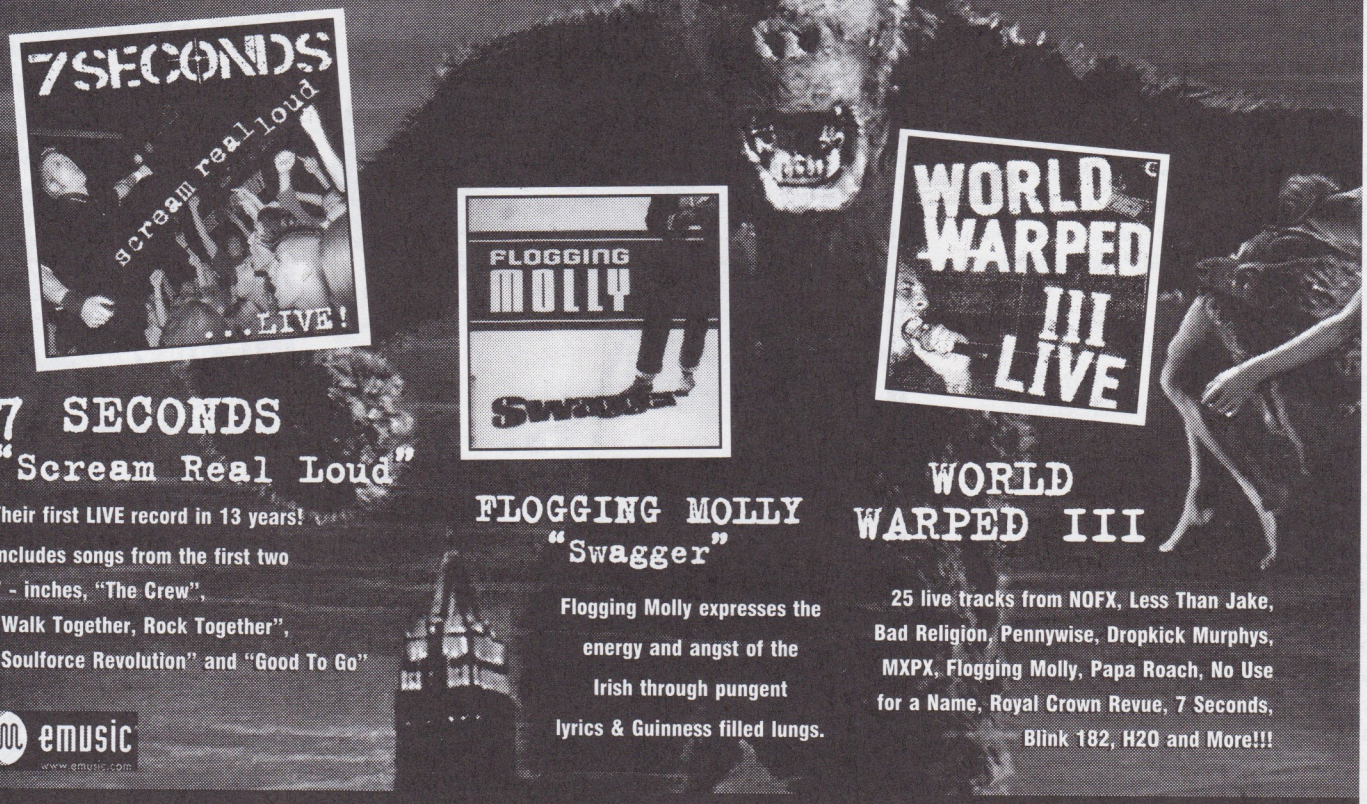
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THE ANTI-WTO COALITION: WHO'S LEFT? WHO CARES?



In my column in *Hit List* #7, I cast doubt on the intrinsically "evil" nature of the WTO and suggested that the majority of the protesters who participated in the so-called "battle of Seattle" were backwards-looking reactionaries. Needless to say, this contrarian interpretation did not sit very well with "political punk" activists, most of whom continue to uncritically support that action in the face of a host of inconvenient facts. Although Pete Menchetti at least had the guts to challenge my interpretation openly in the pages of issue #206 of *MRR*, and even went so far as to suggest that I didn't know what the hell I was talking about in this particular context, neither he nor anyone else has yet presented any substantive evidence that undermines my basic argument or exposes my supposed errors. If anything, numerous unpleasant details have since emerged that only serve to buttress my views concerning the strange, sordid assortment of bedfellows that comprise the anti-globalization coalition, and the blatantly foolish, destructive, and counterproductive behavior of certain self-styled "revolutionary vanguards". To successfully refute my views, someone would have to demonstrate two things: first, that the WTO's decisions have almost invariably had negative consequences for the environment, the labor movement, national sovreignty, and/or social justice; and second, that those who oppose the WTO are in the main "enlightened" and "progressive" thinkers.

The only way to demonstrate that the WTO's decisions have typically had the catastrophically negative impact postulated by ideologically blinkered anti-WTO activists would be to systematically analyze *all 150+ decisions that have so far been handed down by the organization* (as opposed to highlighting a few select examples of decisions that have particular effects one doesn't like, something virtually *any* critical observer could probably do), to determine that *almost all* of those decisions served the interests of "sinister" groups of international capitalists and free traders at the expense of everyone else, and to confirm that they regularly undermined democratic processes *and* unnecessarily penalized the poor instead of benefitting them, either in the short or the long term. If and when someone completes such a comprehensive analysis and conclusively demonstrates that this is in fact the case, then - and only then - I'll finally be convinced that the WTO's agenda must be resisted at all costs. I'm still awaiting such a thorough analysis, preferably by someone *without* an obvious political axe to grind so as to ensure its objectivity.

On the other hand, convincing me that the anti-globalization protesters are on the side of the angels presents an almost insurmountable problem. Even if one blithely ignores the presence of a wide assortment of right-wing extremists who have become actively involved in these protests, something which many "anti-fascists" and "anti-capitalists" have hitherto opted to do, in my opinion most of the left-wing anti-WTO groups are every bit as intolerant, regressive, and authoritarian as the "far right" they loudly denounce in other contexts. Can anyone who is familiar with the history of the 20th century honestly believe, on the cusp of the new millenium, that orthodox leftists, Marxist fundamentalists, nature-worshipping "deep ecologists", "identity politics" racists, male-bashing ultra-feminists, and anti-industrial neo-primitivists, all of whom are blindly promoting failed political and economic

PHOTO BY: PETER DEJONG
EDITED BY: JUSTIN WRIGHT

WHO'S RIGHT?

systems, historical mythologies, aggressive racial and gender balkanization, and irrational fantasies, are actually "progressive" thinkers who are looking toward the future rather than the discredited past? Although Marx was wrong about almost everything else, even he rightly recognized that capitalism, despite all its injustices - real and imagined - had created the highest standard of living, the greatest accumulation of wealth, the most rapid technological development, and the most impressive economic expansion in human history, all of which he viewed as necessary prerequisites for the successful transition to the need- and want-free communist society he predicted would occur (once the supposed "contradictions of capitalism" reached critical mass). Since the establishment of communist regimes has instead led everywhere only to the building of mountains of corpses and the immiseration of entire societies, one might think that what remains of the left would have finally learned certain fundamental lessions the hard way. (Not so, if the "Voices of the New Left" prominently featured in issue #38 of *Punk Planet* are representative. Meet the "new" left, every bit as naïve and misguided as the "old" left.)

It's bad enough that the catastrophic results of these past leftist political experiments still aren't considered horrendous enough to deter today's anarchist and Marxist activists, but other "progressive" elements of the anti-WTO coalition are perhaps even worse. After all, they advocate the destruction, not simply of capitalism, but of the whole of industrial society. They stupidly imagine that the human race can turn back the clock and recreate an imagined Eden-like era, when humans allegedly lived in harmony with one another and with nature. Such a hypothetical epoch has *never existed anywhere, other than in the delusional imaginations of the neo-primitivists, deep ecologists, and Goddess worshippers*. Nor does anyone, other than a handful of severely alienated and psychologically dysfunctional radicals, even wish to create such a "utopian" primitive society, which would mean abandoning our present relatively high standards of living and all of our creature comforts. (No more stereos and punk rock records, buckaroos, to borrow a phrase from Mykel Board). Widespread resistance to any serious attempt to create such an earthly "paradise" would therefore compel unpopular fringe groups to resort to coercion and violence, as the case of the Unabomber starkly demonstrates.

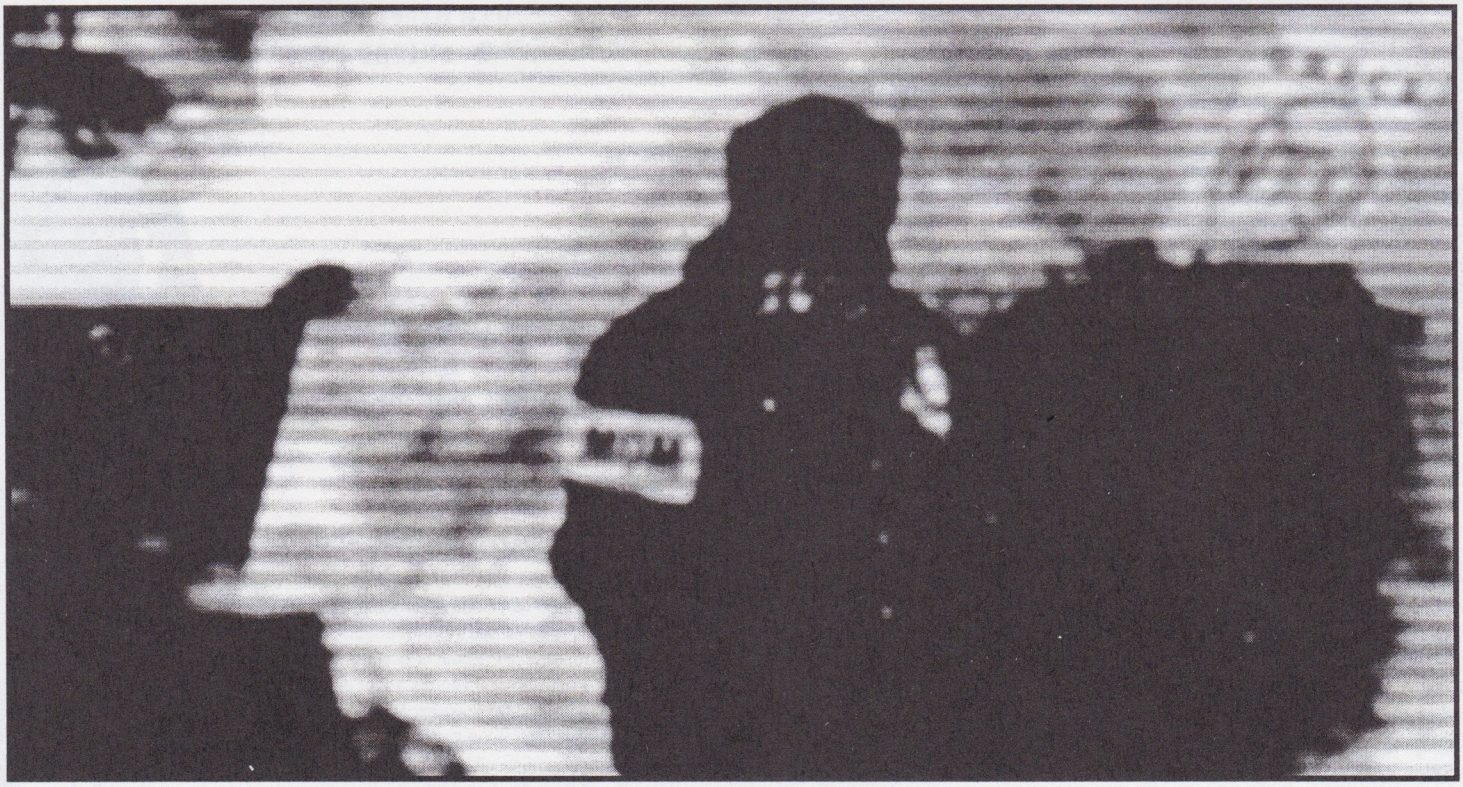
In the interests of stimulating further debate about these matters, we are reprinting several articles below that we believe are quite provocative and revelatory. These are divided into two parts. The first part consists of five articles reprinted (and slightly edited, from a purely grammatical point of view) from the eponymous journal of a Dutch far left organization, De Fabel van de illegaal (The Myth of Illegality). These articles deal with the infiltration and manipulation of leftist anti-globalization groups by elements of the European and American radical right, in particular the *nouvelle droite* in Europe and chauvinistic isolationists of the Pat Buchanan stripe here in the United States. Note that all of these articles appeared *prior to* the protests in Seattle, and in that sense were intended to forewarn left-wing activists about the potential problems that might arise from rubbing shoulders with right-wing ultras. In the event, these warnings were ignored.

I should emphasize, however, that I do not share the views of De Fabel about much of anything. I am certainly not in favor of destroying the capitalist system root and branch, and I adamantly oppose their primary agenda: the promotion of open borders, the abandonment of allegedly "racist" immigration restrictions, and the curtailing of supposedly "racist" population control measures in Third World regions where unhindered demographic growth routinely overwhelms the available resource base. The adoption of such blinkered policies would have catastrophic demographic and cultural effects on both the undeveloped world and the developed world, which would very soon sink to the level of the less developed world. I also find their basic attitudes about anti-WTO coalition politics to be problematic for a number of reasons. First, as is typical of sectarian leftists, they seek to maintain revolutionary "purity" by insisting that the left not form alliances with other political groups which might "contaminate" them or hijack their agendas. Like all "anti-fascist" militants, they present a grossly oversimplified, highly distorted, and thoroughly Manichean picture of various right-wing groups which are currently seeking to transcend the traditional left-right dichotomy by forming alliances with the left. To provide only one blatant example, they erroneously characterize the European New Right as "the intellectual elite of the neo-Nazi movement," which is tantamount to, say, accusing the academic left - repulsive and ludicrous as it is - of being "the intellectual elite of the Stalinist movement." Anyone who has any contact whatsoever with such elements is then unjustly smeared as a sort of witting or unwitting crypto-fascist.

Second, in the process of seeking to demonize the radical right, they only succeed in avoiding the fundamental question: what forces represent the main obstacle to "progress" as they see it? If global capitalism is really their chief enemy, wouldn't it make more sense for them to unite (at least temporarily) with diverse political groups, including anti-capitalist rightists, against their common foe instead of isolating themselves from all potential allies? After all, today's radical left is far too weak and unpopular to be able to resist "international capital" effectively on its own. Or are "fascist" fringe groups their primary enemy, in which case wouldn't the optimum strategy be to tone down the anti-capitalist rhetoric and ally with democratic capitalists and social democrats against the "fashos"? (Here the disastrous example of the KPD's repeated interwar denunciations of the SPD as "social fascists" springs to mind.) De Fabel seems to be trying to have its cake and eat it too, something the far left can ill afford to do in the present historical context. Despite this, their journal articles reprinted below raise a host of crucially important issues that need to be considered in the context of the anti-globalization struggle.

The second part consists of an excerpt from an interview in *Foreign Policy* with a leading anti-WTO organizer, Lori Wallach, a Ralph Nader ally and associate. This brief passage provides lots of food for thought, since it touches on a variety of delicate matters: possible corporate-sponsored provocations, leftist conspiracy-mongering, activist negotiations with the forces of order, crucial splits within the ranks of the anti-WTO coalition, and active collusion between moderate protesters and the police to curb the excesses of violent vanguardist elements like the Black Blok. I myself am not sure what to make of it all, but we feel that it's worth reprinting simply because it raises crucial matters which should be the subject of wider reflection and discussion. It would be nice if "political punks" would abandon their mindless cheerleading in support of every "direct action" and actually start thinking about the wider implications of what they are doing. Alas, based on their past record, there's certainly no reason to be optimistic about this.

Jeff Bale



PART I: Five Articles from the Dutch Journal *De Fabel van de illegaal*

1) "De Fabel van de illegaal Quits Dutch Anti-MAI Campaign"

De Fabel van de illegaal has played a very active role in the campaigns against the Multilateral Agreement on Investment and the World Trade Organization in the Netherlands since the end of 1997. The sympathy of the extreme-right for the campaigns has been bothering De Fabel for a long time. Intensive discussions have led us to the conclusion that this interest is not a coincidence, but is caused by structural flaws in the campaigns. In June 1999 De Fabel therefore decided to quit the campaigns against the MAI and the WTO. In the following articles we explain why. We invite all those who are interested to co-operate in the research and discussions to develop explicitly left-wing analysis and campaigns connected to international solidarity.

MAI niet gezien!

At the end of 1997 De Fabel van de illegaal together with several other organizations initiated the grassroots activist network "MAI niet gezien!" (MAI, didn't see it/MAI, don't want it) in the Netherlands. De Fabel van de illegaal ran the secretariat of the network. "MAI niet gezien!" has produced and spread tens of thousands of leaflets and posters and organized dozens of public meetings, street actions, occupations, etc. Since the beginning of 1999, we have started to transform our campaign against the MAI into one targeting the Millennium Round in the WTO. We have spread the "declaration of members of the international civil society against the Millennium Round" to hundreds of NGOs and grassroots organizations in the Netherlands. We were co-ordinating the sign-ons for organizations in the Netherlands and were planning further actions.

Undocumented people

De Fabel van de illegaal is a radical left grassroots organization that strives for a socialist, feminist, and anti-racist society. The main activities of De Fabel consist of anti-fascist work and involvement in the struggle of undocumented people against the racist government policies of selection, exclusion, detention and deportation. We saw our involvement in the anti-MAI campaign as a way of putting international solidarity into practice and of making a connection with the struggle for open borders and the support for both political and economical refugees. On top of that we thought that the anti-MAI campaign could enable us to connect the radical left-wing struggle in the imperialist countries in the North with the struggle of left-wing movements in the countries in the South. De Fabel therefore also sought contact with Peoples' Global Action against "Free" Trade and the World Trade Organization (PGA), an alliance of various radical movements mainly in the South.

Secondary problems

As time went on we became aware that the political character of the campaigns against the MAI and the WTO is not really left wing. The campaigns can easily fit into a conservative and nationalist agenda. Through our antifascist activities we came across an article by the right extremist Rüther in the summer 1998 issue of the Dutch new-right magazine *Studie Opbouw en Strijd (S.O.S.)*. Rüther opposes "mondialisation" and sympathises with the struggle against the MAI. He even recommended the anti-MAI campaign by "MAI niet gezien!" to his readers and explained to them how to subscribe to the electronic mailing list. His comrades from the new-right Dutch student organization were so enthusiastic about our campaign that they linked their web site to that of "MAI niet gezien!". See also our article "Together with the New Right against globalization?" The problem with the international anti-MAI campaign is that clear anti-patriarchal and anti-racist positions are absent. Racism and sexism are considered to be secondary issues. De Fabel van de illegaal cannot accept this. In September 1998 "MAI niet gezien!" organized the seminar "Globalization of poverty". In the workshops and in the reader much attention was paid to international population policies, forced sterilization programs, illegalizing of migrants and refugees and the situation of women in the free export processing zones (FPZ). In an extensive response containing a critique in solidarity of the founding manifesto of the Peoples' Global Action, De Fabel made a plea for integrating anti-capitalist, anti-patriarchal and anti-racist analysis in the campaign against free trade. See also our article "Peoples' Global Action, an inspiring network of resistance".

Natural order

In the reader we made for the seminar, we

published the article "Development as colonialism", written by Edward Goldsmith, the editor-in-chief and owner of *The Ecologist*. A few months later we discovered that Edward Goldsmith is a regular guest at international meetings of the New Right, the intellectual elite of the neo-Nazi movement. In 1997 the complete editorial team of *The Ecologist* left the magazine because of a political conflict with Edward Goldsmith over ethnicity and gender issues, and because Goldsmith was unwilling to end his collaboration with the New Right. Goldsmith makes a plea for a green policy that will re-establish a "natural social order" and "the traditional relations between people". "The real problems are caused by the disruption of natural systems as family, society and the ecological system", he wrote recently in *The Ecologist*. Only when the human relations are again organized by "the laws of Gaia" is a stable society possible according to him. Goldsmith describes some political conflicts as "natural" or "ethnic" problems. He believes "different ethnic groups" cannot live together in one country, and is a supporter of Apartheid and ethnic cleansing. For example in Ruanda or in Northern Ireland. Goldsmith sees the Northern Irish Catholics and Protestants "as two different ethnic groups", which should be set apart. He also is a fan of Ataturk's who, according to Goldsmith, "separated Greeks and Turks very successfully, although there was a terrible outcry at the time and it undoubtedly caused considerable inconvenience to the people who were forced to migrate. But should we not be willing to accept measures of inconvenience in order to establish a stable society?"

New Right ideologist

The love between Edward Goldsmith and the New Right is closely connected to his plea for re-establishing "the natural social order" and the separation of "different ethnic groups". Goldsmith makes a connection between ecological thinking and the conservation of traditional cultures and identities. Comparing human societies with biological organisms, Edward Goldsmith even argued: "What is today regarded as prejudice against people of different ethnic groups is a normal and necessary feature of human cultural behavior, and is absent only among members of a cultural system already far along the road to disintegration." Many people in the New Right see Edward Goldsmith as one of their most important ideologists. A few years ago, Goldsmith was a speaker at the conference for the 25th anniversary of GRECE, the think tank connected to the extreme-right Front National in France. At the end of 1997, Goldsmith was the main attraction at a meeting of TeKos, the think tank of the extreme-right Vlaams Blok in Belgium. The Belgian ex-anarchist Guy De Martelaere wrote about this in his occult new-right magazine *Gwenved*: "The conservative-ecological thesis of Edward Goldsmith received enormous interest and approval from the new-right public, who is yet to discover the green thinking. Alain de Benoist, one of the foremen of the 'Nouvelle Droite' (New Right) and GRECE, and Luc Pauwels, editor-in-chief of *TeKos*, are heading more and more in the ecologist direction, inspired by contacts with and ideas of Edward Goldsmith. The European new-right alliance Synergies Européennes has even adopted Goldsmith's theories into their ideology with regard to ecology and globalization. Recently the millionaire also wanted to join the French right-extremist party Movement Écologiste Indépendant for the 1999 European parliamentary elections.

Defending national culture

The new-right ideologist Edward Goldsmith is also an influential person in the international NGO and activist circuit. Goldsmith is the manager of the James Goldsmith Memorial Foundation and subsidizes international campaigns against the European Union, the MAI, the WTO and genetic engineering. Additionally, Goldsmith is the president of Ecoropa and a member of the board of directors of the International Forum on Globalization (IFG). The IFG is a mixture of left- and right-wing opinion leaders and unites foremen and -women of Ecoropa, the International Society for Ecology and Culture, the Council of Canadians, the Third World Network and Public Citizen. The IFG describes itself as "an alliance of sixty leading activists, scholars, economists, researchers, and writers formed to stimulate new thinking, joint activity, and public education in response to the rapidly emerging economic and political arrangement called the global economy." The IFG was set up in 1994 to develop strategies to "reverse the globalization trend and redirect actions toward revitalizing local economies." Halfway through 1997 the IFG initiated the international anti-MAI campaign. During the next Ministerial conference of the WTO in November 1999 in Seattle (USA) the IFG will organize a counter conference at which among others the new-right ideologist Edward Goldsmith is invited to give a speech. In a recent IFG briefing the Council of Canadians advises NGOs and activists to give the issue of defending national culture a more prominent place in their campaigns against the MAI and the WTO.

Legitimizing authoritarian interests

The blurred organizational and ideological boundaries between the New Right and the campaigns against the MAI and the WTO shows the vulnerability of the leftist movement and ideology in its ongoing crisis. According to the New Right the major political conflict in society is not any more between the left and the right. One of the strategies of the New Right is to look for conservative and nationalist tendencies in supposedly left-wing ideologies and to adopt these ideas for their own growth. Nicholas Hildyard, one of the former editors of *The Ecologist*, warns about this in the article "Blood and Culture: Ethnic Conflict and the Authoritarian Right", which was published by *The Cornerhouse* in January 1999. "A platform shared with authoritarian interests inevitably legitimizes those interests, giving them a credibility that they might otherwise not enjoy." He argues: "Anti-racism should be placed at the centre of movement building, not tacked on as an optional extra." Hildyard ends by stating: "The alliances that progressives enter into will inevitably influence the outcome of their opposition, (...) for whom we chose to walk with ultimately plays a large part in determining where we end up walking." We think this description characterizes very well what has happened since the start of the international campaigns against the MAI and the WTO. The motives of the former editors of *The Ecologist* to leave the magazine have been known for a long time by organizations co-operating with Edward Goldsmith, but so far very few groups have followed their example. Instead, many groups are still defending Goldsmith by relativizing his collaboration with the New Right. This is unacceptable for us. We don't see any common ground with organizations that refuse to clearly distance themselves from the political ideas and praxis of Edward Goldsmith and the New Right in general.

Lack of left wing positions

During last year De Fabel van de illegaal has tried to integrate anti-capitalist, anti-patriarchal and anti-racist analysis in the campaigns against free trade. Now we have to conclude that it has not worked and will not work. The problem lies in the focus of the campaigns: free trade. Ideologically separating and criticizing international or foreign capital simply does not fit into left-wing politics. Our criticism of the focus of the campaigns that we have tried to formulate is described in more detail in the article "The campaign against the MAI is potentially anti-Semitic". We are still expanding on this. De Fabel will not continue a campaign which, because of a lack of left-wing positions and analysis, contributes to preparing the ground for a further growth of the New Right. We have therefore decided to discontinue our involvement in it. In the coming months we will do further research on how big the organizational and ideological influences of the New Right is in the international campaigns against free trade. We will publish a number of articles and hope to contribute to an international discussion about these issues. Hopefully such a discussion will contribute to the development of clearer left-wing analysis and campaigns in the field of international

solidarity. We think it will be crucial for the survival of the radical left to make a serious effort to integrate anti-patriarchal, anti-racist and anti-capitalist analysis and make them together the core our politics.

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July 1999

2) "Campaign against the MAI Potentially Antisemitic"

The Dutch antiracist organization De Fabel van de illegaal (The Myth of Illegality) and other left-wing organizations involved in the international campaigns against free-trade agreements like the MAI, regularly get compliments from the extreme right. Although unwanted, these compliments are not accidental. The critique of free trade has long been a speciality of the extreme right, and has proven to easily turn anti-Semitic.

We will all become "slaves" to the "international capitalists living on the Riviera", the Dutch National-Socialist Party (NSB) ideologist Hylkema said in 1934. Free trade would bring the Dutch factories and farms down. Dutch goods would be pushed off the domestic market by cheap imports, he feared. The only chance for survival was a fascist economy, he wrote. "We should control our national household in such a way that our people will not perish, when this group of people without a fatherland starts flooding us with imports. We don't want our factories to close down because Eastern coolies work for a few dimes a day." Hylkema called for resistance against "the trade and bank world, which still speaks of the principle of the open door. But the farmers feel that if things go on like this, the end is near." "But don't think that the import trade capital and trust capital will save us then. They are extremely mobile. In one aeroplane they can bring billions in paper money across the border in just a few hours. Holland can then be bought by international speculators for a couple of guilders and we will become a poor and dependent people", the angry fascist wrote.

If Hylkema, half a century later, had been able to surf the Internet, he probably would have been pleasantly surprised looking at some of the anti-MAI homepages. Hylkema's present-day successor Rüter certainly is very enthusiastic about them. Rüter is the main ideologist of the Dutch new-right think tank Voorpost. He advised his readers to check the Internet pages of "MAI niet gezien?!" (MAI, didn't see it/MAI, don't want it), the Dutch anti-MAI campaign. The new-right Dutch Student Organization even linked their homepage to that of the anti-MAI campaign. The Dutch fascists are not the only ones interested. The German Republicans and the French Front National also turned against the MAI. In some countries the New Right even popped up at left-wing campaign meetings.

The state against globalization?

For some time now extreme-right intellectuals have been working on renewing fascist thinking. The ideas and concepts of the current campaigns against free trade seem to be of good use. These are not specifically left-wing and even seem to be easily integrated into the traditional extreme-right worldview.

For instance, take a look at the very fashionable concept of "globalization of the economy", which is very central to the international campaigns against the MAI. This concept implies that capitalism is originally a local system, and has only recently begun to spread its tentacles around the world. But in fact capitalism has from the start been a global system, and has been able to evolve only because of the plunder of the southern parts of the globe. By pointing to this so-called globalization as our main problem, the anti-MAI activists prepare our thinking for the corresponding logical consequence — the struggle for "our own" local economy, and as a consequence also for "our own" state and culture. Some movements in the South that also fight against free trade draw exactly that conclusion. Taking their situation into account, it may be understandable, but it is certainly not emancipatory. In the rich countries, promoting a struggle against globalization could create a fertile ground for the extreme right to grow. Fascists have always valued a self-sufficient economy. "No imports of things that our own people can produce, are happy to produce, are able to produce very well. Because there is no better worker than the Dutch worker", Hylkema thought already. Sixty years later, new-right Voorpost ideologists write about the "globalization of American capitalism" and call for "a large-scale people's capitalism and small-scale worker participation", because that would offer the best "guarantees for the safeguard of our own industries."

In its first pamphlets "MAI niet gezien?!" wrote that the agreement "would put up enormous barriers" for states to "direct their own economies". But according to new-right ideologist Rüter, "the political elite doesn't even want to guide or decide any more ñ they gave up their power, only to serve an economic system that, because of its hegemony, doesn't need the specification 'capitalism' anymore". Notice that both the anti-MAI activists and the new-right ideologists think the state and the capitalist economy are separate entities. In reality they are completely interconnected. The modern state and capitalism were developed at the same time and pre-suppose each other. They are symbiotic twins. States create the social and physical circumstances for the continually changing capitalism and that is precisely why they are working on agreements like the MAI, together with the companies. The anti-MAI activists with their resistance against the "globalization of the economy" run the risk of ending up calling for a strong state. Already, some of them are speaking in positive terms of the Malaysian state, which is supposedly curbing the free circulation of capital. But Malaysia is close to being the prime example of a modern fascist state.

Productive versus speculative capital?

Traditionally, left-wing thinkers have pointed out the dividing line between capital and workers as the main political economic conflict. However, when activists start using concepts like globalization, they tend to start thinking in terms of a conflict between "local capital" and "international capital", in terms of good "productive capital" and bad "trading and speculative capital". But production and trade are inseparable parts of capitalism. And both parts of capital grow by stealing from the laborers (both paid and unpaid) and by plundering nature.

Regularly, the international anti-MAI campaigns have used the image of the small local company being destroyed by a large foreign, if possible American, multinational. Many activists call for investment in regional companies or in social projects that would bring jobs and positive prospects. Such investment is also believed to bring more economic stability than the "casino capitalism" that is held responsible for the recent large economic crises.

This way of thinking perfectly resembles traditional extreme-right thought. To Hylkema only one real economic duality existed, the one between the "national, creative and productive capital" and "reprehensible international big capital". The extreme right never principally opposed capitalism and even denies any difference in interest between the "national capital" and the workers. "The owner, the staff and the workers together share only one central goal ñ a flourishing company", Hylkema explained.

For him the main thing was to reduce "class hatred" and to strengthen the unity of "the people" as a whole. For that reason it is very convenient for the extreme right to have a common enemy, one that can be held responsible for the economic problems, crises and insecurities that will always accompany capitalism. "International capital" can fulfil that role perfectly. Modern nazi-ideologists also understand this principle very well. "Solidarity within the nation gets replaced by some sort of universal solidarity between the rich, the managers, the industrials: on many an international congress they secretly decide on their strategies", according to new-right

Voorpost.

Capital without a fatherland

Once ideologically separated from the rest of capitalism, the "reprehensible international capital" can easily be associated with "the enemy" ñ some other state or a certain well-defined group of people. Following this line of thought, a critique of the system as such can gradually turn into the crazy idea that a small group of hostile people completely controls our lives. Such thinking is historically very closely linked to anti-Semitism. In the deeply rooted and mostly European anti-Semitic tradition there's always this connection made between "the international capital", America and "the Jews". This tradition holds that the "international speculative capital" is in the hands of Jews who conspire to rule the world. This "Jewish capital" supposedly operates from New York. For centuries right-extremist and nationalist movements have repeatedly revived this anti-Semitic way of thinking. Usually by saying that "the Fatherland" or "Europe" is being threatened by — and this depends on the audience — "international capital", American multinationals or "the Jews". It's all the same to the ideology behind it.

Of course, criticizing free trade doesn't have to lead to anti-Semitism, but the two combine surprisingly easily. Hylkema's fascist party NSB, for instance, was not anti-Semitic in the beginning of the thirties. But, by its constant propaganda against "international capital" it did lay a strong foundation for its later turn to anti-Semitism. In the beginning of the forties it was just a small step for the party to start inserting the word "Jewish" in front of the phrase "international capital" in their propaganda pamphlets. Anti-MAI activists putting "international capital" apart ideologically, are not by definition anti-Semites, but the analysis behind their reasoning surely is potentially anti-Semitic. History shows how easily the one can lead to the other. The New Right also loves this type of anti-Semitism. In a recent article on globalization, Rüter for instance wrote that "whoever arranges and controls the loans, also controls the economic cycle and economic development." It is most certainly no coincidence that he throws in a quote of Amschel Meyer van Rothschild, a Jew who, according to Rüter, once said: "Give me control over the currencies, and I don't care anymore who makes the laws."

At the start of the international campaigns, autumn 1997, the anti-MAI activists strongly emphasized that the talks on the agreement were secret, and their attention swiftly turned to the individual decision-makers. "MAI niet gezien?!" wrote about a "multinational coup" and a "silent taking over of power". Actually, the talks were partly secret, but not as totally as the activists suggested. Forced by an assistant leaking official documents, the talks quickly became more open.

Many contemporary "conspiracy fans" were drawn towards the anti-MAI campaign. The campaign office received frequent calls from these nuts, probably alerted by the long article on the MAI published in their favorite magazine *Nexus*. This article was written by a left-wing organization that is central to the international anti-MAI campaigns. Until the beginning of the nineties the Australian-based *Nexus* was openly anti-Semitic, but after that it backed down a bit. However, the stories remained essentially the same. In recent issues, articles on the political power of "Jewish capital" popped up again. Conspiracy fans also visited anti-MAI meetings. On such a meeting in Geneva in August 1998, titled "Globalization and Resistance", one participant wanted to publicly read excerpts from the books written by Jan van Helsing, a hideous German anti-Semite. Around about the same time, "conspiracy expert" Kühles came into contact with the Dutch campaign. For several weeks he was able to spread his anti-Semitic poison in anarchist circles before being unmasked.

Liberalism replaces capitalism

The central concept of globalization has recently filled the analytical gap that was left when some 10 years ago the critique of capitalism went out of fashion. In the middle of the nineties left-wing circles first turned to the concept of "neoliberalism". Especially the popular Zapatista uprising in Mexico stimulated its use. But neoliberalism is not the same as capitalism. It is rather the ideology that gets delivered together with the changes of capitalism that have been imposed from above since the mid-seventies. Among these changes are the flexibilization of the workforce, the privatization of government services and the development of new computer and biotechnology industries. Also part of these developments is the trend towards an increased international division of labor. By the end of the nineties this latest trend became central to left-wing analysis, especially when activists started campaigning against the MAI and WTO.

This change in analysis and focus of attention undoubtedly is a result of the overall political swing to the right that we have all witnessed this last decade. This raises the question of what might still constitute a left-wing analysis, and what makes a political line right wing. Political discussions are getting scarce, especially in the Netherlands, which poses great problems to campaigns like those against the MAI. Knowledge of the history of left-wing politics is also scarce. Earlier campaigns and discussions on international solidarity seem to have been almost completely and collectively forgotten. Most left-wing groups joined the anti-MAI campaigns without giving it much thought, upset as they were by apocalyptic stories about a new secret "world constitution". And they kept on going without a thorough discussion that could have lead them to a radical change in their political direction.

This last decade has seen non-governmental organizations (NGOs) taking on a more central role in campaigns, unhindered by the rapidly shrinking left-wing movement. Especially in the realm of international campaigns this can be clearly seen.

For the left it is problematic that the NGOs' criticism usually does not see beyond neo-liberalism and free trade. They do not consider capitalism as such as a problem. That is of course not in their interest. They are too much a part of the system themselves, and have a lot of jobs to lose as well. Too much leftist talk doesn't pay. NGOs therefore don't like political discussions. The professional NGO campaigners rather spend most of their time flooding their fellow activists with details on free trade from every corner of the world. The activist who does not have access to Internet or e-mail will easily get the impression that he or she is not able to seriously participate in the campaigns. An extra problem with this NGO-provided information is that it usually has a top-down focus. Information from a grassroots point of view is getting very rare. And because of the information overload, even the most experienced activist in the end starts to overlook the difference between the two.

Nowadays left-wing groups are most often not powerful enough to get an international campaign off the ground without the help of NGOs. The choice of limiting criticism to free trade so as not to endanger the help of the NGOs is apparently easily made. With the result that left-wing groups are spreading an ideology that offers the New Right, rather than the left, bright opportunities for future growth.

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July 1999

3) "Millionaire Goldsmith Supports the Left and the Extreme Right"

All over Europe New Right ideologists are seeking contact with left-wing activists to build together a movement against, for instance, the destruction of nature or against "globalization". (1) In this way the extreme right also hopes to become accepted again. The British ecologist Edward Goldsmith supports them in this endeavor. He sponsors and works together with dozens of progressive organizations and is one of the driving forces behind the international campaign-networks against "free trade". At the same time he is becoming a more important factor within the extreme right.

Being mentioned together with leftist intellectuals and activists is the first step in the New Right strategy. This spring the extreme right celebrated the many left-wing signatures

on their nationalist petition against the Kosovo war. (2) Around the same time Goldsmith also joined the left and the extreme right on a petition: his "Ecologist's declaration on climate change". (3) In the Netherlands the petition was signed by members of organizations like A SEED, Aktie Strohalm, Corporate Europe Observatory and Stichting Aarde. By signing they came out shoulder to shoulder with co-signer Philippe de Villiers, the leader of the French extreme-right party Movement Pour la France (MPF). This rigid Catholic of noble blood is a prominent member of the French New Right. He wants to completely close all borders, outlaw abortion and reintroduce the death penalty. The MPF was founded in 1994 with 3.5 million dollar donated by the late James Goldsmith, Edward's extremely rich brother. (4) De Villiers is successful at making the extreme right attractive to the rich, who still consider it somewhat indecent to vote for Le Pen's Front National. At the Euro-elections in 1994 and 1998 De Villiers received around 13% of the votes. In recent times De Villiers has shared his party-leadership with ex-minister Pasqua, famous for his completely inhuman anti-migration policy making. (5)

Goldsmith regularly introduces extreme-right activists in all kinds of initiatives, as if they represented one of the accepted political ideologies. He actively breaks through the anti-fascist cordon sanitaire that has in many countries been laid around the extreme right. Two recent examples. Goldsmith is the owner and chief editor of the magazine *The Ecologist*, which organized a congress on 26 May 1999 together with the International Society for Ecology and Culture (ISEC). Goldsmith allowed the British New-Right ideologist Roger Scruton to join the recommending committee. Scruton is the editor of the New-Right magazine *Salisbury Review* which this spring published an article by Alexandra Colen. (6) She is a leader of the Belgian extreme-right party Vlaams Blok. *The Ecologist* also monthly prints an advertisement for the Australian anti-Semitic conspiracy fanzine *Nexus*. There is even a "special offer" for *Ecologist* readers subscribing to *Nexus*. (7) This spring *Nexus* published a very long article on "Jewish capital" and the powerful position it supposedly had in the history of Europe. (8)

Visiting the New Right

Edward Goldsmith not only promotes the New Right — he also likes to visit them. He is by now a very welcome guest in New-Right circles in Belgium and France. On 27 November 1994 he gave his first lecture at a colloquium organized by GRECE, the think tank connected to the French Front National. (9) This 28th GRECE-colloquium was in fact a 25th birthday party of the organization, and Goldsmith was the guest of honor. GRECE director Alain de Benoist and Goldsmith really hit it off well, and the British millionaire became a regular guest at De Benoist's meetings. (10) "A good guy, this Benoist, there's nothing wrong with him", says Goldsmith. (11) He read a lot of Benoist's "very interesting" books and articles and believes the ideas of GRECE "have changed very much these last dozen years". (12)

With this type of comments Goldsmith actively pushes the extreme-right aspirations to be accepted. On 11 November 1997 Goldsmith was the main guest on the third TeKoS colloquium in Antwerp, Belgium. TeKoS is a daughter organization of GRECE, and closely connected to the Vlaams Blok. "How are we going to survive decadence?", the discussion was named. Fellow lecturers were De Benoist and TeKoS chief editor Luc Pauwels. Pauwels was among the founders of the Vlaams Blok. Goldsmith's lecture was translated for *TeKoS* magazine by Guy de Martelaere, probably Belgium's biggest Goldsmith fan. Before this he had already translated many of Goldsmith's articles published in *The Ecologist*, and even Goldsmith's magnum opus *The Way*. In his own New-Right ecology magazine *Gwenved* De Martelaere often publishes on Goldsmith. (13) In the spring of 1998 the millionaire also gave an interview to De Martelaere's colleagues of the Flemish-nationalist and ecologist magazine *Vrijbuiter*. (14)

Visiting the Bushmen

On 11 January 1998 Goldsmith gave a lecture in Paris at the first colloquium of the New-Right ecology organization Le recours aux foret's, titled: "L'écologie contre le progres?" Among the other lecturers were again Alain de Benoist and also members of De Villiers' MPF. (15) "Le recours aux foret's" means "return to the forest". Many extreme-right ideologists believe that "the Indo-Germans" (meaning: Aryans) are "by nature forest-dwellers", whereas "the Semites are desert peoples". Le recours aux foret's was founded by GRECE. The think tank wants to use the ecology and neo-pagan movements to make Blut-und-Boden (Blood-and-soil) popular again.

Le recours aux foret's director Laurent Ozon is also head of the ecology branch of GRECE, called La nouvelle écologie. (16) Just like Front-National leader Mégret, Ozon is a product of De Benoist's New-Right education institute La nouvelle école. He regularly writes in De Benoist's magazines *Krisis* and *Elements*. (10) Ozon has become a faithful follower of Goldsmith and quotes him continuously in his own writings. (17) He also interviewed Goldsmith and published numerous articles of the millionaire in the Le recours aux foret's magazine. Every issue of this magazine also contains articles by De Benoist and several members of the Front National. (18) Laurent Ozon and Goldsmith became good friends. Together they regularly visit the meetings organized by De Benoist. (10) Ozon asked Goldsmith to run at the European elections in June 1999 by way of the Movement Ecologiste Independent (MEI), a right-wing ecological party with about 1.000 members. (9) Goldsmith made Ozon his spokesman and let him handle the negotiations with the MEI on his participation. Goldsmith voiced only one condition: his old pal Antoine Waechter was to head the party's list.

Goldsmith and Waechter go back a long time. They have known each other since a meeting in 1973, when Waechter started Les Verts, the French Green Party. (19) He left the party again in 1994, finding it turned to the left too much. His new habitat became GRECE. He wrote several articles in *Le recours aux foret's* (15) and was one of the lecturers on the second Le recours aux foret's colloquium on 24 January 1999. (9) The governing board of MEI quickly gave in to Goldsmith's plans, hearing that the millionaire would bring a lot of money. (10) Goldsmith swiftly delivered a European election programme. (19) However, after some turmoil in the French press on Waechter's extreme-right ideas, Goldsmith withdrew from the party on 16 February 1999. "A compelling speaker", the editors of the Dutch New-Right magazine *Studie, Opbouw, Strijd* (Study, Organize, Struggle, SOS) wrote, after witnessing a lecture by Ozon at the 1997 GRECE summer university. In the next issue they published an article by Ozon and advised their readers to get to know his other works, and those of Waechter and Goldsmith, and also the magazines *Le recours aux foret's* and *The Ecologist*. (20)

A European-wide fan club

For some 30 years Goldsmith has been promoting the same totalitarian ecological worldview. (21) The last couple of years more and more prominent New-Right ideologists are embracing his ideas, including Robert Steuckers. This Belgian is the driving force and secretary general of the European network of New-Right think tanks called Synergies Européennes (SE). Starting in 1981, Steuckers was assistant and assumed successor to De Benoist. In 1993, after an internal disagreement he left GRECE together with a small group of followers and founded SE. Steuckers thinks that the New Right should not only discuss ideology, but also engage in the reality of politics and power. (22) Nowadays he is trying to break, European wide, the cordon sanitaire by stimulating alliances between nationalist groups and old communist parties and trade unions. SE already built sections in France, Belgium, Portugal, Russia, Austria, Latvia, Lithuania, Yugoslavia, Italy and Germany. The political projects of De Benoist and Steuckers seem to really enhance each other, and their organizations do work together regularly. SE member Robert Cousty, for instance, was cofounder of Le recours aux foret's, which is mainly a GRECE project. (23)

The international sections of SE are really getting into Edward Goldsmith's thinking. (24) His book The Way is becoming almost compulsory reading in those circles. (25) All sorts of ecological, regionalist and spiritual groupings are also merging into the SE network these days. (26) Examples are the ecofascist Unabhängigen Ökologen Deutschlands and the Arbeitskreis Grüne Trommel from Hamburg. They also see Goldsmith's work as fundamentally important. (23) Steuckers is also very active in the pagan movement and also feels attracted to Goldsmith because of his propaganda for pagan religions. "The time of the cross has gone. The sun wheel will return, and we will be liberated from the Jewish God, and our people will get back its honor", says Steuckers. (27)

Eric Krebbers
De Fabel van de illegaal
September 1999

Notes:

(1) Eric Krebbers, Together with the New Right against globalization?. Original Dutch version: Met "nieuw-rechts" tegen de globalizering?, October 1998. In: *De Fabel van de illegaal* 31.
(2) Eric Krebbers, New right seduces the left to sign anti-war declaration, July 1999. Original Dutch version: Nieuw-rechts anti-oorlogscomité verleidt linkse intellectuelen, June 1999. In: *De Fabel van de illegaal* 35.
(3) *The Ecologist*, Declaration on Climate Change, March 1999.
(4) Van der Velpen, *Zwarte horizonten*, 1995.
(5) Bresson, Pasqua et Villiers unissent leurs maigres bataillons. In: *Liberation*, April 10th, 1999.
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(7) Special offer to Nexus readers. In: *The Ecologist* 3, May 1998. Nexus ads are also in *The Ecologist* 3 & 4, May and July 1999.
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(9) Silence, Waechter, Goldsmith etc, April 1999. In: *Silence* 243.
(10) Chombeau, La dérive extrémiste d'Antoine Waechter. In: *Le Monde*, 18 February 1999.
(11) Remark by Goldsmith, speaking to the author by telephone.
(12) Letter from Goldsmith to *Silence*, 6 July 1999.
(13) Guy De Martelaere, Nieuws en korte beschouwingen, January 1998. In: *Gwenved* 23.
(14) Van den Broele, Edward Goldsmith: menselijk, al te menselijk, spring 1998. In: *Vrijbuiter* 3.
(15) M.P., L'autre sensibilité écologiste, January 1999. In: *Silence* 240.
(16) Bernhard Schmid, Der Krieg der Petitionen. In: *Jungle World* 15/99, 7 April 1999.
(17) Ozon, Ecologie et liberalisme, December 1998. In: *Silence* 238.
(18) Lipietz, Virage nouvelle droite?, February 1999. In: *Silence* 241.
(19) MEI internet-site.
(20) Ozon, De inzet van de ecologie, 1997. In: *S.O.S.* 12.
(21) Eric Krebbers, Goldsmith and his Gaian hierarchy. Original Dutch version, Goldsmith en zijn Gaiaanse hiërarchie. In: *De Fabel van de illegaal*, August 1999.
(22) Speit, Schicksal und Tiefe, March 1999. In: *Jenseits des Nationalismus*.
(23) A.K., Waechter le vert-brun, November 17th, 1998. In: *Charlie Hebdo*.
(24) Cremet, "Neue" Rechte: jetzt generationen bergreifend, June 1997. In: *AK* 403.
(25) De Zutter, Terug naar de "racistische" natuur. In: *De Morgen*, May 27th, 1999.
(26) Cremet, Für eine Allianz der "Roten" und der "Weissen", March 1999. In: *Jenseits des Nationalismus*.
(27) De Zutter, "Politieke soldaten tegen de multi-raciale maatschappij". In: *De Morgen* May 26th, 1999.

Some editing of the English translation by Alain Kessi

4) "Goldsmith and his Gaian Hierarchy"

For some 30 years now the British millionaire Goldsmith has been promoting the same totalitarian ecological worldview. Dozens of Western European organizations on ecology, indigenous peoples, biotechnology, nuclear energy and "globalization", have nevertheless cherished their good contacts with him. Five years ago Goldsmith became active in New Right circles, among the intellectuals who want to renew their extreme-right ideology. There, Goldsmith's writings have become compulsory by now. Just like Goldsmith, they want to "restore the natural social order" and the "traditional relations between people". Confronted with Goldsmith's extreme Right activities, some of his Left wing contacts in the Netherlands said the millionaire had become "old and senile". However, Goldsmith wrote his hunderds of articles and books from the same, very consistent New Right point of view. His choice to also work together with fascists is a logical consequence to his thinking.

The model basic to all of Goldsmith's work is his fascistoid longing for a "stable society". That would have to be organized according to "the natural laws of Gaia", or "Mother Earth". To Goldsmith there exists but "a single order" and "a single set of laws, whose generalities apply equally well to biological organisms, vernacular societies and ecosystems and to Gaia herself." Of which the most important law is "that a natural system is organized hierarchically", writes Goldsmith. This law should also be central for society: "All behavior, including the evolutionary process itself, must be controlled with the aid of a dynamic model analogous to that used by the general". Goldsmith says he gets his inspiration "from the world-view of vernacular societies". "By seeing his body, his house and his settlement as reflecting the same critical order, which is also that of his society of the natural world and of the cosmos itself, it becomes clear to vernacular man that his life is subject to the same single law that governs the cosmic hierarchy." The millionaire regrets the "progress" by which this knowledge is getting lost, because "traditional man" knew very well "that the world is hierarchically organized" European medieval and feudal times also inspire Goldsmith. The "stable society" at that time was governed, according to Goldsmith, by the "natural principle" of "hierarchical mutualism". That almost all people were enslaved at the time, doesn't bother him. "Medieval serfs were bound to their land, but their relationship to their lord was one of mutual obligations rather than of sheer economic expediency, and in exchange they normally had security of tenure." So, also nobility had their obligations, the millionaire assures us, "noblesse oblige". The feudal system was following the "generalized natural law", that says that "the relationship between things and beings at different echelons in the hierarchy of the cosmos is not symmetrical. Vital power flows downwards to vitalize and hence sanctify things and beings at the lower echelons, though it will only do so if the latter fulfil their obligations towards the higher echelons and hence towards the cosmos a a whole."



Abhorring unnatural colors, now and again Goldsmith quotes the anarchist Kropotkin. At the beginning of the century he said: "Nature is the first ethical teacher of man". Just like Goldsmith, Kropotkin also tried to extract his political ideals from nature. His books, with beautiful titles like "mutual aid", inspired millions of anarchists all over the world. But, fascist or anarchist, it cannot be liberating for an ideologist to project his political ideals and analysis on "nature," trying to win political arguments and acquire power. One can probably find analogies in nature to every type of human society and behavior. So this type of argument proves nothing. But it does promote analyzing the world using nonsense dualities like "the natural" and "the artificial". Goldsmith's trick is to simply attach eco-labels saying "natural" or "natural law" to his extreme Right preferences. He is very honest about that: "There is no reason to suppose that ecological knowledge - in its different variants - is any more objective, less value-laden or less purposeful. It is, or should be, designed purposefully to rationalize the world-view of ecology and the associated ecological society geared as it must be to maintaining the critical order of the cosmos." The ecologist Goldsmith doesn't only think about the destruction of nature. He writes about almost every part of society. According to him the same laws apply to "all natural systems, such as the family, the community and the ecological system". Sometimes he draws conclusions from his analysis which - on first sight - seem liberating to society. For example, he argues against nuclear energy and the bio-industries, and also wants to take medical science out of the hands

of capitalism. This might explain why some people on the Left do not recognize Goldsmith as the New Right ideologist he is. Most of the time however, his conclusions and recommendations for a new society are very clearly extreme Right. In some cases, he seems afraid to openly draw the inescapable extreme Right conclusion from his own reasoning, and leaves it the reader to conclude.

His rapidly growing following in extreme Right circles do not really need more than that. They know where Goldsmith is heading. For example, they probably immediately start dreaming of the nazi-culture ministry during World War 2, when Goldsmith writes that "a Gothic cathedral, for instance, is beautiful; for its vault is that of the forest, its pillars the forest trees. On the other hand, we abhor what is foreign to nature: unnatural colors, the straight lines of modern buildings." It is not accidental that Goldsmith recently spoke on a New Right congress, entitled: "How can we survive decadence?"

The elimination of mutations

"Natural systems are not geared to change but towards the avoidance of change. Change occurs, not because it is desirable per se, but because in certain conditions, it is judged to be necessary, as a means of preventing predictably larger and more disruptive changes. This must be true of social evolution as well as biological evolution." Goldsmith's "stable society" is clearly geared against the Left-revolutionary politics of a combined anti-capitalism, anti-racism and anti-patriarchal struggle. "Nature" has even told Goldsmith that "persistent conflicts" should not be allowed.

Goldsmith does not want to end capitalism, but wants to "try to come to a series of loosely knit economies, geared to the local community, and led by smaller firms, which foremost, although not exclusively, produce for the local or regional market". Alternative money systems like LETS can therefore count on his support. But, a young Belgian nazi once asked him, "do you really think that your ideas can be realized within these crowded peoples?" Goldsmith: "To be honest, no. However, I fear that we will be speaking of much smaller populations." After which he started to explain that the current "overpopulation" will be reduced by "epidemics" and other natural disasters. Whether the millionaire will be sad about that remains a question. However, he did once write that "humanity is a parasite". Goldsmith often uses the words "population explosion". He probably took the idea from the racist population professor Paul Ehrlich, his old friend, who got world wide fame with his book *The Population Explosion*. In the beginning of the 70's Goldsmith paid for the translation of the book in Dutch.

When his "stable society" is finally realized, Goldsmith thinks "forces" should be developed that keep the population stable, just like the "forces that keep the body temperature stable". A "council of men" could operate "population control" by some system of "licensing marriage" for young men. And women can still always become a nun. The Afghan Taliban are going to be jealous. In Goldsmith's brave new world, also "asocialized and delinquent inhabitants of urban slums" will not be tolerated anymore.

"Social aberrations" will be disposed of. Who is included in this category remains still unclear, but "a society, by means of its specific cultural pattern, is capable of maintaining itself on its path by correcting any diversions from it." Just like in nature, where "once mutations do occur, special mechanisms, that are perfected during the course of evolution, exist for assuring their elimination." Frightening? "But what is so special about the individual organism?," Goldsmith asks rhetorically.

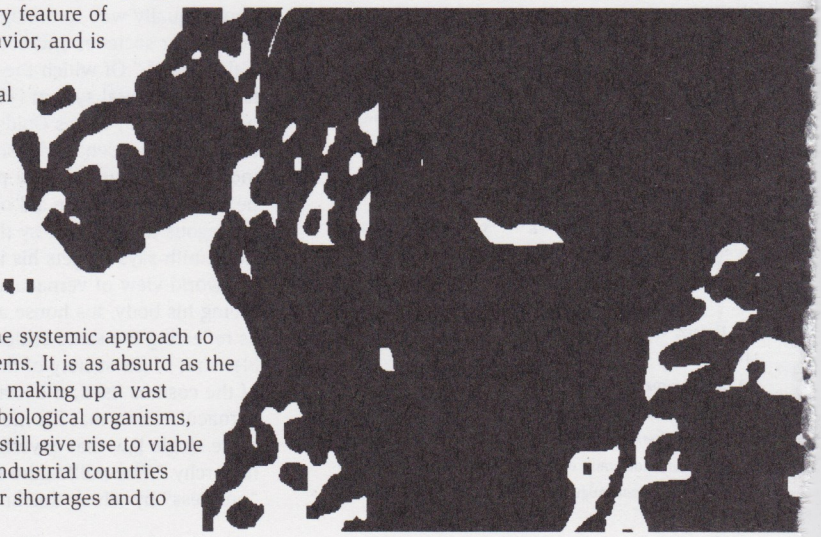
Excluding foreign bodies

Goldsmith's small societies will "in essence be exclusive". "Indeed, one cannot build a community with thousands of people", the millionaire admits willingly. "It is not surprising that systems which are sufficiently differentiated, such as biological organisms and societies, will tend to develop mechanisms that will enable them to exclude foreign bodies likely to menace their integrity. At the biological level, such devices are known as rejection mechanisms. Experience with organ transplants has revealed that to suppress these mechanisms is to increase one hundredfold the patient's susceptibility to cancer, i.e. to the anarchic proliferation of cells. Mechanisms of this kind are essential at all levels of organization.

Of the 3,000 simple societies so far examined by anthropologists, all appear to have laws of exogamy and endogamy. Marriage is forbidden within a restricted family circle, but also outside the cultural group, the object being to avoid cultural hybridization and hence the production of sub-systems that are differentiated parts neither of one system nor of another. What is today regarded as prejudice against people of different ethnic groups is a normal and necessary feature of human cultural behavior, and is absent only among members of a cultural system already far along the road to disintegration. The notion of the universal brotherhood of man is therefore totally incompatible with the systemic approach to human cultural systems. It is as absurd as the notion that the cells, making up a vast number of different biological organisms, can be shuffled and still give rise to viable biological systems. Industrial countries tend to develop labor shortages and to import labor from elsewhere. In this way quite large ethnic minorities are being built up in many countries. In addition, economic development is tending towards the development of ever-larger political units, which often embrace ethnic groups with little in common with each other. All this is creating a very unstable situation, one which can only lead to civil wars and to the massacre of minorities singled out as scapegoats when inevitable economic and social crises occur," says Goldsmith, in his typical way of reasoning.

Apartheid and forced migration

Goldsmith usually writes about political conflicts as if they are "natural" or "ethnic" problems. He says that "different ethnic groups" cannot live together in one country. "The only way to do this is for the different national groups to be allowed to develop separately". Goldsmith believes for example, that Rwanda's Tutsi's and Hutu's "should quite clearly be separated". Except for apartheid, Goldsmith also considers forced migration a solution. He admires Ataturk, who "separated Greeks and Turks very successfully, although there was a terrible outcry at the time and it undoubtedly caused considerable inconvenience to the people who were forced to migrate. But should we not be willing to accept measures of inconvenience in order to establish a stable society?" "Practically all the European states of today are artificial creations made up of nations whose separate identity is largely ignored", Goldsmith writes. He thinks that peace will only be possible in Europe once its "territory were split up into its natural ecological and ethnic regions". The nationalists in former Yugoslavia have already started this grand project. "In Europe, people are now slowly beginning to see the light. In Belgium for instance, a new project is being studied to divide the country into four regions, one Walloon, one Flemish, one German and one composed of the ethnically mixed population of Brussels." By claiming that Flemish and Walloon people constitute different biological "ethnics", Goldsmith positions himself even



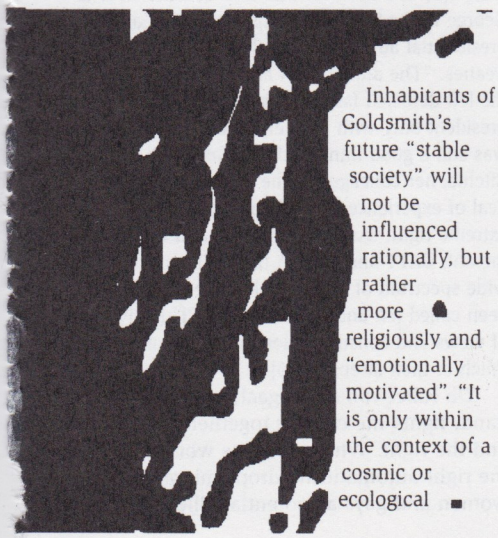
more to the right than the extreme right Vlaams Blok.

But for Goldsmith, nothing goes too far. He also considers the Northern Irish catholics and protestants as "two distinct ethnic groups, of different origin, with different manners and traditions and different motivations and capacities". Was Goldsmith thinking of Ataturk when he concluded that "the only remaining solution is to separate them territorially"?

More statues of religious leaders

To Goldsmith the family is, just like the small community, a "fundamental, we might even say just as natural unit of social organization". Everybody should "naturally" be at home within "a family, within which the mother is the most essential member." Goldsmith: "A mother looks after her children; a father provides for his wife and also helps bring up the children." Single mothers are "far removed from the norm," and Goldsmith even considers male extramarital relationships bad for the "Gaian hierarchy".

According to him, women have "a very important role, in the social cohesion, as well as from the viewpoint of the conservation of the natural environment. They haven't got machismo and competitiveness, those typical male traits. You know, one should accept the differences between man and woman, just like the differences between ethnics and cultures". Goldsmith doesn't feel much for feminism. Goldsmith's political project is not based on science or rationality. "I do not believe in a society based on reason or the contract", he says. On this issue he agreeingly quotes Alexis Carrel: "Scientific civilization has destroyed the soul of the world". Already in 1935, Carrel called for euthanasia institutes, in which "anti-social people" could be eliminated using "appropriate gases". This ideologist got a high position in fascist Vichy-France. Nowadays National Front leader Le Pen sees Carrel as a guide to social and political thought and tries to rehabilitate the man and his ideas. By quoting Carrel positively, Goldsmith is assisting Le Pen.



Inhabitants of Goldsmith's future "stable society" will not be influenced rationally, but rather more religiously and "emotionally motivated". "It is only within the context of a cosmic or ecological religion that people can be made to realize that the destruction of God's creation is a sin." In this way Goldsmith wants to turn everyone into a sinner, in the hands of a totalitarian religion. For every living being will inescapably destroy little pieces of nature. The new man will get to fill his time with "ritual activities", so that "everyone is properly imbued with the worldview" and "mythology" of society. And to get us proud of our own community again, Goldsmith wants to fill all squares up with statues of religious and other leaders.

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De Fabel van de illegaal
September 1999

Some editing of the English translation by Alain Kessi

5) Seattle '99, Wedding Party of the Left and the Right?

At the end of November the members of the World Trade Organization (WTO) will discuss their new Millennium Round in Seattle. The North American town will see a whole series of demonstrations, actions and discussion meetings. By now a very diverse mixture of activists, lobbyists and politicians are gathering under the vague banner of the anti-globalization movement. Both the left and the right are joining and seem to have put their quarrels aside.

"A historic change is under way at the very heart of the globalization process: millions of people are mobilizing. Tens of thousands of them will be in Seattle,"[1] says lobbyist Susan George. "The fight against the WTO and all it stands for is in my view the main one. There is even a chance of winning this fight."[2] George is one of the foremost European lobbyists against "the globalization". Many lobbyists seem to somewhat overrate the movement. "Seattle will be the protest of the century", some of her colleagues say, without much knowledge of history. "The bosses are scared", others add. But who are they supposed to be scared of? The left has not been a very strong force since the fall of the Berlin Wall, and it hardly exists nowadays. That's why the lobbyists are no longer exclusively looking to their left. They have started to actively build a new worldwide movement in which not only left-leaning people, but also conservatives, nationalists and even the New Right must be able to feel at home. The extremely unclear concept of "globalization" comes in handy. Political activists of all creeds can project their own problems on it.

George and some 60 other lobbyists, researchers and opinion leaders and their NGOs are members of the International Forum on Globalization (IFG), an elite think tank. They organize a congress in Seattle and never tire of repeating that they expect some 2400 participants. IFG members often participate at meetings all around the world. They are the main driving force behind the campaigns against "the globalization", and they initiated the actions against both the MAI and the WTO. They want to bring the Left and the Right together in one big movement, and they seem to be successful at it. Therefore the IFG lobbyists cherish their somewhat progressive image and at the same time try to remain acceptable for the Right. But after reading their articles and books it becomes very clear: the IFG is politically right wing and very conservative. By criticizing "the globalization" and multinationals they try to use the remaining left-wing activists to further their own conservative goals, and also try to influence them ideologically. Therefore the IFG are a danger to the already vulnerable left.

In the Netherlands, a lot of left-wing activists are also enthusiastically participating every time the IFG-members initiate a new campaign. They are also organizing actions at the end of November, taking part in the worldwide coordinated protests. In the beginning of this year the Dutch organization De Fabel van de illegaal, together with some other groups, was still actively asking organizations to sign the NGO declaration on the WTO, which was written by some IFG members. When the ideas of the IFG became clearer to them, De Fabel decided to stop,

although other groups continued. In the near future De Fabel will publish an analysis of the right-wing ideas of the foremost IFG members.

French culture in danger

Seattle prepares for the reception of activists from many countries. Peoples' Global Action (PGA) this time organizes two action caravans to the WTO meeting. One across the US, including activists from Chiapas, Mexico. And another one from Canada, ending at the elite IFG meeting. A strange choice, for the PGA is known as a left-wing grassroots movement. Also expected in Seattle are eco-activists, union members, steelworkers, lorry drivers, farmers, fisherfolk, postal workers, women's rights activists, artists, students, gay and lesbian activists and pacifists. Only a small minority will want to get rid of capitalism all together. The rest will rather aim at an international regulation of "the economy" or will opt for a nationalist future.

The French farmer and leader of the Confederation Paysanne (CP), José Bové, no doubt belongs to the nationalist category. The farmers of the CP are angry with the US government, which doubled the import tariffs on French cheese, in retaliation for the decision of the EU to put a ban on meat with hormones coming from the US. The farmers immediately started a dynamic campaign against McDonald's, which is after all an American multinational. The angry farmers organized many actions, and even broke down a complete McDonald's restaurant in Millau. Last June farmers from India, arriving with the PGA action caravan, came to help a bit. At home they also have a tradition of attacking American companies. The French farmers also disturbed an American film festival because they are very much worried about their own French culture. Bové got arrested but was released shortly after. He sent his regards to the French premier and president for their support and received a ticket to Seattle from the ministry of agriculture to defend the French interests there. Besides the French Communist Party and the Front National, some Dutch anti-globalization activists also reacted very positively to the farmers' actions. They called for solidarity with Bové.[3]

Supporting working families

"The Seattle summit will be a historic confrontation between civil society and corporate rule", says Mike Dolan. He works for the American consumer watchdog group Public Citizen founded by Ralph Nader. Public Citizen is connected to the IFG and initiated the campaign against the MAI treaty. Dolan now acts as the great coordinator and spokesman of the counter movement in Seattle. Not everyone seems to be happy with him, but little can be done about his presence. He sits in the middle of the web, like a spider. On the one hand Dolan supports the American PGA caravan with several thousand dollars, on the other he speaks up for the extreme Right Pat Buchanan, now a candidate for the American presidency, representing the Reform Party. "Whatever else you say about Pat Buchanan, he will be the only candidate in the 2000 presidential sweepstakes who will passionately and unconditionally defend the legitimate expectations of working families in the global economy,"[4] Dolan writes. Indeed, Buchanan supports American workers. As long as they are conservative and obedient and not unemployed, black, gay, female, lesbian or Jewish. He's also not particularly fond of left-wing workers. Buchanan on Argentina: "With military and police and free lance operators, between 6.000 and 150.000 leftists disappeared. Brutal: yes; also successful. Today peace reigns in Argentina; security has been restored."[5]

Closed eyes

Former Republican big shot Buchanan is known for his sharp attacks on international trade treaties like GATT, NAFTA, MAI and now the WTO. "Traditional antagonists as politically far apart as Ralph Nader and Pat Buchanan are finding some common ground on trade issues,"[6] says IFG member Mark Ritchie. He is also director of the American Institute for Agriculture and Trade Policy, which supports small farmers. Reform Party spokesman in New Hampshire John Talbott agrees with Ritchie. "If you close your eyes, it is difficult to hear much of a difference between Ralph Nader on the left and Pat Buchanan on the right when they talk about the devastating effect of free international trade on the American worker and a desire to clean big money and special interests out of Washington."[7] According to Buchanan this big capital is mainly in the hands of "the Jews". He presents himself as "the only leader in this country who is not afraid of fighting against the Jewish lobby".[8] Buchanan calls Hitler "an individual of great courage" and doubts whether the holocaust really was that big an event.[9] But "Jewish capital" isn't the most important reason why Buchanan wants to be a candidate for the presidency. No, in the first place he wants to end "illegal immigration" that is, according to Buchanan, "helping fuel the cultural breakdown of our nation".[10]

The populist Buchanan is probably the foremost representative of the extreme right in the US. His constituency consists of Christian fundamentalists, militia members and neo-Nazis. These millions of people might explain Dolan's flirt with Buchanan. Together with his enthusiastic commentary Dolan sent around a newspaper article in which Buchanan openly says: "American workers and people first."[11] But Buchanan is not alone with that opinion. Also the big right-wing trade union AFL-CIO wants to make "the rights and interests of US workers a priority".[12] The union also mobilizes their rank and file for the demonstrations in Seattle.

The government is not the enemy

When Dolan's work and ideas were criticized from the grassroots level, the coordinator of the American PGA caravan immediately took his side. "Let's work together when we can, work in parallel when we must, but never work against each other when our goal is the elimination of the WTO and its corporate benefactors."[13] While organizing, Dolan keeps repeating his mantra: "Remember, for us, the enemy isn't these governments that comprise the WTO. The enemy is the transnational corporate, free trade lobby."[14] Consequently Dolan can perfectly work together with the right-wing Republican council member Derdowski, who earlier initiated plans for a Seattle MAI free zone. Also according to Derdowski, the discussion around the WTO transcends the old borders between the left and the right. "The issue for conservatives is the sovereignty of America, the constitution. State and local authority is in danger of being eroded through international treaties, ceding authority to foreign regulatory bodies."[15] Together with the Republicans Dolan organizes a demonstration in Seattle.

On a meeting they brainstormed on how to get the conservative inhabitants of the affluent districts of Seattle to also take to the streets. They decided to put IFG member David Korten on the task. They assumed this ex-businessman would easily connect to the rich.[16] Shortly after, Korten showed up at the grassroots level. He acted as the most important guest lecturer at a strategy meeting on non-violent direct action. Korten is probably the foremost ideologue of the movement against "the globalization". He would very much like to return to the 50's, when the economy was, according to him, still local and capitalism was not yet "perverted". His second hang-up is neo-Malthusian. He wants to reduce the world population from 6 to 1 billion. How? That he has, wisely, not revealed yet.[17]

Crucial battles

Susan George also believes that "state sovereignty" is "under threat".[18] Therefore she wants us to strive for the "greatest possible unity".[2] The need for that also became clear to George in the US fight against fast track, a special presidential authority to push through trade treaties. "The anti-NAFTA and anti-WTO forces of the left defeated fast-track authority for the president only with the help of the far right. It was still a good thing to defeat fast track."[19] Ritchie, her colleague at the IFG, also has a good deal of experience in working together with the extreme right. "Aside from Nader and Buchanan, the anti-GATT and NAFTA trade alliance include a wide spectrum of what would have previously been called left and right elements. This diversity of views and constituencies gave the campaigns much of their strength."[6]

De Fabel van de illegaal, on the other hand, fights the coming together of the left and the right. Whoever starts working with the right automatically drops migrants, women and gays as potential allies, for they

are always under attack from the right. The last couple of months De Fabel have heavily criticized collaborations with the right. Articles have been written on the ideas and activities of the New-Right ideologist Goldsmith, who is also an important IFG member and sponsor of the think tank.[20] George got very angry about the criticism. De Fabel was splitting up the movement, she wrote. And because of that "we" would lose the "crucial battles" that "will be fought" in Seattle.[2] Millionaire Goldsmith was put on the program of the IFG conference in Seattle, but in the meantime he has been taken off. Whether the cancellation of his lecture has anything to do with the criticism of de Fabel remains unclear.

Merijn Schoenmaker
Eric Krebbers
(De Fabel van de illegaal)

Notes:

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2. Letter to Dutch organization De Fabel van de illegaal, Susan George, 21.9.1999.
3. Dolle toestanden in Frankrijk, *Kees Stad*, 7.9.1999.
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Some editing of the English translation by Alain Kessi

PART II: Excerpt from interview with anti-WTO organizer Lori Wallach in *Foreign Policy* 118 (Spring 2000)

"Brickless in Seattle" interview excerpt, pp. 48-9

MN [Moises Naim]: What about the violence in Seattle? Do you feel responsible for that?

LW [Lori Wallach]: No, I don't feel responsible for it, I feel frustrated by it. We had heard rumors, early on, that there were some skinheads from Idaho that the corporate coalition was going to hire, to try and distract the message away from the substance, who would come wearing things like Greenpeace T-shirts and smash things up.

MN: Do you really believe that American corporations would do that?

LW: I would hope not. We had heard some reports from people who knew people who had been contacted for a certain job or two. Which sounded fishy. I mean, we didn't take that seriously, but we had heard that there were people who called themselves anarchists from Eugene who might be interested.

MN: Eugene, Oregon?

LW: Yeah. The mayor of Seattle had a series of meetings every couple of weeks, also with the deputy police chief, with my deputy director, Michael Dolan, who was out there for half the year, as well as the much more radical Direct Action Network, and Ruckus Society, and all of these civil disobedience groups. And they'd negotiate an agreement — don't start arresting us and hauling us away until the sun comes up so we can actually get on television. And by the way, he prepared with school buses, because we're going to have a couple of thousand people. I mean, it was all basically negotiated. We had to apply for permits four months in advance.

MN: So where did the system fail?

LW: Well, in those meetings with the mayor, our guy, but more importantly, actual Direct Action groups, had warned that while we were all committed to no violence whatsoever, we were hearing rumors that they ought to just take seriously. They said they'd heard the same kind of rumors.

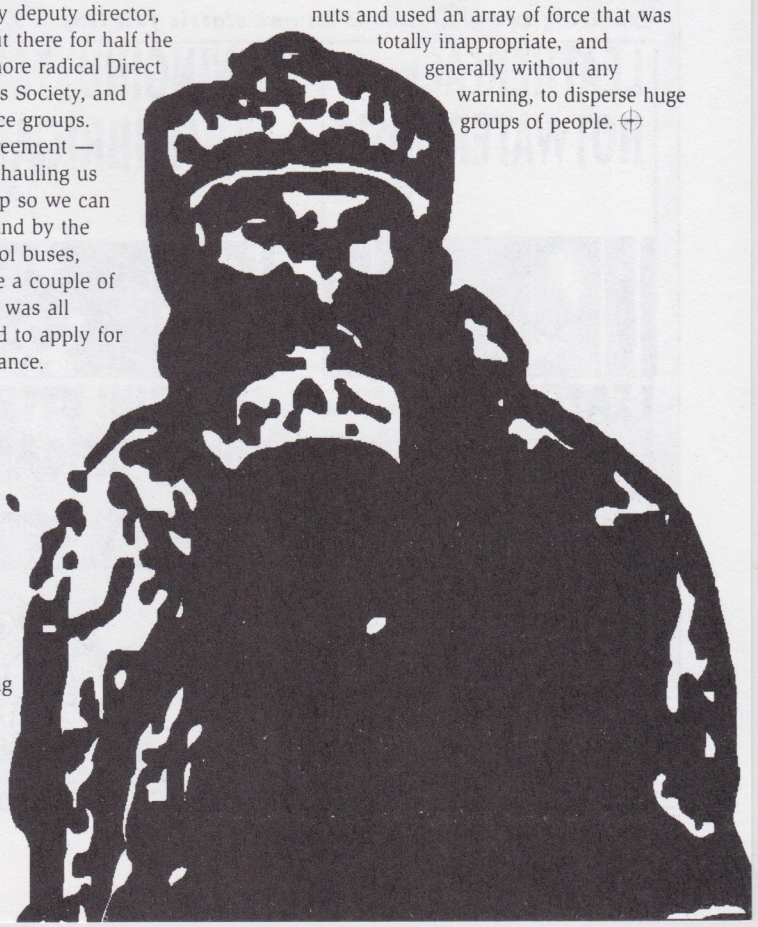
What happened that's frustrating, and for which the only responsibility goes to the Seattle cops, is that once the peaceful demonstrations and activities started, these kids from Eugene — who showed up, ironically, as anarchists who all wore the same uniform and marched in order — first showed up in McDonald's, where there was a totally peaceful, hilarious protest with José Bové handing out Roquefort cheese in front of McDonald's.

MN: José Bové is the French farmer who staged the protests in France against McDonald's?

LW: Right. He wasn't looking to rip down the McDonald's, he was looking to feed people who were going in for French fries. He was giving them Roquefort cheese that would otherwise be illegal because it wasn't pasteurized.

And these anarchist folks marched in there and started smashing things. And our people actually picked up the anarchists. Because we had with us steelworkers and longshoremen who, by sheer bulk, were three or four times larger. So we had them literally just sort of, a teamster on either side, just pick up an anarchist. We'd walk him over to the cops and say this boy just broke a window. He doesn't belong to us. We hate the WTO, so does he, maybe, but we don't break things. Please arrest him. And the cops wouldn't arrest anyone. And that continued on Tuesday. [emphasis added]

Now, the thing that's really gruesome about this is, after an entire day of refusing to arrest this handful of hoodlums, the cops then — of course, as you know, it's all history — just went totally nuts and used an array of force that was totally inappropriate, and generally without any warning, to disperse huge groups of people.





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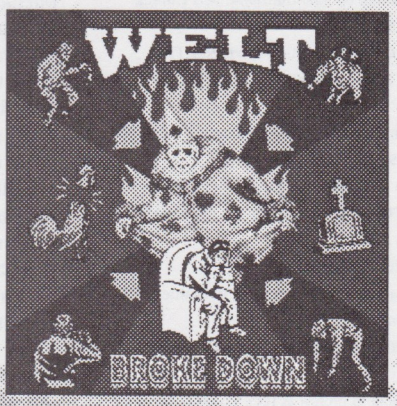
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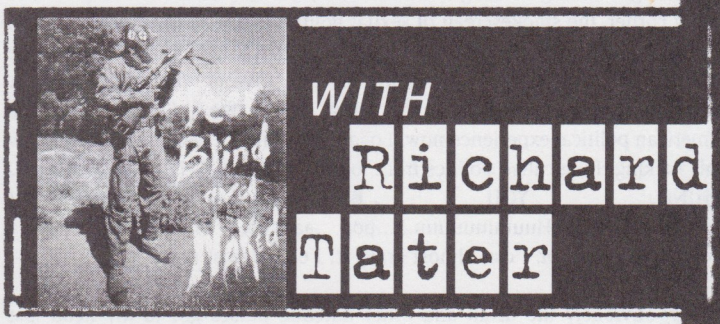
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DINAH SHORE LEAVE: GETTING LUCKY IN A TOWN WITHOUT SEMEN

"GAY CULTURE IS AN OXYMORON." UNCLE BILL BURROUGHS



"Goodbye and thanks for all of the fish," kept echoing in my head as I took the westbound 10 towards the badlands and home. I'd just gotten finished with one of the most bizarre crap games I've ever dealt. For the last twelve years I've worked on and off for a party planner that, among other things, books casino night theme parties. It's okay cash under the table here and there, especially when the chips are down (no puns intended). A couple of weeks ago, out of desperation given the lack of finances in my life, I called up the company and booked a few games to pick up the slack and thereby, like some Herculean steroid freak, try to make two ends meet that are on polar sides of the planet.

So, I got this Palm Springs gig and went down there earlier this evening, Saturday, March 25th. I remember thinking to myself how "The Springs" (and you have to say "The Springs", as if trying to imitate Jim Backus, a.k.a. Mr. Howell of "Gilligan's Island" fame) has become quite gay and lesbian friendly. Palm Springs. It's a prop-job desert city full of nellie gays, butch lesbians, rich old white golfing bastards, and MTV frat/sorority shit-heads on a permanent spring break. All of my favorites. I'd love to see all of them in town at the same time in some kind of deranged, pitched gladiator battle. I'd put my money on the lesbians, though, with no points, straight-up (anti-pun unintended).

Anyhow, I pulled into the crammed parking lot of the W*** hotel and, by a stroke of luck, grabbed a place next to the building. Coming out of one of the pricey suites I noticed a couple of "hot chicks" walking towards the parking lot. They were decked to the nines in that sort of Lilith Fair, pseudo-hippy, Greek/Jesus-sandal Isle of Lesbos manner. It was Ren' Fairesque—if you clicked the calendar back a couple of eons. At this point, like some rube stinking of dusty turnips and bleeding on a new city road, I was still in the dark.

I rolled through the lobby. Many more women, and no men. "Jesus, this city really is heavy on the Lesbian Vibe," went through my head a few times as I made my way back to the "Ball Room" (har har, snort, guffaw). Women in various garbs, mostly garish, he-man knock-offs waited in a long line, as the only "males" I'd seen thus far sold them arm-bands. These "men" were so aflame that I was surprised they didn't set off the automated sprinkler systems above them.

As is my custom, I pushed past the line. I was stopped ("in the name of love"-style) by one of the prancers and his he-woman counterpart decked out in a Fonzie get-up, accented with a bent-up brimmed Al Jourgensen/Gibby Haines cowboy hat. I was given a quick, cat-spitting interrogation by the runty, buzz-cut boy. As his teeth clenched, while the titted gorilla looked on and waited for the "kill" command, I informed the flower-perfume reeking dandy that I was a hired geek. His "papier machet'' front fell, and he waved me through like a Palm Beach billionaire fluffing a fruit-fly off the garnish on his girl-drink.

I headed back to the tables, still oblivious of the female's-only vibe. Once I hit the gaming pit, the naive veneer began to be peeled away. One of the two crap tables had already gone active and was being hounded by the hardest collection of mullet-headed dykes that I've ever come across in my born days. I could only dream of being "the man" these woman were. For fuck's sake, Hemingway could only have dreamed of reaching such heights of masculine hoorah.

It began to dawn on me that "Tonight is kind of special/the beer we pour/has got to be the cheapest we can buy..." This wrong-headed beer reference refers to the hanging banner, "MGD BEER AND CLUB S*** PROUDLY SPONSORS THE DINAH SHORE WEEKEND". It was all clear to me as I watched the hard cartoon characters of masculine womyn guzzle cheap piss beer while rolling the bones and shot callin' like the best craphounds outta Vegas. I'll give the Peterbuilt/Mack Truck-hatted ladies their props. The ones that sallied up to the pit knew how to run a table. The backline was full of place bets and come bets with odds. There was a lack of field bets, hard ways, and stupid questions that usually dominate this game of games.

As his teeth clenched, while the titted gorilla looked on and waited for the "kill" command, I informed the flower-perfume reeking dandy that I was a hired geek.

These ladies worked me like a cheap, crack-addled, two-dollar bar-fuckhole. I felt nail-fucked to the cross and ready to pass out at the end of the night . And what did I have to show for it? Five fucking dollars in tips, you cheap, tasteless harridans. Just like the porker, rotarian fops these S & L crisis-quaffed, cookiecuttercardboardcutouts despise, they don't cough up the good dough.

For the record, I actually like lesbians, especially the hard-headed ones. Over the years I've had several great dyke drinking buddies. They're like one of the guys. And just like one of the guys, they're bad tippers to everyone that doesn't have a huge set of perky cans. The only tips I got during the "night of the long mullets" were from a couple of lipstickers that probably jump the hedge from time to time. Thanks ladies, and as far as the butch bunch on the butt end of the strap-on is considered, fuck ya'll.

What should I expect? All these folks, no matter what their "lifestyle" choice, are still victims of our cow-culture. Some are roans, some are calicoes, a few are bulls and the most of the rest are heifers and steers. Mooo Mooo. Oh, I'm different because I'm a lesbian, or I'm different because I'm gay, a minority, a woman, a white man, a Catholic, Jew, Buddhist, blah, blah,

HIT SQUAD

blah. With the exception of maybe the freaks in N.A.M.B.L.A., all the rest of you are just another boring sprocket in a simple simian machine. Get over it. "Amerikkkan" politics are a redundant left page/right page split from an otherwise relatively complex book of the world politics.

Hi, I'm a freedom fighter because I'm a woman who licks cunt. Hi, I'm a revolutionary because I'm a man who sucks cock. Only in a retarded society of complete dimwit proles would such "issues" ascend the ladder of the body politic. If sanity held the reins of our America, non-issues such as gay/lesbian rights, abortion, or any of that litany of blue nose laws would just be some petty gossip for scowling church crones to croak about as they peer through the blinds out of their darkened apartments or homes.

Along with flag-burning and Nazi/KKK/militia "threats" lurking around every corner, the smokescreen of sexual politics is one of my favorite things. I'm feeling a bit on the political side. Hand me that three foot glass crack pipe with the CIA rock of Gibraltar tipping the end. Give me that propane torch. "Sssssshhhuuuu. . . pop. . . haaahhh." That's more like it. I think I know the American political experience now. Load it up again, Maurice, I have to know this fucking thing called politics from top to bottom. LIGHT THAT FUCKING THING, YOU BEAUTIFUL BASTARD!!! "SSSSSHHHHHHHHuuuuuuuuuu.....pop....aaahhh." There's my America floating in the ether. I can almost grasp it, I can almost reach it...

[Okay, obviously the drink and other narcotic muses got to my head last night. But I'm fine now. Or at least as well as can be expected considering the degree to which I beat my by body like a pack of rabid gaybashers revved up on cheap beer and crank. Speaking of which, back to the Dinah Shore Leave Rant.]

I've had some truly surreal moments with the casino night party gig. I've watched that down syndrome kid with his own sitcom slow dance with the ancient Wendy's burger barker who fused that "Where's the Beef?" slogan into the pigeon brains of the Ewe Ess Ayy. I've almost shit myself with held back laughter while watching Todd Bridges drunkenly give an "anti-drug, save the children" speech at a D.A.R.E. fundraiser. After he almost knocked the podium over, saving his bar barrel of whiskey while two security goons grabbed the falling platform, I had to go out to the parking lot and hold onto a support pylon of the hotel to keep myself upright as I cackled like a deranged loon into the night. And now I've slung chips in a town chock full to the brim with bad 80's hairdos and bereft of testosterone. Actually, that may be inaccurate. Judging by the body structure of many of the more butch ladies, I'd say that via nature or Phizer pharmaceuticals that that particular hormone was in full effect.

I've also had another first in my life. I've taken a piss in a bathroom full of women without getting arrested. During the Dinah Shore Weekend women take over the town, including all of the restrooms. I power slam coffee when I deal, and after three 16-ounce cups it was imperative that I find a head. The Nazi staff managers wouldn't allow us "contract laborers" to use their employee restrooms. I found this out after walking the ground floor looking for a john that wasn't snatched (sorry) up in a hostile lesbian takeover. Two of the men's rooms had paper "ladies room" signs taped on them. The other one had what looked like lipstick artwork adding boobs, long hair and a dress to the male icon, a female symbol and a "FE" added to the word "MALE".

A butch in a pink Patsy Cline, Grand Ol' Oprey shirt, jeans, boots and—yes, you guessed it—a mullet haircut came out of the restroom as I painfully looked at the renovated men's room sign. Sounding and kind of looking like SoCal car dealer Cal Worthington, in a mock country accent thicker than sausage gravy she said, "Go on in Hoss', ain't no one gonna' care." I rolled in, all the stalls had feet hanging out of the bottom and a couple of them had two sets of feet and muffled moaning that didn't have that passing a bowling pin-sized turd resonance to them. I was going to show some class and wait out a stall, but I had to go. Plus, that restroom stank like beer-shit, blood-pussy, and strong perfume. Hence I opted to show some "class" in a Hell's Angel sort of way by just letting it all hang out. A steady stream (sorry again) of women passed by without making a comment, one way or the other. It was as if I didn't exist at all. Which was fine by me under the circumstances.

Speaking of non-existence, this was one of those few rare times where I kept my mouth shut and was on my best behaviour. Rude comments, dick-jokes, jocular spiel, and the like were held at bay. Sure, the fuckhead in me fantasized about rolling through the halls with a bottle of Rebel Yell whiskey, drunkenly grabbing asses, hefting tits, and making sprite little comments through a bullhorn like, "Did you clam-lappers know that strap-on backwards is no parts? Hey cup-cake, how 'bout some Head. Say sugar, go fetch me a beer and look good doing it. Which one of you lucky fuckholes wants to cook me up some grub, toss my salad, and wash that great ass taste down with my man chowder?!"

This of course was not the night to channel Sam Kinison or parrot Andrew "Dice" Clay. That scenario would require one of those padded, armored suits used in self-defence/attack dog training classes. No, scratch that. Some of these womyn look like they could go a few rounds with Tapia or Manfready. For fuck's sake, some of them actually looked like Tapia or Manfready. I think J.I.M. dive gear, that Michelin Man metal suit used in deep water welding, would be needed to keep any ranting yutz from winding up like Lanil and Lanon when Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge rolled into Phnom Penh and celebrated the new regime by redecorating the presidential palace, painting the town blood red, decking the halls with bowels of folly. Pol Pot, like an LSD-fried and speed-driven Ed Gein with a Quisinart and head full of bad JuJu, had those poor, caretaker figureheads rendered into component parts faster than a chop shop crew can take down a new Mustang after the connect drops off the blow.

...a mullet haircut came out of the restroom as I painfully looked at the renovated men's room sign.

Damn, I digress. What was I ranting about? Basically, out of a sense of self-preservation I kept my big fucking mouth shut. I haven't soft-shoed on egg shells like that since I held my anarchist, "the government is your enemy" spiel at bay during an opening week showing of "Saving Private Ryan". Surrounded by vets, some in uniform, many flanked by medical apparatus, I didn't say a damn thing. I didn't want to wind up in *The Oregonian* under the byline:

RICHARDTATER

JACKASS STOMPED BY VETS.

Today in Portland, a man in his late twenties was beaten into a coma by a group of vets. Yelling cries of "Commie!", "Pinko!", and "Subversive!", the enraged group of geriatric pensioners bludgeoned the man with walkers, oxygen bottles, IV stands, and even a couple of colostomy bags. No arrests were made. Allegations of dereliction of duty were made against the police by a couple of homeless bystanders. An African-American decked in houndstooth and cheetah print calling himself Iceberg Red commented, "The man didn't do a d*** thing 'cept roll one of them' geezers off that cracker's head."

It was an ugly, up-with-Amerika vibe at that screening. Ironically enough, the only protests lodged were from a couple of potato-bodied ladies with S&L crisis cuts. They stormed out in a fury of muffled curses, as the fair Matt Damon laughingly reminisced about his dead brothers and a failed date rape. Scenes like that don't go over to well with the sisters of Sapho. Date rape is a fairly new concept. It used to be called...well it wasn't called anything. It was just an accepted norm. Maybe it was just called "getting some." There were even "rape artists" back in the bad ol' days. Fatty Arbuckle was a rape artist. His tools included a large magnum champagne bottle. Ouch! A real "crying on the inside" kind of clown. Terms like "rape artist" came from a more brutally honest time. On the flipside, a term like "stalker" didn't even exist. Stalkers were just "ardent courters."

Shit has changed, kids. Fifty years ago butch lesbians were harassed zealously by the cops and courts. An uncaring public sat by silently as clubs that catered to gays and lesbians were raided and closed down. And I'm not talking about little backwood hamlets either. I'm talking about large cities like New York and Chicago. Nelly queens and butch top women were harangued and beaten like blind Klansmen handing out hate lit' in the middle of South Central L.A.

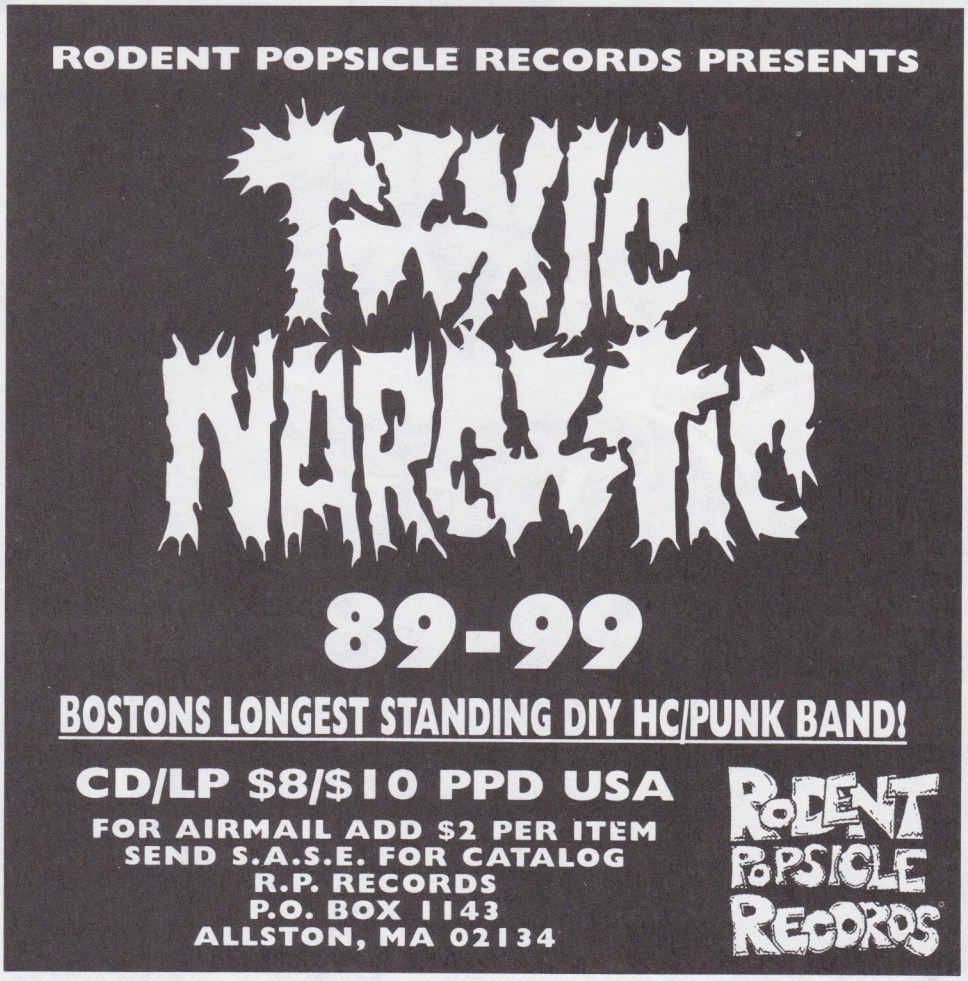
Now they can raise a toast in any number of bars in any midsized town in America, and can even gather by the thousands in an uptight wealthy town and celebrate women in bad clothes with terrible hairdos knocking the shit of white balls with steel clubs. The rather symbolic irony—the "dykes on spikes" beating white balls with clubs—surrounding this gathering/happening is almost poetic. It would be like, let's say, a huge gathering of African Americans gathering around a blacks-only bowling championship. After all, a black comedian whose name escapes me once commented that "more black people should get into bowling. It's got a big black ball mowing down fat white pins with red necks."

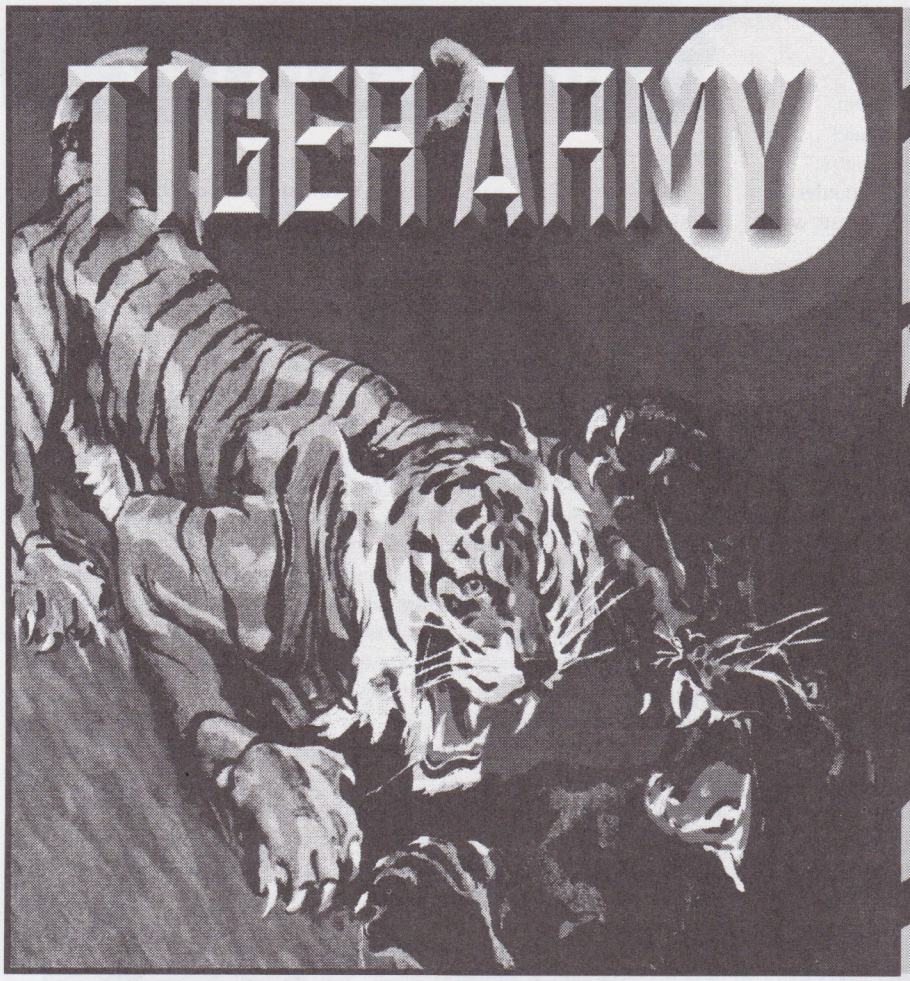
At the end of the night, as we were striking the game room and collecting our checks, some crotchety old bastard who worked the other table started voicing his palpable disgust over "this ungodly mob of sinners and whores." I guess he figured me to be simpatico on account on my rather surly, ex convict style of hair and beard, not to mention all the tattoos. Don't assume that the stereotype holds water, grandpa. A few people actually break the mold. Most don't. That's why stereotypes prevail.

Speaking of old bastards who break stereotypes (how's that for a hamfisted segue), William S. Burroughs absolutely despised "gay culture"—or the lack thereof. To paraphrase him, "The worst thing about being a cocksucker is dealing with faggots." "Gay culture" is like some twisted backlash and parody that's gone foul, a monotonous mockery set into a mold. As with other "alternative" groups, as much as spokespeople for the gay community squawk about conformity, they sure as fuck are rigid about it within their own ranks. The lipstick girls were able to be fairly creative, but since the L.U.G. mentality blossoms among them and many of them straddle the fence, jumping from fish to meat, uniformity isn't as heavy. On the butch side, let's just say that there are four to six "uniforms", all of them atrocious. And only two hairstyles seem to be allowed, mullets and crew cuts. So much for "diversity".

I wouldn't normally sling so much shit at the dyke segment of our wonderful world, but after all they didn't pay me a cent. Every single woman who worked the blackjack tables was flashing smiles and wads of bills and saying things like, "I've never made so many tips, ever." My silence can be bought. I'm ready to sell out, right now. For a couple or three Hamiltons, this rant would never have come to light. But this time you fucked up, you sexist cunts, and I'm here to set the record straight. I will fight fire with napalm. Learn a lesson, ladies. Tip your dealers, waiters, and bartenders. You never know which one of us will have a soap box from which to spew venom.

Another thing. Step up and walk into the 21st century. Pick up another "sport" to gather around. Golf sucks. It's just like fishing. It's just something to do while you drink with friends in the great outdoors. Nothing more.





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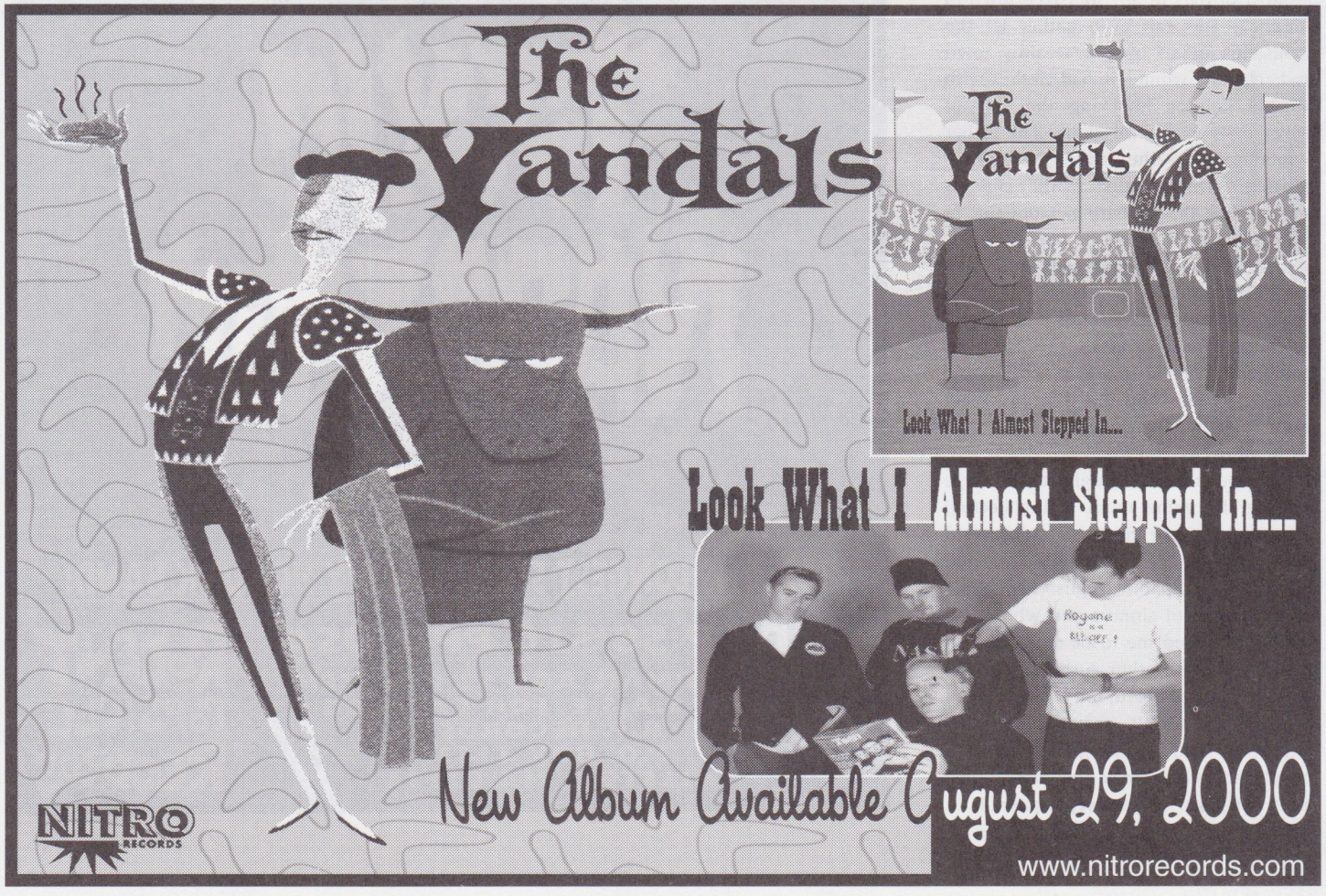
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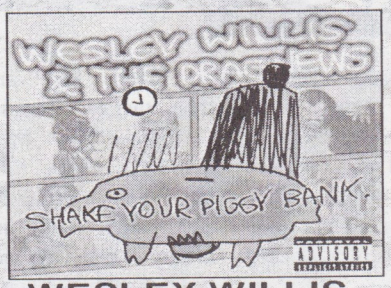
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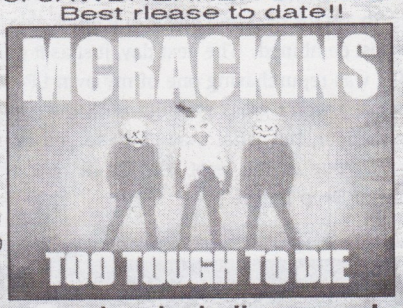
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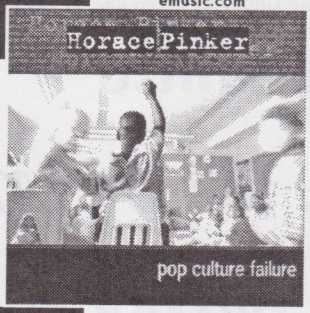
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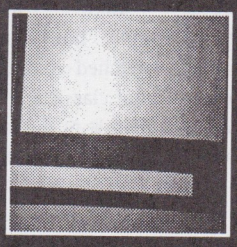
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HIT SQUAD

If you're reading this, it must mean that last issue's whining from me didn't lead to my removal from *Hit List*'s pages, at least not yet. While I'm not interested in explaining or apologizing, it's a fact that I was a bit full of myself last go'round. In truth, life here has of late blended bliss, boredom, good times, bad times, and most unfortunately, the never anticipated real life responsibilities that ensure record collection downscaling.

At a particular bleak point this Spring, I found myself selling off a huge pile of LPs. I crawled home from the used record store that night, practically puking self-pity, angry at the world over this unfair turn of events. In a stack of primo relics, one quick sale bothered me more than all the rest combined. The next day, just as it oughta be in a pawn shop world, I was repurchasing one of my own LPs! I simply could not live without it. I won't gross y'all out with the gems that I didn't feel this strongly about, but what may surprise you is that the coveted record was easily one of the least cool of all time (in hipster jerk circles), "Shades of Deep Purple"!

JUKE BOX JURY

by Jeff Jarema

Lemme just cut to the chase: I can't live without "Shades of Deep Purple". Granted, this very copy was a super-loud original Parlophone gem, but for me who cares; as long as you got this monster in some format, it's a good move; even on compact disc. For years now, the US market has been flooded with supremely dubious (mastered from shit) CDs of this record. Since reuniting myself with my vinyl copy after only one night spent apart from it in over two decades (almost a Paul & Linda-level commitment), I now not only have my original pressing but an equally loud, remastered CD!

Spitfire, a heavy metal label here in the States, has just released remastered compact discs of "Shades Of Deep Purple", along with its '68-69 follow-ups, "The Book Of Taliesyn" and "Deep Purple". With absolutely no reservation, "Shades" is recommended. To qualify this, I must explain that its weak passages, namely third-rate renderings of "I'm So Glad" and "Help" (a la the Vanilla Fudge) stand as minor distractions, since most of the album is a manic flashfest of wailing, reverbed fuzz leads (Ritchie Blackmore, guitar god), demonic B-3 showmanship (Jon Lord), abusive bass lines (Nick Simper), and non-stop, aggressive drum filling in the best Mitch Mitchell tradition (Ian Paice).

By some cosmic coincidence, the Deep Purple reissue floodgates seem wide-open this month.

Frontman Rod Evans proves to be hit or miss across "Shades", as well as their other early releases, for that matter. On the album's heaviest pounder, "Mandrake Root", he completely misses the target as he croons like Elvis over a "Foxy Lady" riff. (On their overwrought "River Deep Mountain High" on "The Book Of Taliesyn" LP, his lounge lizard opening vocal shot will have you rolling on the floor in laughter). But on "Hush", for instance, he integrates perfectly, and after all, half of the album's running time is devoted to Blackmore and Lord's wigged-out, proto-prog instrumental pyrotechnics. My fave section can be found in "Mandrake's" deranged, exotic soloing and roaring finale.

Best of all, "Shades of Deep Purple" includes my all-time fave cut by these much maligned musical geniuses, "Love Help Me". This track delivers the goods in every way, particularly in how it manages to mix Rod Evans' more melodic singing style (plus harmonies, which is not something one expects of the Purple gang) with a violent band performance throughout, including crude, over the top wah wah. "Shades" is the brightest sounding (by far) and best of the Spitfire reissues. "Taliesyn" and the eponymous third record have their moments as well, though the instro preambles and all around energy never matche those of their first LP. Consumer note: Do not expect much in the way of sound quality on the bonus cuts. For instance, "Hush", recorded live from the 'Playboy After Dark' TV show, sounds like it was transferred via a telephone answering machine recording.

By some cosmic coincidence, the Deep Purple reissue floodgates seem wide-open this month. On the heels of the Spitfire packages, Rhino Records pays similar respect to the band's almighty '71 loudplayer, "Fireball". Obviously, I'm a big fan of "Hush"-era Purple, but I go just as far back with my worship of the best-selling, brutish Ian Gillan-led lineup. This is the version of Deep Purple that gained great notoriety when the *Guinness Book of World Records* cited them as loudest rock band in the world.

(To digress from the music for a moment, Deep Purple also had a lot going in the personality stakes. Deadly serious on the surface, the band actually exemplified fun. Just dig "Highway Star", a "Boss Hoss" for the metal age. Ian Gillan appeared like an alcohol-soaked savage on "Beat Club". Best of all was Ritchie Blackmore, easily the most miserable rock star ever. He once told *Circus*, "If someone says hello to me on the street, I'll just walk away. If somebody gives me a piece of paper, I'll tear it up. I just don't want to get involved with people." At their '73 peak, he said of his band and employer...in words sure to be appreciated by *Hit List* readers, "Deep Purple are too poppy, they suck." He ranks with up there with Tony Iommi, James Williamson, and Johnny Thunders as my fave 70's guitar slinger).

Their sound was indeed thunderous, their live instrumentals epic. But since those instros stretched to half-hour lengths, during which Jon Lord snuck in the occasional classical riff, they have been discarded since '77 and remembered as the worst of the old guard, being put unfairly on a shelf with the truly bombastic, like ELP, or the just plain awful, like Uriah Heep). However, the camera don't lie and TV footage of 'em shows a totally dynamic, even crazed outfit, especially Blackmore and drummer Paice (although not so on the aforementioned "Playboy" show, where the original lineup appears as unhip and stiff as

Three Dog Night).

And as this "Fireball, Deluxe Edition" spells out, Deep Purple were nearly the equal of Black Sabbath in the "heavy" stakes. However, the dreaded heavy metal tag never fully fit Deep Purple any more than it did years later for Motorhead (at least during their early peak). On "Fireball", from the punk-tempo'd title track to Gillan's positively snarling howl on "No No No", "Fools", and my personal fave, "No One Came", pOwEr prevails. After you all rush out to buy this (right), crank up the latter song, especially in its "Remix" bonus version. Dig when the band drops back in after the false ending. At that moment, DP is the heaviest group on the planet...ever. Unlike the Spitfire packages, the bonus cuts on Rhino's "Fireball" mostly boost the program (and make up for the original album's two stiffs, "Anyone's Daughter" and "The Mule"), not sink it.

On top of the "Fireball, Deluxe Edition" repackage - fully recommended, if it's not already clear - Rhino has simultaneously assembled "The Very Best of Deep Purple". Fifteen cuts, no filler; from "Hush" and "Kentucky Woman" through an almost perfect selection from the band's glory days (though I suppose they had to include the wretched "Child In Time", which is only saved by one of the most berserk solos ever) to four passable choices from the declining, post-"Machine Head" years (but beware the beginning of "Stormbringer", which features a synth apparently borrowed from the Captain and Tennille). At the very least, go out and get this collection. However, you could probably use a bit more fire and flash in your punk diet than you'd care to admit, so get with the program and pick up 'Shades' and 'Fireball', too.

Deep Purple. What else can I say? I'll leave it to Lester Bangs: "Deep Purple is one of the most honcho energy-blasts around, they been puttin' out nothin' but sheer lava-lanches of sockout rock'n'roll." Yeah.

So, the new *Ugly Things* megazine is out. It always takes too long between issues, but that's what makes it the co-best (with the long-gone 'n' lamented *Kicks*) rock rag of the past two decades. Of course, it covers all the greats (the Music Machine, including two interviews with band members other than Sean Bonniwell for a change - super scoops, both of 'em; the Pretty Things; the Kinks; the Chocolate Watchband), but I gotta applaud it especially for the expansive coverage of the vibrantly eccentric Lord Sutch. Making for a smile-guaranteeing read, his Lordship's exploits and roaring humor cause even the least anglocized of us to proclaim, "Whatta bloke".

As you may've heard, the life-maximizing legend Sutch surprised everyone when he recently took his own life. The profoundly positive effect he had on his storied backing musicians is well documented in the new *Ugly Things*. His passing probably even brought a tear to the eye of that cold-hearted autograph shredder and ex-Sutch Savages axe grinder, Ritchie Blackmore. All this gets me thinking about a far less celebrated rocker, but one who I feel enormously lucky to have spent time with, if only by phone. His name was Robert Fisher. Few have heard of him. I just learned of his passing and it got me feeling low. "Fooshers", as he was known to his friends, played in a formative, mid-60's version of Mott the Hoople, then known as the Silence.

Since he never made it as a cult item himself, since there's not even a single to his credit, hanging out for hours with him on the phone was time well spent with another absolute fan. Of course, he had great stories to tell. According to one of his countless yarns, he shared the stage with the Yardbirds on the night they debuted Jeff Beck. And then there was the story of him resting his heels the night he and his mates opened for the Who, only to realize that he had just snapped the neck off Pete Townshend's Rickenbacker. Or better yet, as a gas pump jockey in rural England, there was the time that the Pretty Things pulled in for a fill-up!

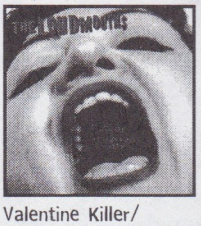
Fooshers was an unrepentant raver but an absolute sweetheart. He would engage my wife in charming, suspiciously "spirited" phone chats when she had no idea who she was talking to, would regularly send Christmas cards, and always spoke fondly of his wife and cat, despite the frustration of living with someone as untamed as himself.

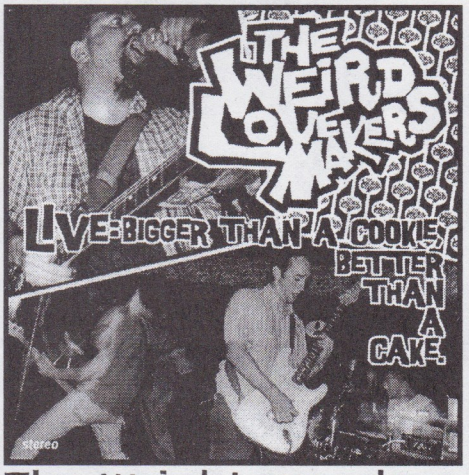
As a nice footnote, he finally received his first album release two seasons ago when the UK Angel Air label thought enough to release the surprisingly spunky Silence reunion sessions (from '90, featuring Mott's Overend Watts as an exemplary student of the Y-birds). This guy was such a total Undertakers fanatic - the raw beat boom era Liverpool band; a newspaper feature on his long-forgotten '77 punk band quoted him as proclaiming Jackie Lomax his number one influence! - that I enlisted him to review their Big Beat CD compilation for my mag, a task which he handled in great style. I've interviewed so many great guys over the years, but Fooshers will always be tops in my book. God bless ya.

-Jeff Jarema



Valentine Killer/
LoudMouths Split 7"

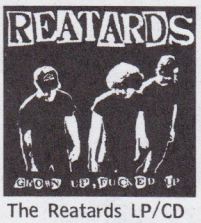

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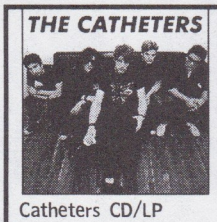
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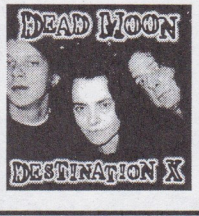
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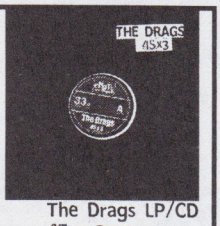
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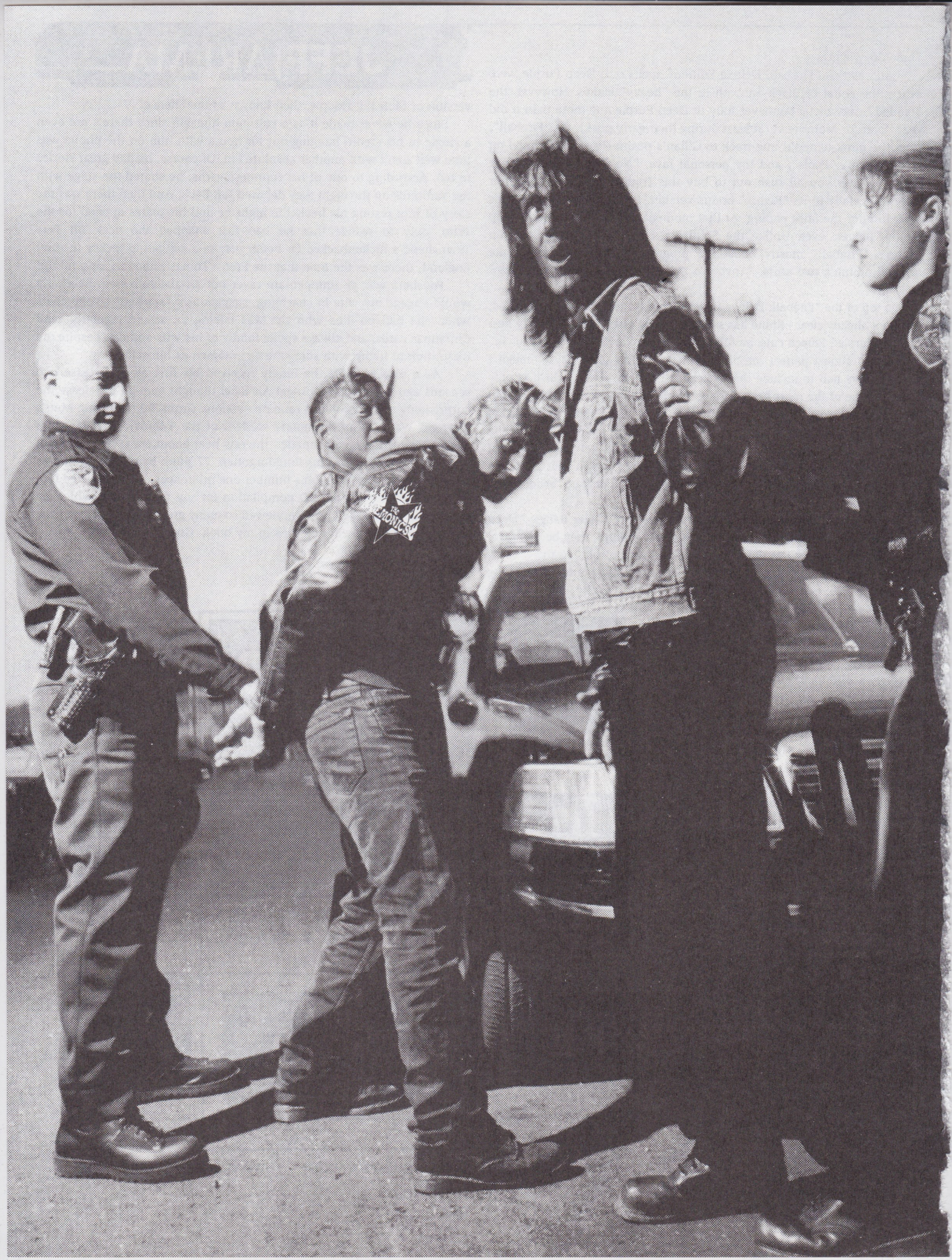


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THE DEMONICS

Interview by Jason Duncan at the goddamn great Gaspare's Pizza House in San Francisco, June 2000.

Jason Duncan: Introduce yourself and explain exactly what it is that you do.

Russ Wright: I play guitar, sing, surf, and work on my car.
Nick Pursche: I play guitar and ride my motorcycle.
Courtney Callahan: drums, print t-shirts, and smoke the reefer.
Dez: I play bass, comb my hair, and get tattoos.

JD: I would loosely describe your sound as the Beach Boys meet the Ramones/Misfits/Kiss, plus some Gary Usher thrown into the mix. Do you agree with my genius-like comparisons, or what?

RW: Yes I agree, I like your eyes, they are very pretty. (laughs)



JD: How long have the Demonics been around, and how did you get started?

RW: We,ve been around for five years. I knew Dez from 8-Ball Scratch, which is a band he was in with Elka from The Trashwomen. I knew he was a good bass player, so I hooked up with him. Then I met Courtney at Elka's house at a party, and bribed him with a beer to come try out.
Dez: We actually had a drummer before him.
RW: That guy was horrible and Courtney played with power and passion and feeling. (laughs) His ball-bag was really sweaty, and we liked him because of that. (laughs)

JD: Have there been any line-up changes since the beginning?

Dez: Yeah, we just added a lead guitarist by the name of Nick.

JD: You guys have a big following around the San Francisco Bay Area, and yet you are relatively unknown in the rest of the country. Why is this the case and why don't you tour?

RW: We don't tour because we aren't masochists. We're not gonna drag our asses out on the road like all the other dumb-asses who go out on the road and think they're gonna go over well, but then get ripped off and have a miserable time. We have a different approach to this whole music thing. We're gonna make records and put them out on all of these great independent record labels who have been so good to us, like yours, that are more than willing to put up with us. If people really want to see us live, maybe when the time is right and we have some support and don't go broke and become homeless, we will actually tour. Until, then SUCK DICK! (laughs)

JD: If you're not gonna tour the U.S. , are there any plans to go to Europe or Japan? Do people "get it" more, as opposed to the people in the U.S. ?

CC: There has been some talk from Ritchie from Screaming Apple Records about us coming over to Germany, but I don't know if we can afford to go over there. If the money comes through we may do a short German tour, but tickets are about $900 apiece so it's almost four grand for us to get over there.

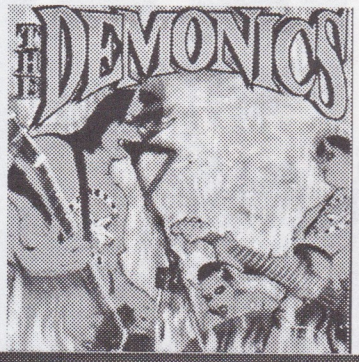
JD: Practically all of your recordings have been done at Super Bee Studio, which is Russ' home studio. Do you think being able to take your sweet-ass time (and believe me, that's what you do) on your recordings is a good thing, or do you think you end up over-analyzing everything and never being happy with the results?

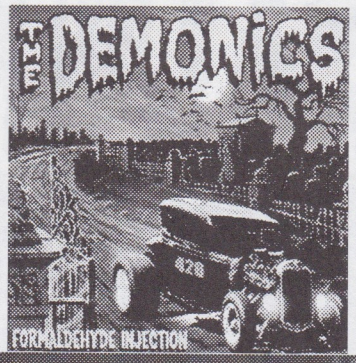
CC: I would say it's good and bad. It's good, because it allows us to add in shit and allows Russell to spend some more time with the guitar melodies. I think it's bad in some respects because, like you said, you can hear it so many times that you can't be really objective about it anymore.

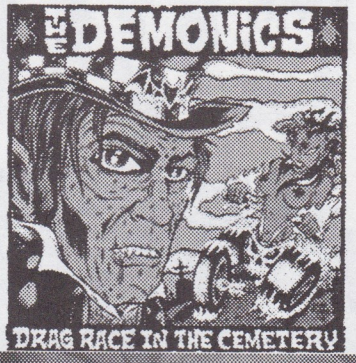
RW: When I hear the recording of the new album I think it sounds like it was done in a real studio and not in my basement on shitty gear. The reason why it sounds good is because we took our time with it and listened to the mix-downs a lot. We mixed a song a day, which is what you,re supposed to do. You're not supposed to mix them all in one day, because it will end up sounding like shit.

D¢z: I just play my parts and go home..

JD: Do you ever fear that Russell will become a reclusive shut-in, grow a beard, and get morbidly obese a la Brian Wilson?







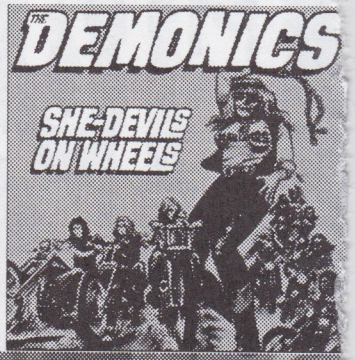


PHOTO BY JEREMY HARRIS



Dez: I'm not really sure, but I think the day will come.
CC: When Russ is down in the basement he gets into it and doesn't leave, not even to eat.
RW: I've had a couple of breakdowns down in the basement and just started screaming.

JD: Do you ever get tired of putting on the costumes, wigs, and/or face paint when you play live?

Dez: Of course I do, most of the time. I'm a comfort guy!
CC: I like to do it. Not all of the time, but sometimes like on Halloween or another special occasion. Russell wants to do it all the time, and I want to do it half the time.

JD: Nick, you haven't played while wearing the costumes yet. Do you feel weird about putting on the face paint like KISS?

NP: I'm actually stoked about it.
RW: These guys are wusses for not putting on the demon outfits because it ruins my whole fucking plan. I'm a big fan of KISS and to me, people are coming to see a show and I try to give them as much as I can. They are paying some hard-earned money to see some rock,n,roll. Any old grunge-fuck can go up there like that fag from Pearl Jam with his dirty underwear and Army shorts.

JD: If someone wants to hear your near-legendary live show, will they basically have to come to California?

RW: I don't want go and be a road dog. If they wanna see us play, they'll have to give us lots of money!

JD: Would you be content living off the band and scraping by or prefer working 40 hours a week and playing whenever you can?

Dez: I would be happy living off the band, but I don't think it's a reality

JD: Would you be willing to give up your pomade?

Dez: For that, I would even wear a baseball hat!

"I'm a big fan of KISS and to me people are coming to see a show and I try to give them as much as I can. They are paying some hard-earned money to see some rock'n'roll.."

DISCOGRAPHY:

"Super Bee" b/w "Devil Baby" 7" single (Demonic Records) 1996
"R.I.P.S.T.P." b/w "Girlfriend,s Best Friend" (Man,s Ruin) 1997
"Formaldehyde Injection" CD/LP (Man,s Ruin/ Alien Snatch Records) 1998
"Drag Race In the Cemetery" b/w "Say Ten" 7" single (Just Add Water Records) 1999
"Coastline Craze" b/w "Hot Rod" 7" single (Screaming Apple Records) 1999
"Demons On Wheels" CD/LP (Man,s Ruin/ Screaming Apple Records) 2000
"She Devils On Wheels" b/w "This Bike Of Mine" (Bronx Cheer Records) 2000

CC: If I could pay rent. If we were making enough to pay the bills, sure I would do it.
RW: You've got to keep a roof over your head. If that means you can't tour, you can't tour. We're not trying to get rich, we're just trying to support the band. I don't want to make a lot of money, I just want to give up my day job and do what I want to do.
NP: I would like to live off the band. Word up.

JD: How did you end up on Man's Ruin Records? You aren't exactly Stoner Rock, man.

RW: Lydia from Man's Ruin liked us. She wears the pants around there.

JD: Any new releases lately?

CC: Our new album "Demons On Wheels" is on Man's Ruin and we have a new single on Bronx Cheer Records and a song on the new Just Add Water Records comp. "Living In California Ain't Fun No More", all of which are coming out soon. There is talk of a split 10" on Gearhead with the Backyard Babies.

JD: What's this shit about your song "She Devils On Wheels" being played on a recent snowboarding contest on the USA Network? Did you know about it beforehand?

RW: The first we knew about it was when you called Courtney and put the phone up to the TV. What happened was that Jami from Man's Ruin sent the CD to the USA Network and they played it even though they were supposed to get permission first. It's no big deal, they played it and gave us some free publicity. They apologized for not getting permission first and played two more songs on the repeat of the contest the following week, and then were decent enough to show the album cover at end of the show.

JD: What's next for the Demonics?

RW: We're gonna do five new songs in August and then do a new album. It will be the third part of the trilogy and will make sense with all three albums together. It will be a nice little package, and will have a theme just like the first two albums. It'll be bitchin,!
CC: We're playing the Las Vegas Shakedown. We're on the comp for that, too.

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JD: Several of your songs mention or are about your oh, so cherry '69 Super Bee. When exactly are you going to put some oil in that damn thing and get it running? It's been sitting in your garage forever, collecting dust, and it practically brings a tear to my eye thinking about it.

RW: The problem with the Bee is not that I don't want to drive it. It's been in a state of restoration for some time now. It will be repainted in next few months, along with some minor bodywork. I also have a leaky front seal on my tranny, which is no big deal but is gonna set me back $500. I put so much time into the band that I don't really have the time to work on it. When I get a few spare moments, I work on my car.

JD: Are you guys like the Beach Boys in that you sing about surfing sometimes, even though only one guy in the band actually surfs and the rest are a bunch of posers?

RW: Absolutely not! Courtney goes to the beach with me and plays frisbee! (laughs). Dez wears socks and sandals on the beach in Mexico. (laughs) Nick used to surf and is gonna start back soon. We're gonna get him a board or let him borrow my 9-O.
NP: Man, me and Tom Curran go way back. When I was in H.B. I was shootin, the pier with Tommy every chance I could get!

JD: All-ages versus 21-and-over shows. It seems like you usually play 21-and-over shows. Why is this the case?

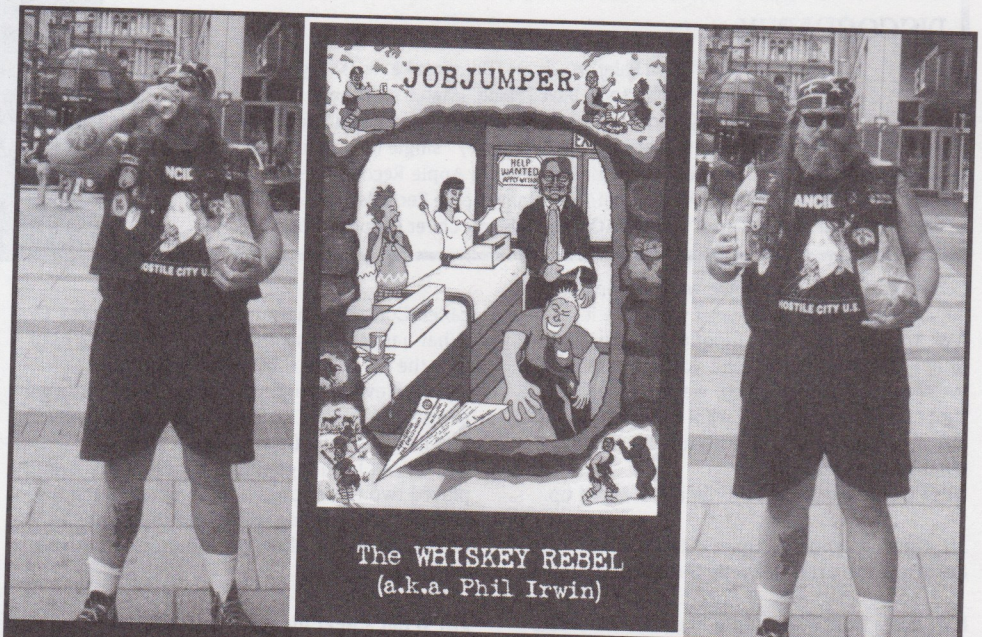
RW: To be honest I like all-ages shows, but the kids only seem to understand English-based punk and don't understand American music. They have no idea what California music is all about. They don't even know who Gary Usher is! It seems like people that are between the ages of 25 and 35 have a better understanding of where we're coming from.
NP: The kids break our equipment, but on the other hand the 21-and-over crowd is pretty mellow and "too cool for school."
CC: The older crowd gets into us more than the younger kids, but sometimes we get through to them. We've actually only played maybe four all-ages shows in our entire existence. That's over five years. We don't want to play Gilman, you know. Gilman is too fucking P.C.
RW: I can't believe they actually make you send them lyrics to make sure they're not offensive. Rock'n'Roll was never about being "correct" or having anything to do with politics. It was about spinnin, brodies on your principal's lawn and smoking a fat reefer. Do you know what I'm saying? Plus getting laid, goddammit! Fuck politics in music.
RW: Gilman is a romper room for punks! [Ed. note: you stole my line. I demand compensation]

AMEN!

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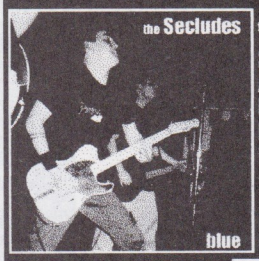
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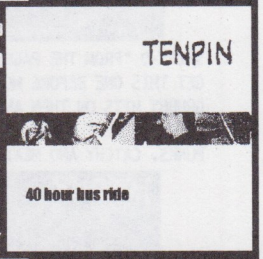
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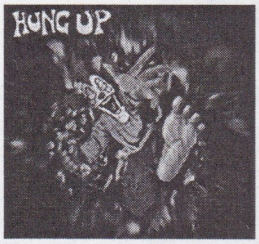
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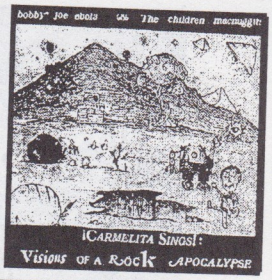
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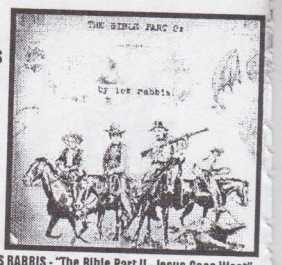
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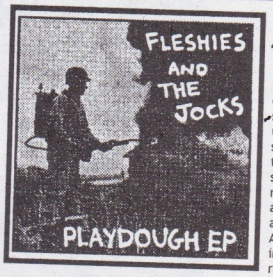
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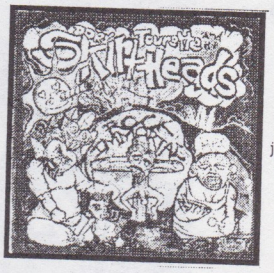
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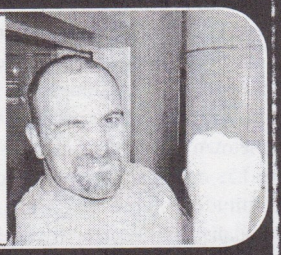


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VIC BONDI



1. Position of a punk, finally 40, 14,000 feet over Beijing and about to crash.

So I manage to make it to Beijing, China, on the other side of the world, and I am flying into the city in a 45-mph sandstorm blowing in off the Gobi Desert. The sky is sickly yellow, everyone's knuckles are white, and we're dropping through more air pockets than dips on a roller coaster. It's a landing Third World airline style, Southern China Air style, which means pitch left, pitch right, and shake the cabin until the bins start coughing up luggage. I am wondering: where did this pilot get his training? I am praying: somewhere in the States. I am doubting: Red Army air school. I am trying to distract myself. I think about the next *Hit List*. I am playing the Refused CD over and over in my head. I am thinking about how great the Refused are, and how much better they are than 90% of the punk rock that has come out in the last few years. I am thinking: if I make it out of this, I will never listen to crappy music again. The engines start screaming. The plane drops 1000 feet in 5 seconds. Anything not buckled in heads towards the cabin ceiling. People reach for airsickness bags. I cannot distract myself. I am hoping my wife has enough money from my life insurance. I am not reading *Hit List*. I am not thinking about punk rock. I am hoping I will not die. And suddenly, we touch down. Hard. But down. People peel themselves out of their seats. They cannot wait to get off the plane. I cannot remember what I was just thinking about. Punk rock, I think. No it was! I'm alive! I'm alive! I'm fucking alive!

2. Homogenized China.

My friend Paul and I made it down to Tiananmen Square that afternoon, with the sandstorm still raging. It was surreal. Tiananmen Square is the heart of Beijing, an open plaza south of the Forbidden City, surrounded by government offices. It was the site of the pro-democracy demonstrations of 1989, and before that a demonstration ground and parade site for the communists. It was designed to hold one million people, but no one was there because of the storm. This huge concrete square in the world's most populated nation was virtually empty. Just us, a yellow sky, red flags rippling in the wind, and Mao beaming down from the Gate of Heavenly Peace. Red stars dotted the grotesquely oversized Stalinist offices lining the plaza. Cameras glowered from light posts. It was like something out of a Cold War movie, and I fought surges of paranoia that the Red Guards would suddenly come marching for me. The other side of the world, and it couldn't have been more different. Paul and I went back to Tiananmen Square many times while we were in Beijing, including May Day, when the Square was packed with people. But I never managed to shake my initial feeling that I was in an otherworldly place. Because China is easily the most unusual society I've ever experienced.

The Chinese are extremely xenophobic. Even in Beijing, a gigantic (the size of Belgium), cosmopolitan capital, people stare relentlessly, many with sublime hostility, Paul and I walked into a tiny restaurant one morning and every one of the thirty-five patrons stopped what they were doing and stared at us for a good fifteen minutes, and then, en masse, left.

China is also an intensely nationalistic society, still chafing from the events of the nineteenth century, the opium wars, foreign invasions and political abuse, so much so that the whole society seems geared towards proving that China is just as good (if not better) than the West. Outside of Beijing, for example, are the ruins of Yuanmingyuan, the old summer place, built in the 18th century in imitation of the court of Versailles. In 1860 the French and British burned it to the ground, no doubt to teach the lesser peoples the folly of imitating their superiors. The authorities left it in ruins, and erected signs in Chinese and English, explaining that the ruins are a testament to "national humiliation" at the hands of "uncivilized nations." This attitude is so prominent among the Chinese that in the course of treating two locals to two different lunches, Paul and I suffered tirades on A) Why Chinese hate Americans, and B) Why the European Union will launch the Third World War.

China is so poor, however, that its nationalism creates absurd juxtapositions. At night, the main thoroughfares of Beijing are gussied up in neon, in imitation of the great cities of the West, but one block off those thoroughfares, there is no electricity and the streets are pitch-black. In the countryside outside of Beijing you don't see tractors, just ox or human-drawn plows, and yet China has inaugurated their own manned space program. The construction in Beijing, owing to the surplus of manpower and deficit of capital, is primarily by hand rather than by machine, and yet China has the bomb.

Other than nationalism, there doesn't seem to be a heavy ideological hangover for fifty years of communist indoctrination. There didn't appear to be a heavy police presence, or a lot of propaganda billboards. Class warfare is not evident. Which is not to say that the remnants of communist economics aren't visible in Beijing. Once you get off the main show-streets Beijing starts to feel very strange. Walking around the hutongs, the traditional walled neighborhoods, I couldn't figure out why it was so weird, and then it hit me: on the majority of the streets of Beijing, there are no shops, signs, or markers of commercialism whatsoever, just old-school communist distribution centers: two shelves of yellow and white phones in a non-descript building that passes for a phone store; stacks of wheat, rice and sorghum in what passes for a grocery. No billboards, or supermarkets, Gaps or Banana Republics, and this was doubly striking since two day earlier, Paul and I had been in Hong Kong, which has nothing but malls and chains.

I am thinking: if I make it out of this, I will never listen to crappy music again.

Another sign of the command economy in Beijing are the rotting corpses of high-rise construction projects dotting the skyline. They're everywhere: gigantic 25-story concrete edifices gone gray and green with the passing of time. An architecture student from Shanghai told me that western firms come to Beijing and start these projects only to run afoul of the bureaucrats;

lacking the money to tear the projects down, the authorities leave them standing, monuments to the efficacy of central planning.

My hotel gave me free copies of *The China Daily,* an English-language version of the government newspaper, *The People's Daily*, every morning. The attitudes permeating the articles were distinctly retrograde, tinged with the patina of Stalinism: China generates x-kilowatt hours of electricity; China's missiles generate x-amount of thrust; China's dams control x-amount of water. China is evidently locked in statistical competition with the West, and this attitude has dramatic consequences. They are wrecking their environment at an astonishing rate. Five of the world's ten most polluted cities are in China (Beijing is one of them), and one sees stacks of pressed coal everywhere. The air pollution in China is worse than Mexico City, Paul and I could barely see the Great Wall for the smog, even 120 kilometers north of Beijing. The type of dust storm we encountered on arrival is becoming increasingly common, due to erosion and deforestation. The net combination of dust and soot has generated chronic upper respiratory tract infections among millions of Chinese, so much so that the authorities have coined the term "ganmao" to describe it. What's worse, the pollution is spreading, in my hometown of Seattle they now monitor the air pollution generated in China that has managed to make it across the Pacific. And the core of the problem is attitude. Simply put, China is still too busy thinking Red (that is, a nationalist, statistically driven Red) to think Green.

Pollution notwithstanding, Beijing has its charms. While Beijing is poor (not, however, as bad as Mexico City), that poverty paradoxically gives positive definition and character to the city. Many of the hutongs are nearly 600 years old, which means, in effect, that homes are cramped and unlivable. So life spills into the street, and the hutongs are lined with children playing ball and old men playing Go. Radios blare from open rooms. Wash is strung from window to tree limb; barbers cut hair in their doorways. Dogs and cats and chickens and vendors haunt the byways, and people sell sodas and fried goods out of their living room windows. Taxis and trucks squeeze by the crowds, blaring their horns relentlessly. It's much as the Lower East Side probably was 100 years ago, with all the attendant camaraderie that comes with shared adversity. The streets in front of the hutong are lively and colorful and the Beijingers dropped their xenophobia here and invited us into small restaurants, or to play ping pong on tables set up outdoors. So much was happening in the streets that one forgets how mean life must be for most Beijingers.

Dogs and cats and chickens and vendors haunt the byways, and people sell sodas and fried goods out of their living room windows.

As invigorating and fascinating as were the hutongs, however, they are disappearing. The government is in the midst of a massive relocation and demolition campaign in the hutongs. They're destroying them, replacing them with malls, shops, boutiques and high-rise apartments. For all its strangeness, China, like every other place in the world, is becoming homogenized at a rapid pace. In the two decades since Deng Jiao Peng declared that "To become rich is glorious," capitalism has made significant inroads, and today Beijing has antiseptic shopping malls like those in Hong Kong (which are like those in Seattle, which are like those in Minnesota, which are like those in Virginia, etc); billboards are going up; the omnipotent brands of the West, Nike, McDonalds, Pepsi, are all making their presence felt. Hong Kong is already thoroughly homogenized, like some sort of Chinese theme park, where all the things you've come to expect from your local mall are on sale and available, and the only local color is the food.

Sitting in our favorite Beijing discovery, a terrific restaurant in a hutong called "Small Palace," Paul and I promised each other that we would come back in twenty years to Beijing and that restaurant. But if things continue as they are now, twenty years from now the hutongs will be gone, and "Small Palace" will be replaced by "Martin Chang's Fastfood Wok," a franchise subsidiary of Coca Cola. It seems inevitable. Because as much as I might romanticize life in the hutongs, the people that live there want out of them, just as my Sicilian grandfather wanted out of the Lower East Side. So it will happen. The only question is: how much is lost in the process?

3. Max Weber's Rationalization Blues.

Max Weber would know. One hundred years ago Weber, a melancholy professor at the University of Heidelberg, was on the verge of becoming the leading sociologist in the world; in fact, along with the Frenchman Emile Durkheim, Weber can lay claim to virtually creating the discipline itself. What Weber did before almost anyone else was to compare and contrast widely divergent societies in order to determine common patterns of development. His scholarship and erudition were vast. His research ranged across the social development of both ancient and modern Europe, the Middle East, Russia, India, China and Japan. He concentrated his work on forms of legal and juridical evolution, and was the world's foremost practitioner in the study of comparative religions. Weber combined his interests in the psychological motivations of individuals with Marx's economic determinism to produce a thesis on the development of capitalism that is debated in graduate schools to this day.

In The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism (1904), Weber argued that it was the religious zeal of Reformation Protestantism that more than any single factor gave rise to modern capitalism and the modern nation-state. Enraptured by the notion of a "calling", the Calvinist notion that God had destined individuals to do particular good works in their earthly lives, Protestants worked diligently and uncomplainingly as bankers and merchants; since spending all the money that earned was considered decadent, they amassed the huge sums that would make possible the global explorations of the 17th century and the industrial revolution of the 18th century.

Weber's Protestant thesis was so revolutionary that it launched the study of the relationship between religious and economic movements in history, which continues today. But for Weber himself, the Protestant Reformation and its role in the development of modern capitalism was only one example of a broader tendency in social development, a historical phenomena he called "rationalization."

Weber maintained that social movements begin behind the leadership of a charismatic figure, a Caesar or a Christ, whose work and outlook is gradually institutionalized and "routinized" after their passing. Acolytes, apostles and followers take as much as they can of the teachings and examples of charismatic figures and enshrine them in rules, liturgies, standards and institutional hierarchies; in other words they make ordinary for subsequent generations the extraordinary example or action of the charismatic figure. "The routinization of charisma," Weber wrote, "takes the form of the appropriation of powers of control and of economic advantages by the followers or disciples, and of regulation and recruitment of these groups." For Weber, this process was evident not only in religious movements, but in political revolutions. As priests and monks enshrine the extraordinary teachings of a Christ or Buddha into a set of liturgical practices, so administrators and judges enshrine the actions of a revolutionary

generation, those of Cromwell or Robespierre's time, into administrative processes and legal procedures.

The development of modern capitalism was simply an example of rationalization at work, one that displayed the ironic twist that Weber discerned in the historical process he described. For the charismatic figures that launched modern capitalism were not captains of industry, but radical clerics such as Martin Luther and John Calvin, who were focused not on the accumulation of wealth, but on salvation. Three hundred years after their death, their teachings had become so routinized by their followers that their effect was the exact opposite of what Luther and Calvin intended. Their notion of a calling, of working efficiently to glorify God, had evolved into working efficiently in order to get wealthy, or, even worse, efficiency had become an end in and of itself. And a surplus of wealth, and the consumer secularism it inspired, undermined completely the idea of creating a religious society devoted to hard work and humility.

By the time of his death in 1920, Weber saw the routinization of charisma as definitive in the evolution of societies and economies: "the process of routinization of charisma is in very important respects identical with adaptation to the conditions of economic life." Routinization and rationalization, in other words, were the processes by which the modern economy was organizing itself around a series of impersonal rules and institutional practices that had abandoned idealistic goals in favor to short term gains and technical imperatives. Weber judged the process immutable, and yet advised others to do everything to oppose it, "so as to keep a residue of humanity free from this parceling out of the soul."

Still, the process itself carried within it the seeds of its own destruction: as societies become more and more rationalized, more and more bureaucratic, they become incapable of adapting to change, and become helpless before a charismatic, revolutionary force, just as the Catholic Church had been during the Reformation. In his own time Weber saw evidence of this in China, where the 600 year-old bureaucracy of the Qing emperors was unable to effectively respond to the incursions of the Western powers, until it succumbed in 1912 to a revolution that destroyed the empire; a revolution that would end, in 1949, by changing the character of China forever.

4. How Epitaph Records ruined punk rock.

Old-timers grumble about the current state of punk rock because they witnessed its original charismatic moment, when all the idealism and anger of the style was fresh and immediate. Much of that idealism and anger was directed against mainstream rock n' roll, which by 1980 had become rationalized, routine and bureaucratic, so much so that a lot of old-timers (including me) don't respond well to current bands, even if they play the style of punk rock perfectly well, it reminds them of the slew of horse-shit ë70s rock bands that slumbered through their sets and picked up their checks on the way out. It doesn't matter if the style is louder and the singer screams: if the attitude is wrong, the music sucks.

Which is why I find myself less than enthusiastic about a few bands that get raves from others here at *Hit List*, in particular Jawbreaker and American Steel. Both *24-Hour Revenge Therapy* and *Rogue's March* have drawn praise from people whose taste I respect. But those records are lousy, unimaginative, by-the-numbers. It's like both bands went to Hardcore Academy and got their degrees in Punk: the music is contrived, schooled.

24-Hour Revenge Therapy, Jawbreaker's 1994 release, which has been enjoying a renaissance in the pages of *Hit List*, is particularly bad. Any American who sings with a British accent is always suspect as an imitator, but Jawbreaker is particularly bold about wearing its rip-offs on its sleeve: the very first track on the record, "the boat dream from the hill," steals, outright, the chorus from Pegboy's awesome "Superstar"; Jawbreaker is so unimaginative and uninspired that they recycle the chorus seven tracks later on "Do You Still Hate Me?" The power-ballad "Ache" is a note-for-note cop of Hüsker Dü's 1986 "Hardly Getting Over It," so much so that Mould should sue for royalties. Equally owed royalties: Stubbs from Leatherface, due him from the San Francisco "blokes" in American Steel, who are trying their damnest to be Leatherface.

Friends of mine tell me I should see American Steel live before I write them off, but people told me that about Jawbreaker, too, and I saw them in their heyday, right after 24-Hour Revenge Therapy was released, and here's the truth: they were spectacularly mediocre. People who like bands like Jawbreaker either aren't familiar with original bands like Hüsker Dü, Pegboy or Leatherface, or they are members of a secret cabal of Britney Spears fans out to subvert punk rock by turning it into the bland pabulum that she specializes in.

In any event, for a mean old fucker like me, the music is insufferable. And completely understandable. Because punk rock, like every social movement, is subject to rationalization, to the diminishing of the charismatic moment by subsequent generations whose good intentions end up completely contradicting the aims of the original movement. No doubt the guys in these bands are fans of Hüsker Dü, Pegboy and Leatherface, and imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. It's also the quickest way to corruption, because what's being imitated here is the form of the music that bands like Pegboy originally developed, not the attitude or aim. Literally Jawbreaker steals the notes, but it can't steal the give-a-shit barroom brawler attitude that makes Pegboy great. Jawbreaker could create its own attitude: but that takes guts and hard work, and Jawbreaker clearly lacks those ethics. And why should American Steel develop their own attitude and sound if legions of fans flock to their warmed over Leatherface and Clash riffs? The worst is yet to come: the bands that imitate the form of Jawbreaker records are that much further removed from the hardcore spirit: you might as well draft memos at a bank as play music at that point.

...the bands that imitate the form of Jawbreaker records are that much further removed from the hardcore spirit: you might as well draft memos at a bank as play music at that point.

The best demonstration of the routinization of punk, however, is Epitaph records. Admittedly, I've never been a big fan of the poppy punk that Bad Religion spawned. Back in the day, it was all good, part of the general assault on Reagan's America, and so, to me worthwhile. Today, Bad Religion is just another big dumb-ass rock band and Epitaph records is something much worse: a self-satisfied industry leader, busy rehashing exhausted riffs and attitudes to suburban punks and frat boys who have no idea what the history or meaning of punk is about.

Of course it didn't start that way. When Epitaph began, it was like a host of DIY labels, such as Alternative Tentacles, SST, and Dischord, busy subverting the music business by creating an alternative network of independent labels. AT, SST and Discord are still more or less true to their original mission, and all three labels continue to put out the sort of experimental music that infused the original movement with its sense of unpredictability and danger. If you don't know the band, you never quite know what you're buying when you buy an AT record.

Epitaph is exactly the opposite: You always know what you're buying, just as you always know what a MacDonald's hamburger tastes like: major-chord pop anthems to skateboarding and bad skin. Brett Gurewitz was one of the

first to figure out how to "can" punk rock: pour in a lot of gooey syrup and mix it with just enough energy to make it fizz. With each success he refined the formula and advanced the rationalization of punk rock. He took the three good chords Bad Religion knew how to play and propagated them among a group of followers with no talent and no imagination: NOFX, Pennywise, Offspring, Down By Law, Millencolin. All of these bands sound more or less like Bad Religion, which is to say, lame. But thanks to the hordes of middle-class white boys determined to ensure that the music they listen to doesn't offend their mothers, Gurewitz has made a fortune. So today, Brett Gurewitz and Epitaph records rule punk rock much the same way the Chinese mandarins ruled Asia: through a corps of eunuchs.

5. How to overthrow the Mandarinate.

China experienced a holocaust under Mao. In 1956 and 1957, the communists inaugurated their "Great Leap Forward" economic program, which climaxed in famine and the deaths of perhaps 30 million people; Mao followed that disaster by purging the communist party and initiating the decade-long Cultural Revolution in 1966. The Cultural Revolution ended up killing over 100,000 people, destroyed most of the historic artifacts of the country, and reduced China's educational and scientific community to ruins.

Today, none of that matters. Mao's stuffed corpse remains enshrined in a Stalinist mausoleum in the middle of Tiananmen Square, and the official party line is that while Mao was 30% wrong, he was 70% right. A picture book and tourist guide in my hotel room summed up the perspective: "Whatever has happened or has not happened since the revolution, China is today a modern, progressive nation-state." In other words, for the majority of the Chinese what was unleashed by the Communist party against China was nothing compared to what the West did to China. It also means this: in the light of history, the Mandarinate are detested much more than the communist overlords. The Mandarins had multiple opportunities to assert Chinese sovereignty before the revolution. In the late 19th century the Emperess Dowager Cixi, aunt of the emperor, took funds appropriated for the development of the Chinese navy and used them to build an opulent palace and a yacht made of marble (still moored in Beijing today). In 1895 a reform movement won the backing of the emperor, but was stifled by the petty bureaucrats called to implement the reforms. Because they smothered such reforms, the mandarins made the revolution inevitable —as well as the ultra-leftist holocaust that followed the revolution. In other words, the Chinese today hate the mandarins more than the communists because the mandarins made the communists possible. They made revolution inevitable because their own economic interests took primacy over their ideals.

In smaller scale, perhaps, there is a moral for punk rock, and, in particular, Epitaph records. Since almost everyone agrees that the current state of punk is less than vibrant, Epitaph could take a leadership role and begin to record and promote radical, experimental, raging young bands. Or it could continue to spit out the formulaic dreck that has made it so much money.

I predict they'll continue to issue crap.

And you know what to do when they do.

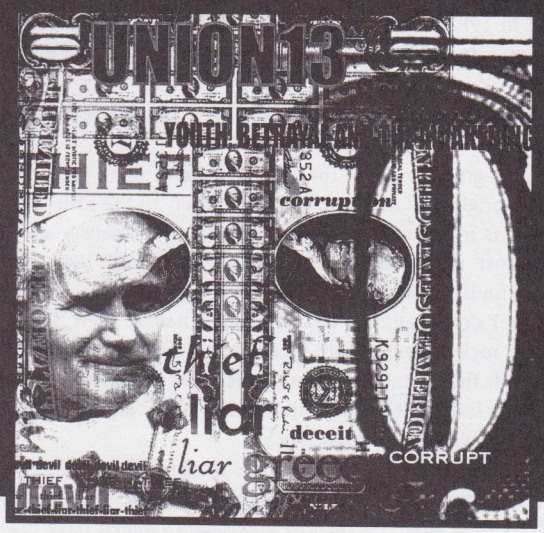
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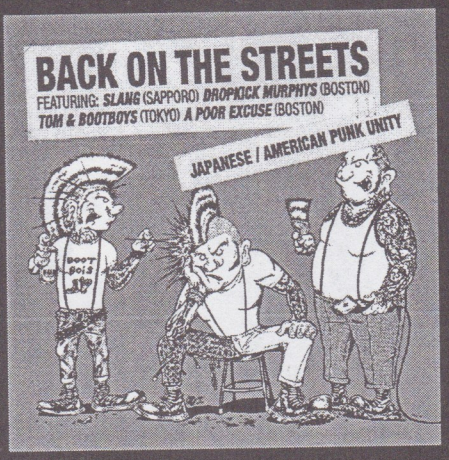
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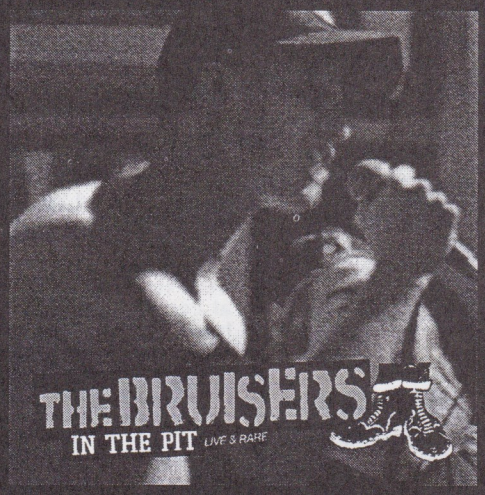
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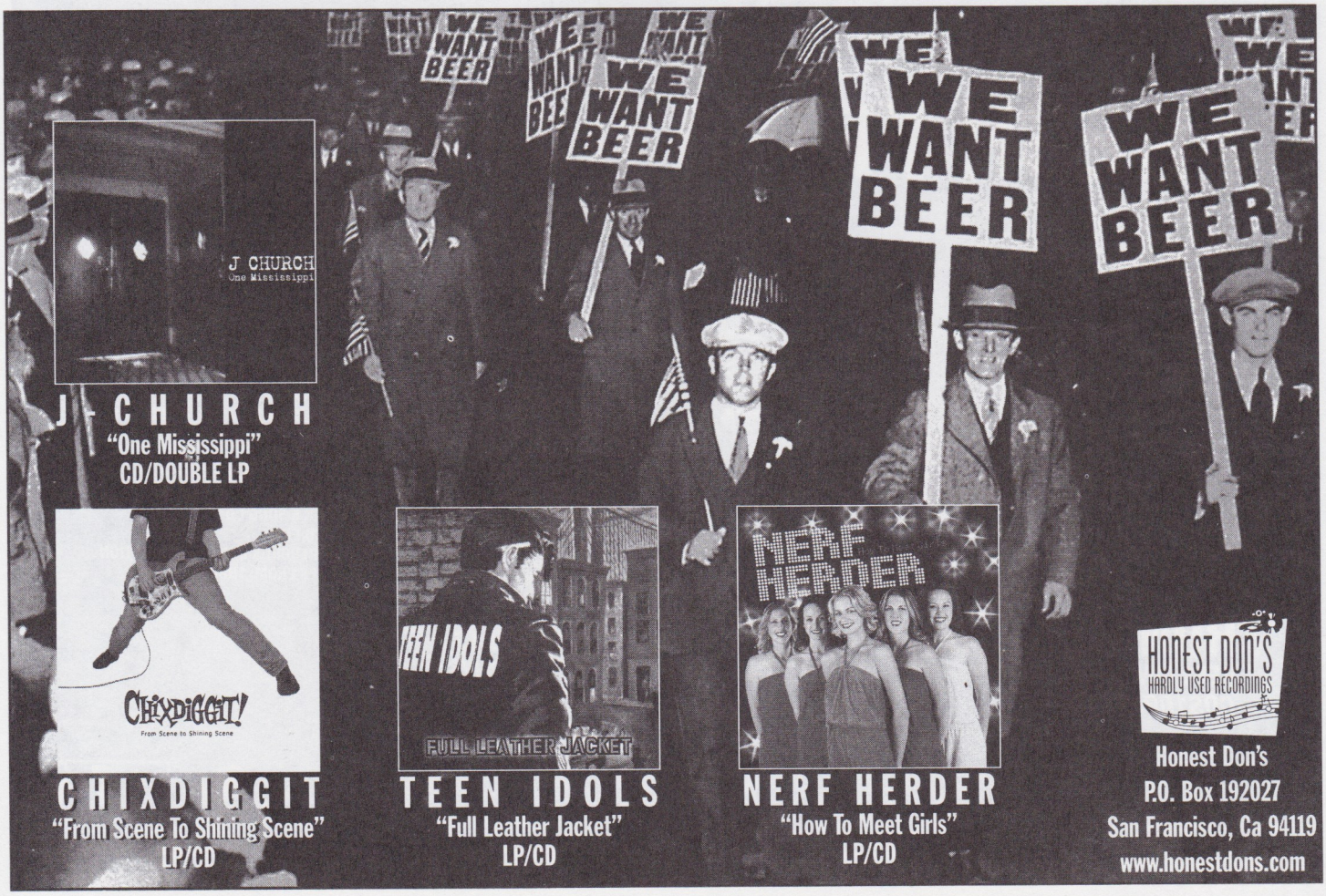
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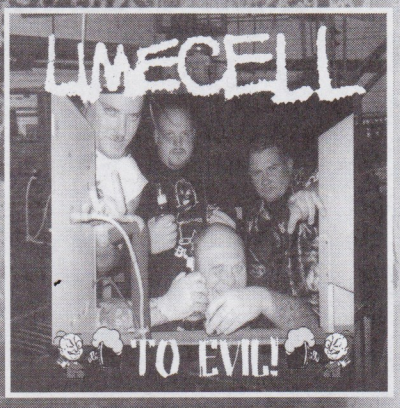


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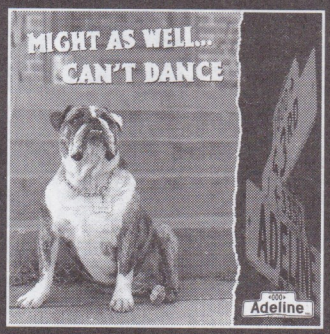
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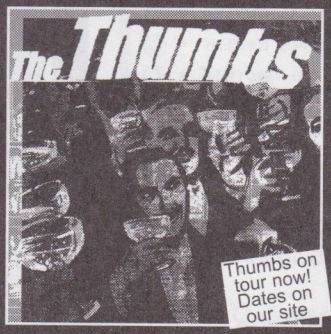
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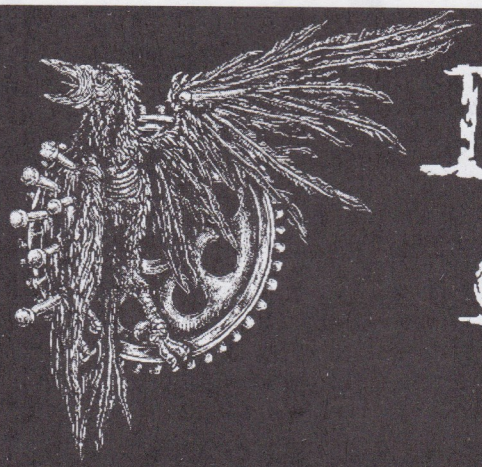
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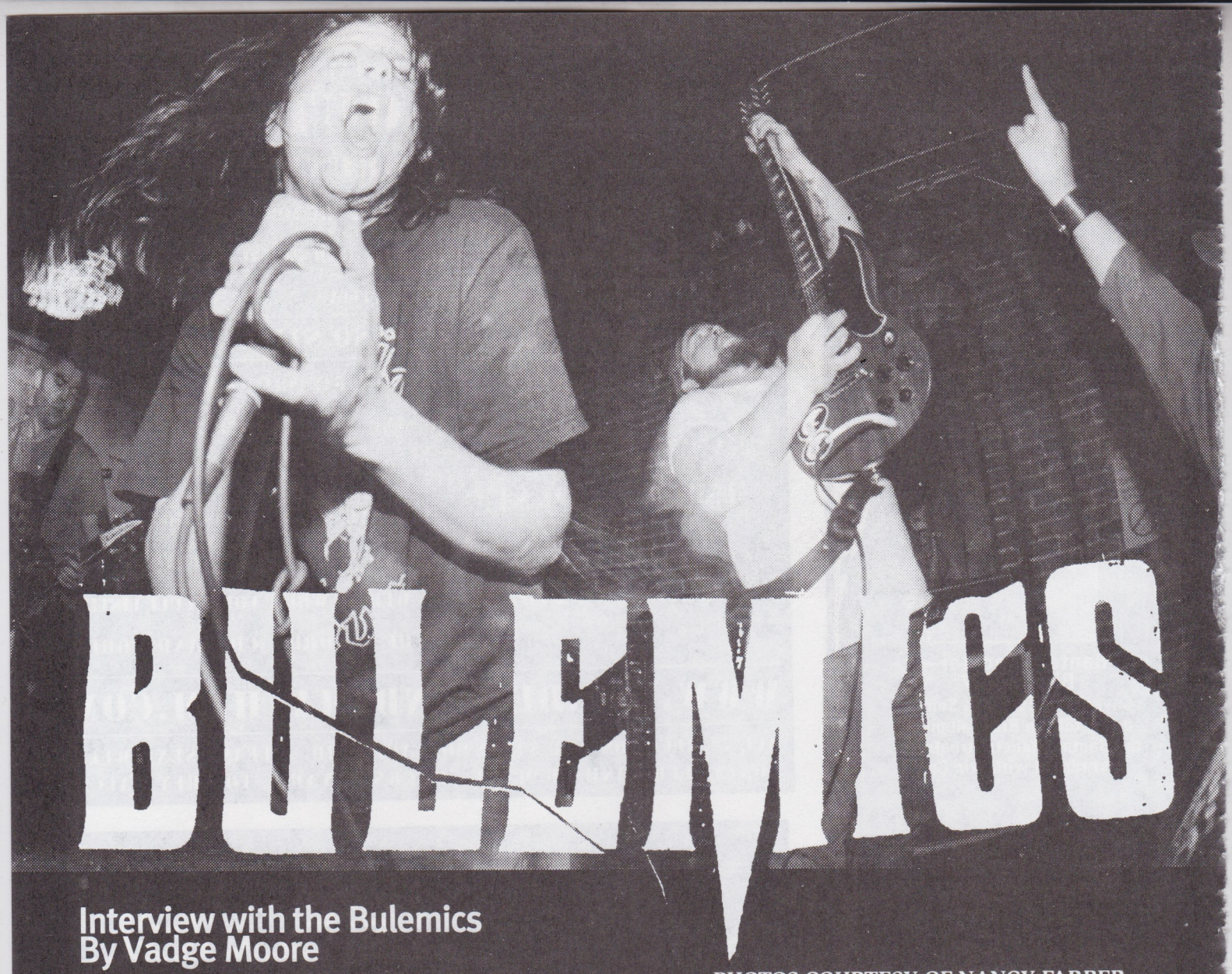
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BULEMICS

Interview with the Bulemics
By Vadge Moore

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It seems obvious now, that I would become friends with the guys in The Bulemics. We share a taste for the finer things in life; sleazy women, cheap booze, and good cocaine. They also live in a state(Texas) that in the past, has been very accommodating towards my previous band-The Dwarves. Hot, sweaty, drunk, and violent. That's Texas. That also describes The Bulemics. I can honestly say that I've never had a boring time in Texas and I've never had a boring night with the boys in The Bulemics. The night usually culminates in a fight, a search for bad drugs and some hosebag trying to get the lot of us to "pull a train" on her sorry, cellulite ass.

When Primal Chaos Online originally asked to conduct this interview, I didn't hesitate. Wes Texas (guitar player extraordinaire) told me he was going to be in San Francisco to relax after The Bulemics US tour with Seattle's Zeke. He said that he wanted to party and be interviewed. After ruminating on the irony that he thought a few nights with me would be any different from his nights on tour, therefore more relaxing; I agreed to do the interview. Well, after Wes and I put off the interview a few days in a row, plus a road trip to Los Angeles (and many chemicals ingested in the process) it was finished. But I knew there was something missing. No Bulemics interview would be complete without the drunken ramblings and beer polluted wisdom of lead singer Gerry Attric. So, a few nights later I called him at his home in Austin, Texas, clicked on the tape recorder, and let 'em rip. Here's the final product. You can also check out the unedited sick and twisted version of this interview with lots of video clips, mp3's of music and soundtracks of fucking ugly chicks on Primal Chaos Online at http://www.primalchaosonline.com/



Vadge Moore

interviewing Gerry Attric (Bulemics) / vocals

VM: So, you're from in Austin, Texas?

GA: Yeah, born and raised.

VM: That must make you really brain damaged.

GA: Well, I've got this stupid southern pride about a bunch of stupid shit.

VM: I could put up with the drug abuse, but the heat? Right now it's ninety degrees outside, and I think that sucks, but to you, you just say, you're a pussy Vadge.

GA: That's winter.

VM: Who's in the band now?

GA: We got Whitey Pauers on lead guitar, he just got out of prison.

VM: Right, solid.

GA: We got Wes Texas on rhythm guitar, Mississippi Sweet Dick on bass and Hell Sancho on drums.

VM: Also known as the mighty Jay. How old are you anyway?

GA: 18, no just kidding, 25.

VM: Yeah, well you're still a youngin'. But you've done some dirty awful things over the years. Like female things....

GA: Like what?

VM: I think Wes was telling me something about some fat chick with Herpes.

GA: Okay, here we go, but this goes back to you though, Vadge.

VM: You're going to blame this all on me now.

GA: Well, me and Wes were working together one night when the last *Hit List* came out, and we each had our own copy, and we were about to go on tour and we decided, well fuck it, we'll have a contest.

VM: It's a dangerous ball game son.

GA: Yeah, it is. We were the ones who don't give a fuck, we went out to see who could get the fattest girl. We were rippin' off your and Rex's thing, but hey...

VM: You figured we may as well have the same sexual abilities we have meaning doing the fat ugly thing without throwing up on her tits.

GA: I don't know what you would call it...

VM: Too much booze?

GA: I don't give a fuck mentality, or fill the hole.

VM: Right, exactly.

GA: It was in Atlanta, GA and a rather large girl with tattoos on her face and everywhere, not too attractive. We got down to the bar and we were making out and I tapped Wes on the shoulder and did the I'm number 1 thing, you know, I'm winnin' this shit. So I took her in the van afterwards, and I was screwin' her. I hope my girl friend at the time doesn't read this. She pulled the condom off and started going down on me. Then when I was about to go in again she said, "You got to put the condom back on, I have Herpes." So, I rolled over and she said so what now you don't even want to kiss me, and I said, fuck no! The other girl was someone that Wes and I both had sex with on my birthday. We took her to a motel room and while she was sucking my dick, she started moaning, when I turned around, I realized Wes had gone down on her.

VM: Now, that's something Vadge Moore would do just to prove how sick and disgusting I really am.

GA: Would you go down on her?

VM: Yes, I would. Well, you know those Holy Bibles you always find in hotel rooms? Use those next time it will help you get to her pussy.

GA: It would have taken a phone book.

VM: Well the Holy Bible is cool to use, you know why.

GA: I actually had to get out of the situation. Wes won because he had sex with her in the morning stone cold sober.

VM: That was like that girl in Seattle with Rex.

GA: Anyone can get drunk as fuck the nastiest fat bitch, but sober doing it, that's admitting you like it, I think.

VM: But you guys can go at it again on the next tour.

GA: Yeah, I don't know, he won the contest.

VM: What did you guys win?

GA: He won my respect in a sick and twisted way but I think he won everyone else's repulsion.

Vadge Moore interviewing Wes Texas (Bulemics) / Rhythm Guitar

VM: So, you guys just got off of a tour? Where did you guys go?

WT: East Coast. We started out in Austin and went up the East Coast and finished in Denver with the Hookers and Zeke.

VM: Did you realize how gay those guys were when you were on tour with them? How homosexual they were?

WT: Yeah, especially Donny.

VM: Yeah, Donny of Zeke is very homosexual. Donny has been stealing my moves for I don't know how fucking long. I started spitting on people and flipping them off behind the drum kit. That was me. Were you supporting a record?

WT: No, they just called us on it. They called us. They wanted us to play. They've been friends of ours for quite some time. I guess it was in support of the Man's Ruin split that came out last November.

VM: And the River City Rapists are friends of





"JUST, KEEPING IT REAL, YOU KNOW. KEEPING ROCK EVIL. WE'RE THE REAL DEAL."

yours from Texas?

WT: Correct.

VM: So, its totally like an insidious little incestuous scene you have in Texas?

WT: Yeah

VM: Everybody sort of plays in everybody else's bands?

WT: Yeah.

VM: Everybody's fucked each other's girlfriends and shit like that?

WT: Yes.

VM: Was the tour crazy? You were going out with Zeke and the Hookers. Zeke is certainly known for lots of chemicals being ingested, I should say.

WT: Oh, yes. Lots of chemicals ingested.

VM: Were there lots of whores to be had as well?

WT: Yes.

VM: I heard that there was a particular game or a gambling bet that was influenced by me, Vadge Moore, that was "Who can fuck the ugliest chick on tour" bet.

WT: Yes. This was Jerry wanting to do this one day. He and I were working together at this place down off the drag in Austin. He came up with this idea and I was not about to back down and tell him no.

VM: Because you're a man.

WT: Exactly.

VM: You knew you could fuck the ugliest chick.

WT: Yes.

VM: Because you have fucked plenty of ugly girls, haven't you?

WT: Yes, I sure have.

VM: When did this bet start and how did it transpire?

WT: It started from the first night we left Austin on tour and Jerry thought he had won in Atlanta, Georgia and I pretty much agreed. Everyone else thought that pretty much could not be beat.

VM: How ugly was she?

WT: She was assed ugly. Covered in shitty tattoos from head to toe, even around her eyes. Glasses that looked like bottoms of coke bottles. She probably had about 4 or 5 teeth in her whole mouth. Bleeding gums. Pretty nasty. We wouldn't even let her stay in the house we were staying at. We made her and Jerry stay out in the van. He got upset when she admitted she had herpes.

VM: Jesus Christ!

WT: He didn't actually cum.

VM: The bet is you just have to get past the portals.

WT: He got turned off when she said that. I don't know if he was wearing a rubber or not. I

think he pulled out and didn't want anything else to do with that. So, he stuck it in, but.

VM: Hey, you just have to get past the beef curtains. Good man.

WT: He was a proud boy the next day, thought that he had won the contest because she was pretty fucking ugly.

VM: But...?

WT: But, I came back with a vengeance. It was Green Bay, Wisconsin. Snowy night and about 400lbs of Jabba the slut.

VM: And you knew, if I have this whore in the bag, I've won.

WT: See, Jerry and I got separated from the rest of the band. It's snowing outside and were with this girl and she's going to give us a ride to where the rest of the guys are staying at. We're looking for this party. She's like "if we can't find this party, how about we just go back to my place and I'll fuck the shit out of both of you?" And Jerry and I were like, "OK, let's go". We knew we weren't going to have a place to stay the night if we didn't go with her. We got back to her place and I got to the restroom and when I come out and she's totally naked on the bed and Jerry is on top of her, straddling her neck, which is probably as big around as a keg of Lone Star and he's fucking this bitch in the face. He's on top of her and hears her start moaning and there I am buried between her legs going down on her. He got really upset. It really grossed him out that I would actually go down on someone like that. He got sick and went to the restroom. I think he was throwing up. When he came out I was going to town on that stuff. We woke up the next morning and Jerry woke up to me doing it again. The sun was out and you could pretty much see everything. It was pretty ugly. He was still convinced that he won. From the night before, the guys from Zeke saw the girl that I went down on and it was agreed I won. But, Jerry was like, "but my Atlanta girl had herpes. I won." We kept saying that he didn't have proof that she had herpes.

VM: It's all about who is the ugliest, not who has the disease.

WT: Donny and Marky from Zeke and even the guys from the Hookers said that I won, hands down. Jerry was really upset. He couldn't believe he lost, but he was a contestant, not a judge.

VM: So, what were you doing in music before you joined the Bulemics?

WT: I lived down in Houston for a while. I played with this band called Stinkerbell, a mostly girl band.

VM: I think I've heard of them?

WT: Yeah, we played with the Dwarves a few times.

VM: I think I've played with some the members?

WT: I think you have, yes. But not mine!

VM: How did you link up with the Bulemics?

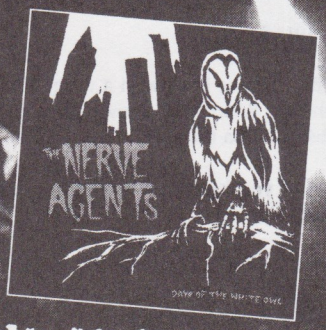
WT: Well, I moved to Austin, which is where I grew up. I've known Jerry since he was just old enough to get into clubs. When I moved back, the Bulemics were already together. They were having some problems with their guitar player and Jerry, said "come and try out." He knew I was into rock and roll and he knew I could play guitar. So, I went and tried out and that was it.

VM: What is rock and roll really about?

WT: That's a deep question. The intensity. Just, keeping it real, you know. Keeping rock evil. We're the real deal. ⊕



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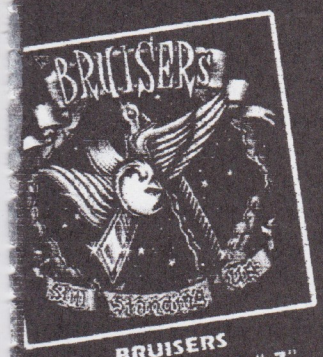


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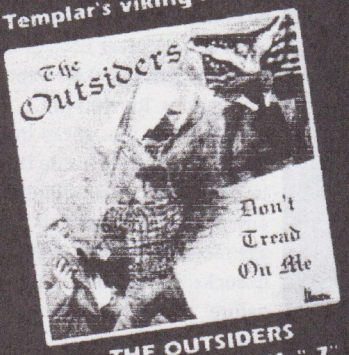
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HIT SQUAD

I acquired a copy of the original "Decline Of Western Civilization" movie recently. Probably paid too much on eBay for it, in fact, and it's only a dub (caveat emptor!), but at least it's not a shitty copy. It got me wondering where some of those kids, like Michael X-Head or Eugene, the scary skinhead, are now. Dead? Working for an internet startup? Living in the 'burbs with the wife and kids? It's been 20 years, after all. What would Darby Crash be doing now? Most likely telling his teenage daughter to turn down the fucking Backstreet Boys or something. That's probably how children of onetime punk rockers rebel against their parents — by listening to horrendous Top 40 swill.

One line that sticks in my mind, though, is Lee Ving from Fear's comment "So how come they let all you longhairs in here tonight? This is 1980... can't you afford a fucking haircut?" I think of that comment any time I see guys with long hair these days, especially people in my age range. IT'S 2000! CAN'T YOU AFFORD A FUCKING HAIRCUT?! Oh, it sucks getting bitter and judgmental and all that. But it's human nature. Admit it. Other columnists have their own fashion prejudices. I



Al Quint

can think of a recent column in *Hit List* that got a certain editor accused of all sorts of horrible things from that OTHER Bay Area punk zine, right Jeff? And I'll own up to the fact I'm old, fat, and dress like a slob. But you wouldn't catch me dead in those wide-leg jeans that are apparently popular with certain youthful segments. On a similar topic, why is it so goddamn hard to find jeans with enough space in the upper thigh, but that also taper down the leg. I don't want to wear clown pants. Thank (fill in deity) it's summer so I can wear shorts.

Still, getting back to hair length, I'll own up to my own longhair days, approximately 1989-1995. I grew my hair long, partially, as a reaction to a skinhead band I briefly played bass for (some members went on to be in a well-known skinhead/streetpunk band, but I'm not going to divulge who it was, because it really doesn't matter in this context)...it turned out one member of this band I played in was either ignorant or racist, depending on how much benefit of the doubt you want to give him. But when he showed up for practice wearing a Skrewdriver t-shirt, I knew that, A) I didn't want to be in a band with someone like this anymore, and B) For the foreseeable future, I was going to grow out my crew-cut or wiffle or whatever the fuck it was called, because I didn't want to look like a skinhead. I wanted to look as little like one as possible. Hell, I even grew a beard for a few months. Thankfully, only one photo of that exists and it's well-hidden, although it *is* with the handsome and talented Lou Koller of Sick Of It All. I didn't just grow my hair out; by '91, it was halfway down my back. And considering I usually kept my hair shorter in the front and on the sides, one could argue I had the dreaded mullet, although it wasn't anywhere close to the classic mullet styles that are the topic of much bemusement these days.

Yes, I'm a reformed longhair! It was teenage rebellion 15 years too late. That was probably the underlying psychological reason for doing it. See, I was too chickenshit to grow my hair to such lengths in the 70s while living at home. My family would have had none of it. I was too much of a wuss to completely rebel. The only form of rebellion was the music I listened to. Well, that and getting increasingly cantankerous as I got out of the house more. When I did finally have the long hair I'd always wanted, around the age of 30, I caught flak from my dad and uncle, in particular. Oh, they hated it. My uncle, the retired financial VP, especially. How the hell would I ever get some respectable, responsible position looking like that. Sorry, Uncle George, ain't gonna happen, long or short hair.

Looking back, though, I wonder, *what was I thinking*? It was a pain in the ass to take care of, for one thing. Took forever to dry. I was spending more on shampoo and conditioner. And it shed like a motherfucker. I still find stray hairs in LP jackets from that time period. Yuk! Then again, it fit in with the period of time I now, with some embarrassment, refer to as the "grunge years." When I was listening to music made by long-haired retro-rockers, mainly from Seattle. So I guess cutting my hair back to a reasonable length in '95 signified a severing of ties from that musical universe and a return to simpler punk basics, if you will. A cleaning of the slate. One guy I'm friendly with, who actually installed the computer I'm typing on, has grown his hair longer over the years, to the point where it's similar to the length I had about a decade ago and I always admonish him to "get a fucking haircut." Revisionist behavior to cover up my own abashment, I suppose. I cringe when I see pictures of myself from that time frame, although the photo of me taken with Lemmy from Motörhead, used on the liner notes of the *Suburban Voice* 15th anniversary CD, is kind of cool.

So I think it's kind of pathetic for the over-30 set to keep their hair long — sorry Jeff and Mel! I'll make exceptions, though. First, off, teenagers and young adults get a pass because it's likely they'll grow out of it. Come to the same realization I did that, for the most part, it looks silly on older guys and it's a pain the ass. Also, Bob, who engineers my CD compilations, is an inveterate longhair around my age, but he's a great guy, has been extremely helpful to yours truly, and thus gets a pass from my derision. Lemmy can carry it off, because he still fucking ROCKS. He's also a scary-looking motherfucker. But is it my imagination, or do those moles on his face get bigger with each passing year? Hey, listen, anyone who can still create music as thundering as he does deserves a break.

"So how come they let all you longhairs in here tonight? This is 1980... can't you afford a fucking haircut?"

On the other hand, while I remain an AC/DC fan, maybe it's time for Angus to give up the long hair, considering the receding hairline. To say nothing of the schoolboy uniform. I'm going to see them play this summer, and the thought of a 45-year old man in such garb seems pathetic. Why not wear a sensible t-shirt and jeans like your older brother Malcolm? I know, it's what's *expected* and, considering this is the most-conservative band in rock history, basically plying the same riffs for 25 years, why change anything now? Kevin DuBrow from Quiet Riot, you're fooling no one. I saw that receding hairline in the early 80s, and it's obvious you're wearing a wig now.

Submit to the inevitable!

I saw Peter Frampton recently on VH1. He gave into the hair loss — no hairpiece for him; instead, a short, dignified haircut. Too bad his music always has and always will BLOW!! The most-egregious example of fighting a losing battle has to be Knox from the Vibrators. Greatly thinned-out hair, almost bald from front to back, yet maintaining a long mane and it just looks pathetic. Give it up! Granted, Pat Todd of the Lazy Cowgirls has the bald pate with long hair in the back, but he carries it better. Plus, it's not ridiculously long. And he has superior fashion sense, as well.

So now I smugly laugh at folks who hang onto the longhair look. (Bikers are excluded from this discussion because, as I said, I'm a wuss and don't want my ass kicked). The aging hippies. The 70s leftovers. And, in the current so-called underground musical climate, long-haired rock is making a comeback, with the onset of bands like the Hellacopters, Backyard Babies, and a ton more. Some of it isn't too bad, but I went through this ten years ago and, while initially attracted to the loud rock once again, I'm kind of wondering if I want to go through the revival again. Certainly not from a hairstyle standpoint. It conjures up a period of time from which there aren't a lot of pleasant memories. For the bands who combine the rock 'n' roll with a punk influence, I salute you, to paraphrase Fearless Leader Bale. Without that cross-pollination, though, unless it's incredibly fresh sounding or irresistibly over the top, I don't really want as much of the rehash this time. To say nothing of the bands who are still pretending it's 1992 and continue to ape Helmet, Pearl Jam, or Nirvana. I know, I know, what about all those retro punk and hardcore bands you love, Al? Hasn't it been done already? I never claimed I was consistent! And, yes, a mohawk on a 40-year old is arguably as pathetic as a long hairstyle.

Still, it's the personal paradox. Deep-down, I'm a rock 'n' roller at heart. I grew up on metal and hard rock and, as I sit typing this, an Aerosmith tribute CD is playing in the background and I'm enjoying it, even if it's not a substitute for the real thing ("Right In The Nuts," Small Stone Records, PO Box 02007, Detroit, MI 48202, www.smallstone.com, for the curious). I just don't much like certain trappings of rock 'n roll all that much anymore. Come to think of it, I never really did. Never got into drugs or drinking or the party-hearty lifestyle. Plus, eventually, I was looking for something a little more progressive or enlightened, in terms of philosophy or lyrics. Something I could relate to, and would get the neurons firing. Granted, the punk/hardcore scene has its own demons, problems, etc., but it was a better fit for me and remains so. Something irks me when I see that convicted drunk driver/killer Vince Neil from Mötley Crüe state, as he did in *LA Times*, "We don't want to be up on a soapbox preaching about some war or how shitty life is. Quit whining." Gene "Moneybags" Simmons from Kiss has expressed the same sentiments in interviews. Hey, listen, sure there are times I want to be entertained, but is there anything wrong with pointing out society's ills? (as long as it's informed, of course, which is another matter altogether). Having a message to go along with the music? I hate that know-nothing mentality.

Also, being a rock 'n' roll bad-ass at this age seems almost silly. I know, as opposed to being a punk rocker? Isn't that just as laughable? Well, I don't label myself as such but, if pressed, yeah, I'm a punk rocker, at least in terms of attitude. It sometimes gets depressing going to all-ages shows where just about everyone is half your age or less. There are only a handful of over-30s who go to all-ages shows in Boston and its environs anymore. One kid, not disrespectfully, but out of seemingly genuine curiosity, wanted to know why I kept going and I had difficulty coming up with an answer off the cuff, except to mutter something about still enjoying the music and meeting people with fresh ideas and energy. That's probably close to the truth — it's still the music and meeting people who are untainted by the onset of age and the inevitable jading/cynicism process that accompanies it, although it seems as though youngsters reach that mentality at an earlier age now. On the other hand, it's always cool to meet someone in my age range who has "kept the faith." As cynical as I am about everything, I haven't completely given up hope on everything. Not yet, anyway. But I won't grow my hair long again. It just looks asinine...

...while I remain an AC/DC fan, maybe it's time for Angus to give up the long hair, considering the receding hairline.

Enough navel-gazing and name calling — and I'm sorry if this column seems half-assed, but that deadline sure as shit did sneak up on me once again. Time for a selection of music that's caught my ear recently.

JACK SAINTS — "Rock and Roll Holocaust"

How did I go this long without owning any music by this band? Yowza... starting with a Boris Badenov sample and bad enuff to live up to the lofty album title. Reckless garage thunder, connecting with a loose, fuzzed-up attack. Their brief version of "Cocaine" is done the way MC5 would've done it and it kicks into the nasty buzz of "Radiation Radio." "It's Good To Be The King," "Rock and Roll Deacon" and the live version of Radio Birdman's "What Give" kick it out hot 'n nasty, as well. Bonus cuts include live swill, radio spots and an actual riot at one of their gigs. Now that's punk rock. (Scooch Pooch/5850 W. 3rd St., #209/LA, CA 90036)

GOONS — "No Leaders"

The Goons really come into their own on this album, evolving from a pretty good band into a blistering unit. A hot and fast punk affair featuring spot-on, assaultive songs that have the rare combination of pulverizing power and catchiness. In a way, at least. This is aggro, not pop music. "White Tide" gets things started with a speedy blitz and the Goons don't flag for the next twenty or so minutes. Serge's over the top, bellicose vocal style — simultaneously soulful and cutting — is a defining characteristic and the lyrics express a cynical viewpoint on different issues, but they just as readily go for the ever-handy middle finger exhortation for "Hey You." Interesting cover design transposing Uncle Sam and the four living US presidents over a nuclear backdrop. No good punk or hardcore anymore? The Goons lay waste to that idea within a few seconds of the opening chords. (American Punk/802 South Broadway/Baltimore, MD 21231)

CODE 13 — "Complete Discography 1994-2000"

The renowned CD-hater Felix Havoc makes his band's work available on a 5" piece of aluminum. Whod'a thunk it? Anyway, this is so complete that it includes the songs from their recent split with DS-13, a Swedish powerhouse who you should also look into (see next review). Blistering, angry hardcore operating at a high-speed velocity. A thrashing, sometimes grinding assault, yet at the same time some memorable bits. "Spokesman For No-One" has a chorus that sticks in the head and they add an organ (?!) on occasion, most notably for "Paean." Then there are the 7 Seconds/Misfits' whooahs for "Mondo Aggro" and the almost-poppy unreleased track "Mall Rat Girl." Harsh and aggressive and also tight as hell. (Havoc/PO Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

HIT SQUAD

DS-13 — "Vad Vet Vi Om Kriget?" (Deranged)

I'm not up on my Swedish, but this band are certainly up on their hardcore and their debut 12" is a ferocious blast. Everything I've heard previously from them has kicked my ass and this album is no exception. Side one features 15 new songs and the flip has tracks from two split EP's recorded in 1997. The result? Maximum pummel, delivered at high speed, with a dead-on mosh part here and there (but no karate kicks allowed — only circle pits!) and lyrics mostly in English. There's certainly a message, but DS-13 don't allow themselves to be bogged down by dogmatism: "I say be gladly conscious/call yourself political if you want/I say take it to a reasonable level/And don't forget to have a fukkin good time." I wish more people would remember the last line of that chorus from "I Won't Dance To It." They still don't hold back the disgust for kickboxing mosh-pit jocks, nazis or Australian band Silverchair. Punishing and powerful. ($10 ppd to DerangedPO Box 543, Station P/Toronto, Ontario M55 2T1/CANADA)

THE CONTROL

Raging hardcore in fast, sharp bursts, this Buffalo band eschew the tough-guy style often affiliated with upstate New York for a faster-paced sound, adding a little melody in some of the guitar licks as well. Harsh, angry vocals and lyrics, with several songs focusing on the day to day tedium of life on the job (I'll bet one or more members of this band really *hate* where they work), while "Spare The Rod" deals with child abuse. Unleashing the rage. (+/- Records/PO Box 7096/Ann Arbor, MI 48107)

OUT COLD — "Two Broken Hearts Are Better Than One"

OUT COLD/VOORHEES — "Everything You Believed In Was A Lie"

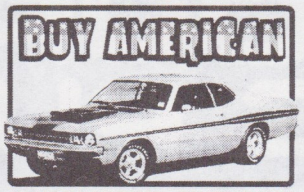
Out Cold remain one of the Boston area's most underrated bands. Under the radar of even the punk and hardcore establishment, while they put out one ripping record after another, they're better known overseas than in their hometown. "Two Broken Hearts" is their first studio album in about 3 years, following a live release and a few 7" releases. Completely ripping and ferocious, really stripping it down to the basics. Alienated and violent lyrics howled out by Mark Sheehan, matching the music's aggressive nature. How else to describe song titles like "Skinned Alive" or "Nailgun Murder." Sick, twisted and psychotic, acting as a purgative therapy session. Out Cold mainly operate in a loud and fast vein, but they're equally effective for the mid-tempo rage of "You'll Never Learn" and "It Went Bang," the only two songs that top the two minute mark. Persevering through a myriad of lineup changes and only getting better with age. The split with Voorhees has five new songs, recorded in March, and it's another dose of raw aggression. Voorhees' five tracks aren't any less intense, not as cleanly-produced, but effectively straddling the line between thrash and machine-gun blasts and a vocalist, Ian, who sounds as venomous as Mark from Out Cold and, on "House Arrest," just as paranoid of his outer surroundings. A more-than-sensible pairing. (Band contact: PO Box 441/Dracut, MA 01826; European release for "Two Broken Hearts": Kangaroo/Middenweg 13/1089AA Amsterdam/NETHERLANDS; Split available from Blackfish/PO Box 15/ Ledbury HR8 1YG/ENGLAND)

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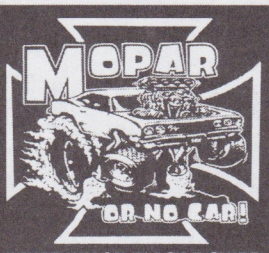


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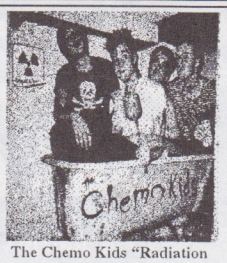
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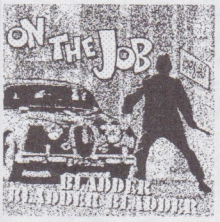
The COMMIES "R&R Alone" CD/EP of 77 Punk-Pop out now! Includes a Eater cover!



The Chemo Kids "Radiation Generation" 12 song CD out Think Dead Boys, Stooges!



The RIFFS "Underground Kick" 11 song CD out now! Portland's answer to the Sex Pistols, C. Rejects, Gen X et c



Bladder Bladder Bladder
A couple Brits living in the USA & doing 77 UK Punk. I.E Clash, Chelsea etc.



The Zillionaires s/t new CD out Now. This is what you'd get if you crossed Ramones , Crime & the Pagans!





The Dimestore Haloes "Revolt Into Style" & The Prostitutes 25 song CD both still available.

ALSO AVAILABLE : DEAD EMPTY "Tatooed Women" 7" on Red vinly out now! 7" by American Heartbreak, Upsets/Richmond Sluts, Chemo Kids & all the other Pealdo bands still available! Be sure to check the web page for details! Pelado Records also has a full mail order catalog with tons of stuff by labels like TKO, Hostage, Junk, Rapid Pulse, Radio & tons more Titles like Dropkick Murhpy's, Loose Lips, Reducers, Smogtown, Pushers, Duane Peters etc.

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Junk records

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Live at the Casbah

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THE SHUTUPS "HAUL OFF AND SMACK YOUR ASS"
SINGLE

THE SPITFIRES CD/LP "IN TOO DEEP AGAIN"
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in too deep again

THE DRAGONS CD/LP "ROCK LIKE FUCK"
DRAGONS R*L*F

THE BULEMICS CD/LP
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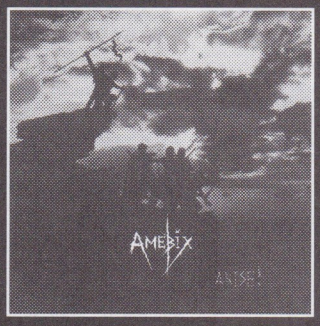
THE ONYAS "NO CONCESSIONS"

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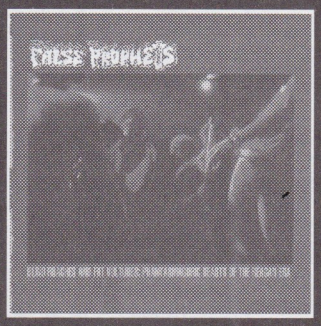
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FALSE PROPHETS
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The official musical anthology of this seminal political New York hardcore outfit from 1980-1885. Twenty one songs comprising over 79 minutes of music from album tracks, demos, comps, rare 7""s and practices. Also song notes, liner notes and tons of rare photos in a huge24 page booklet. Don't let this pass you by!
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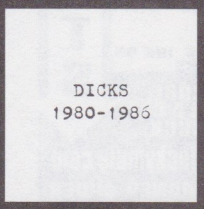
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VARIOUS ARTISTS
NOT SO QUIET ON THE...
A document of the N. California and Nevada punk scene as it was in 1982. Compiled by MRR founder Tim Yohannan. 47 bands in 84 minutes plus a 52 page booklet!
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1980-1986...
Infamous Texan punks with a retrospective anthology of their way too brief rock history. Includes their singles, various album tracks and some great live material.
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The discography of these Seattle, WA. hardcore pioneers. Fast, loud snotty and political too. Spawned bands like THE ACCUSSED. Fuck art, let's fart!
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PIRANHAS ATTACK

THE ALMIGHTY TOP TENS

SHIT LIST

Jami's Top Ten

1) BODIES live @ Inn Of The Beginning/ Cotati, CA
2) BRUISERS - "Live &Rare In The Pit" CD
3) THE PRETTY BOYS - Live @ Pop's in Chicago
4) CONTROLLERS - "Slow Boy" 7"
5) SCIENTISTS - "Frantic Romantic" 7"
6) V/A - "Brainkiller" LP
7) V/A - "Raw Records Punk Collection" CD
8) WRETCHED ONES - everything
9) TEMPLARS - everything
10) OXBLOOD - everything

Jeff Bale

1) THE ATTACK "Magic in the Air" CD
2) BONNIWELLMUSICMACHINE "Ignition" CD
3) CHORDS "So Far Away" CD
4) EDDIE & THE HOT RODS "Life on the Line" CD
5) EMBROOKS "Our New Day" CD
6) HAVE - NOTS 7"
7) MONKS "Five Ups at Americas" CD
8) Q65 "Revolution" CD
9) SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS "Do It Dog Style" CD
10) UPPER CRUST "live at the CW Saloon" CD

Jimi

1) THE 3DS "Girls, Bikinis, Guitars + Blood" LP
2)FIT S "I Can't Break Away" 7 "
3) CUTTHROATS 9 "You Should Be Dead" 7"
4) SUBINCISION "Berekeley's Newest
5) Hitmakers" CD
6) WIMPS "Pretty Marvalou" 7"
7)WHITE STRIPES "Destijl" LP
8) Jim Derogatis - "Let It Blurt" book on Lester Bangs
9) THE MAD "1978 EP" 12"
10) DEBRIS "Static Disposal" CD
11) FLAKES - Live
12) METROS "Black Leather" CD

Tina

1) PEEPS "Stiletto" EP (my label!)
2) EMBROOKS "Our New Deal" CD
3) NIKKI & THE CORVETTES C D
4) (Chris Santamaria &) DUMBASSES live at Gilman.
5) HYPSTRZ live in Minneapolis at the Turf Club
6) (Sean K &) ANARCHIST SEED FARMERS live in the Trader Joe's Dumpster
7) DOGS "The Kids are Back to Rock and Roll" LP
8) [accidentally got deleted]
9) LOS SEXARINOS live at CW Saloon
10) PINKZ live at The Tempest

Alan Wright

1) SOLA R FLARES - "Psychedelic Tantrum" CD
2) JEWWS - "Heartbreaker" 10"
3) AMERCIAN HEARTBREAK - "What Do You Deserve" CD
4) LORD HIGH FIXERS - "Is Your Club A Secret Weapon" CD
5) BODIES - "Addicted To You" CD
6) REATARDS - "Grown Up, Fucked UP" CD
7) ELECTRIC BANANA - "Blows Your Mind" CD
8) NO ALTERNATIVE - "Johnny Got His Gun" CD
9) ZIPPS - "Be Stoned" LP
10) PRISONERS - "There's A Time" 10"

Jeremy

1) DIABLO 2 (Video Game)
2) DILLINGER FOUR "vs. God" CD
3) AVAIL "One Wrench" CD
4) V/A "Angus Soundtrack" CD
5) WEEZER Live & "Pinkerton"
6) NOTHING COOL Demo CD
7) AMERICAN STEEL Live
8) THE STEREO & MIDTOWN Live
9) V/A - "Break-Up Records Guide To Entertaining" CD
10.NEW BOMB TURKS "Nightmare Scenario" CD

Brett Mathews

1) TSAR "Calling All Destroyers" C D
2) AMERICAN HEARTBREAK "Postcards From Hell" CD
3) HAVE-NOTS "Kids All Right / Go Away" 7"
4) NERVE AGENTS "White Owl"
5) NOFX "Pump Up The Valume"
6) LAST IN LINE new demo CD
7) FUCK YOU UPS- "Fuck City Baby" 7 "
8) Did I mention TSAR?
9) The addition of great people like Justin Wright, Mark Devito, and Adam X to the Hit list family.
10) The fact that there are actually like 5 bands in our record release section that start their names with the word Mad.

Athena

1) CRISPUS ATTUCKS "& Destroy the Teacer" CD
and live
2) new DYSTOPIA 7" & live
3) HOPELESS DREGS OF HUMANITY "Buildin Da Muthaphuckin Revolution!" 7"
4) RINGWORM "Last Call in the Free World" CD
5) SOCIETY OF FRIENDS AKA QUAKERS "Volume III" 7"
6) Hardcore Kitchen record store in Kobe, Japan
7) Slug & Lettuce zine
8) DAMAD live at Gilman
9) WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? live
10) Lance Armstrong winning the Tour de France

Mark Devito

1) KISS "Kiss Alive 2" 2 X LP
2) ZEN GUERRILLA "Trance States In Tongues" CD
3) SYNERGY "To Hell And Back" C D
4) BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND "Nine Tonight (LIVE)" 2 X LP
5) AC/DC "Powerage" LP
6) SAVATAGE "Dungeons Are Calling" LP
7) RIOT "Fire Down Under" C D (re-issue)
8) DRAMATICS "Do Watcha Wanna Do" L P
9) FEAR "The Record" LP
10) Cymande "Soul Of Rasta" CD (comp. re-issue)

Adam X - (X) Top Ten (in my car stereo)

1) SMACK "State of Independence" CD
2) GENERATION X "Idol Generation" CD
3) LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH "Anthology" C D
4) JIM CARROLL "A World Without Gravity" CD
5) THE FIGGS "Couldn't Get High" C D
6) N .W.A. "Legacy" CD
7) SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK "Ultimate 12 Collection" CD
8) THE DAMNED "The Light at the End of the Tunnel" CD
9) DEVIL DOGS "Big Beef Bonanza" C D
10) U.K. SUBS "The Singles 1978-1982" CD

Your fearless leaders through the vast and daunting catacombs of rock 'n' roll recordings. Just so you know who to blame when you plunk down your hard earned cash on a slab of plastic, run home as fast as your little punk legs will carry you and spin it anxiously, only to find it completely, totally and indisputably sucks: Athena Dread (AD), Tina Lucchesi (TL), Jeremy Cool (JER), Brett Mathews (BAM), Dave Johnson (DGJ), Jimi Cheetah (JC), Sara Bellum (SB), Jeff Bale (JB), Dimitri Monroe (DJM) Jami Wolf (JAW), and Ramsey Kanaan (RK), Mark Devito (MD), Adam X (X).

S H I T L I S T

THE 3D'S
"Girls, Bikinis, Guitars, and Blood" LP
Wonderful, lo-fi trashed-out noise. It reminds me of early BIG BOYS with some organ and a Jack'o'fire production job. The songs have all the rock'n'roll staple themes, like outer space, girls, fast cars, and streetfighting~the latter is best exemplified in "Picking Teeth Out Of My Knuckles": "Get On Your Feet/Pick A Spot In The Street/Where You Can Bleed For A While/I Smoke My Cigarette With Style". An excellent band that you all should seek out. (JC)
(Pequeno/1521 Stevens Avenue/Huntsville, AL 35801)

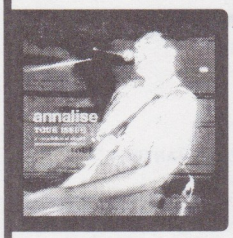
7-10 SPLITS
"From the Tall Corn Country" 7" EP
Oh boy, pop punk! Typical guitar riffs and drumbeats. Yawn. Funny lyrics, though. I can relate to"Yard Sale", and "I Love Your Mom Up Your Alley" isOK. I've heard all this before-about a million times. (TL)
(Big Neck/PO Box 8144/Reston, VA 20195)

98 MUTE
"Slow Motion Riot" CD
The third album from these SoCal melodic punkers finds them mining the richvein of melodic hardcore first opened up by the likes of GOOD RIDDANCE. Thealbum is produced by Fletcher from PENNYWISE, which is another pretty good reference point. Intelligent lyrics put to a driving punk beat. A welcome addition to a largely overpopulated genre, which is no small feat. (RK)
(Epitaph/2798 Sunset Blvd/Los Angeles, CA 90026)



ALIEN CRIME SYNDICATE
"From the Word Go"CD
Being a current fixture of the S.F. rock scene, I've heard about this band for a long time. They were nothing like what I expected. I had absolutely no idea they were so pop hungry, so you should expect a lot of quirky keyboard lines and lyrical mimes. If you're into radio friendly music, you may want to pick up this "more pop/no rock" disc, which is video enhanced. (X)
(WEA)

ALL
"Problematic" CD
ALL's latest sees them harder, meaner, and (gasp) angry and political - Christians and class injustice are as likely to be recipients of their angst these days as chicks who break their hearts. Never fear though, there is enough of the sugar-sweet pop to keep the old fans more than satisfied. But overall (!?), ALL seem to be picking up where the masterful "Breaking Things" left off, and driving their patented pop sound into hard rockin overdrive. (RK)
(Epitaph/2798 Sunset Blvd./Los Angeles, CA 90026)

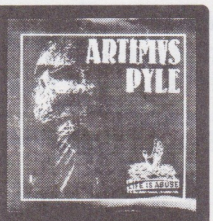


ANNELISE
"Tour Issue" CD
What a pleasant surprise! These guys are kinda like the English DILLINGER FOUR, though with a more wistful, MOULD-ian quality to them. A great record about being an aging punk in a nowhere town (in their case, Exeter). This is definitely one of my "finds" this issue. Highly reccomended, especially if you're an aging sellout like me...shit...I'm only 24. (DGJ)
(Ding Dong Ditch/PO Box 2409/Kalamazoo, MI 49003)

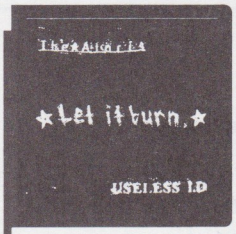
ANTISEEN
"Southern Hostility/Eat More Possum" CD
This re-mastered re-release of the two ANTISEEN albums on one disc is anincredible collection of rough and ready rock'n,roll. It's edgy to thehilt and has 32 tracks of classic ANTISEEN. In your face, song aftersong, this collection of "calls it as I sees it" drunken brawl, and fuck'em all take no bullshit anthems, are just what you need. It's certainly what Ineeded. Thanks. (MD)
(Man's Ruin/610 22nd Street/San Francisco, CA 94107)

APPLE
"All Punks Please Leave Earth" CD
A stirring live set from this 80's "peace-punk" band, recorded in 1987 atthe legendary Tin Pan Alley. While the sound quality isn't wonderful, the power, passion, fury and songwriting eloquence shine through with style. Includes fine versions of PETER SEEGER's "Where Have All The Flowers Gonie?" and DYLAN's "Blowing In The Wind", which the band really made their own. A fine introduction to an era when political music and activism didn't signify lyrical cliches and shitty, rehashed music. (RK)
(Broken/PO Box 460402/San Francisco, CA 94146)

ARRIVALS
"Goodbye New World" CD
15 shards of guitar-driven, rough-edged pop/rock that leans more to the snotty CHEAP TRICK or REPLACEMENTS end of the dial. If they wrote some catchier tunes, they'd be approaching hallowed UNDERTONES territory. As it is, this is a pretty pleasant excursion into some decent guitar tuneage that defies easy categorization. (RK)
(Thick/409 North Wolcott Avenue/Chicago, IL 60622)



ARTIMUS PYLE
"Life Is Abuse" EP
A noisy hardcore band that,s almost as scary as the man they associate themselves with. Throaty screaming and intense music. (JC)
(Life Is Abuse/PO Box 20524/Oakland, CA 94620)



ATARIS/USELESS ID
"Let It Burn" CD
8 tracks from each. The ATARIS material is not new, but stuff from comps and previously unused versions, that kind of thing. All very good in thatmelodic pop-punk style that you either love or not. USELESS ID are from Israel, and prove truly that punk knows no international barriers. I.e., they sound like they could be from Southern California, as they have that LAGWAGON/FACE TO FACE/NOFX sound down pat. I dig that sound, and they do it
well. (RK)
(Kung Fu/PO Box 3061/Seal Beach, CA 90740)



THE ATTACK
"Magic in the Air" CD
An outstanding English band from the 1967-68 era that's finally getting its due with the appearance of this reissue. They churned out a number of fabulous but criminally ignored singles (some A-sides on which were unluckily released almost simultaneously by others, including JEFF BECK). Their music straddles the sometimes porous boundaries between late modbeat (like "Anymore Than I Do"), freakbeat (such as "Feel Like Flying"), and heavy rockin, psychedelia (like "Colour of My Mind"), and featured a crunchy rhythm section, periodic organ frills, loud guitars, melodic vocals, and a rather druggy vibe. Their first 45 was a fine (but thoroughly British-sounding) version of "Try It", a song made famous by the STANDELLS. (JB)
(Aftermath, no address listed)

THE AUTHORITY
"On Glory's Side" CD
Honestly, this doesn't move me much, except to fast forward through each song while waiting for the great one to hit me square in the jaw. However, I'm still standing. Overall, the vocals are kinda weak, and the songs~I'd swear I've heard them somewhere before. In general, this is pretty boring, generic "glory", "war on the streets", "work" type stuff. (JAW)
(Outsider/PO Box 92708/Long Beach, CA 90809)



AVAIL
"One Wrench" CD
How do you follow up what could have been one of the top five albums of last decade? After two years off, a new drummer, and a new label, AVAIL give us "One Wrench". While still better than 97% of the bands out there, this just isn't quite "Over The James", the band's masterpiece. I would still put it somewhere between "Dixie" and "4 AM Friday", which is a great place to be. If you love angry, riff-driven, melodic rock punk, go buy everything this band has ever done. (BAM)
(Fat/Po Box 193690/San Francisco, CA 94119)

REVIEWS

BABY STRANGE
"No Rest For Bandits" CD
Who among us truly understands the French? They seem to hate Americans, yet they love Jerry Lewis. This CD EP is no exception. The artwork is awful, but the music luckily hints at the VIBRATORS, the SUICIDE TWINS, or the JACOBITES. Since their fifth song is entitled "Crazee Night", this makes me believe BABY STRANGE is not unlike their own homeland. A lot of cheese, a lot of wine. (X)
(Baby Strage/11 Rue Neuve Popincourt/75011 Paris/FRANCE)

BENDIXON
"The Slaying Of The Dragon" CD
Nerd rock ala WEEZER with cheesy 80's synth. This really isn't bad, but there's a lot of this going around right now, and they,re neither the top of the heap, nor the bottom of the barrel. Just somewhere in the middle. I'd rather listen to THE STEREO or MIDTOWN. (JER)
(1208 SE Boise/Portland, OR 97202)



BEYOND DESCRIPTION
"Chaos Days in 1992" 7"
What a cool looking record: the cover is black ink on silver paper, the vinyl is clear and the label is black on silver again. I like a band that can color coordinate. The songs on here were all originally recorded in 1992; one of the songs is previously unreleased, one was previously released on a Panx (France) comp, and the other was on a comp CD from an American label. It seems there is only one original band member left in the current lineup, so this is a good representation of what Japan's BEYOND DESCRIPTION originally sounded like. I really dig the first song on here, "Interference." It has an old punk sound to it that,s a bit reminiscent of NEGATIVE APPROACH. The other two songs are straight up thrash like these guys have been doing it since their onset in 1988.
(Smog Veil Records/PMB 454-774/Mays #10-I.V., NV 89451 U.S.A.)

BIERPATRIOTEN CD
Beer Patriots? Is this what BIERPATRIOTEN means? [Ed.~yes] Anyhow, WHOA! This is very metal-y "street punk" with ultra harsh vocals. The straight-up metal leads and crunchy riffage, dudes, would probably make for a good Metal Blade release. Anyhow, these boys are from Berlin, and since they sing in German I have no clue as to what the fuck they are singing about. But they sure sound like they mean business. (JAW)
(Bad Dog/PO Box 610641/10937 Berlin/GERMANY)



BIG, BIG FURNACE
"Tonky Porter" CD EP
These guys really, really like VonBohlen and Kinsella. This sort of reminds me of a cross between the PROMISE RING and Kinsella's AMERICAN FOOTBALL project. While VonBohlen's lyrics can be obscure yet charming, most of the stuff on this record is just kinda cloying and annoying. On the surface, it's not bad emo-lite, but the deeper you dig, the more irksome it gets. (DGJ)
(Crustacean/PO Box 370156/Madison, WI 53237)

BIG BOBBY & THE NIGHTCAPS
"Harms Way" EP
Great garagey punk'n'roll with Mr. Steve Baise's bass playing and production. Drumming is Mr. CANDY SNATCHER Sgt. Stash. Great dirty barroom r'n'r. This band seems like they'd be fun to see live with a few brewskies under your belt. "Oo Bop Sha Boom" is awesome. (TL)
(Black Lung/PO Box 39278/Louisville, KY 40233)

BITCHIN'
"A Taste For The Rock in the Night" cassette
Sam, Chuck from HOT WATER MUSIC's other half (she's in RUMBLESEAT with Chuck and Chris as well), gave me this tape. This is great shit; at the risk of doing the Obvious-Florida-pigeonhole dance, they sound kind of like a cross between HWM and DISCOUNT. Cool songs, with maybe a little bit of AARON COMETBUS (think CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE) writing influence. I'd love to hear these folks recorded a bit better. (DGJ)
(hellcatsam@hotmail.com)

BLACK CAT MUSIC
"The Only Thing We'll Ever Be Is Alone" CD
I hear these kids are snot-nosed motherfuckers, so I was gonna bash the shit out of 'em. But I can't. This is slippery, raunchy rock'n'roll that reminds me of all the bad attitude bands that made me the deliciously hateful punk that I am today. We're talking DEAD BOYS, DOLLS, TELEVISION, a measurable dose of indie rock, and a little emo-tude as well. I think I'll hang on to this one. (SB)
(Cheetah/PO Box 4442/Berkeley, CA 94704)

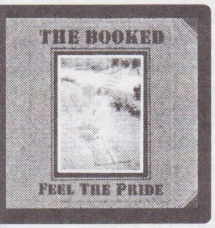
BLACK HALOS
"Jane Doe / Russian Roulette" 7"
The house favorites are back with two more rockers. "Jane Doe" is a little more aggressive than your typical HALOS song, but it rules none the less. The B-side has the boys wearing their influences on their sleeves, as they pull off an amazing acoustic rendition of the LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH's "Russian Roulette". A must have for any fan of r'n'r. (BAM)
(Sub Pop/PO Box 20645/Seattle, WA 98102)



MARC BOLAN
"Cat Black" CD
BOLAN was an over-charismatic Brit responsible for the glam, glitter and (arguably) punk movements. Like it or not, Marc's band T-REX influenced everything, and his music is unlike anything. I already have these recordings somewhere, but damn is it great to listen to! The story on these songs is that they were locked away unfinished until '81, when long time producer Tony Visconti added the rest of the music to the deceased Marc's guitar and vocal tracks. (X)
(Cleopatra/13428 Maxella Avenue #251/Marina Del Ray, CA. 90292)

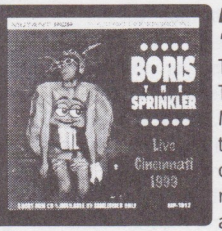


BONNIWELL MUSIC MACHINE
"Ignition" CD
A very welcome collection of rare and unreleased MUSIC MACHINE songs, ranging from their 1965 incarnation as the RAGAMUFFINS to later 67-69 lineups of the MM. I anticipated favoring their earliest material, but it turned out that the quality level had no simple chronological basis. There are clearly some throwaway cuts herein, but songs like "Everything is Everything", "Two Much", "Advise and Consent", "Mother Nature-Father Earth", and "Talk Me Down" could fit comfortably on their great debut LP, and the slow, moody "Dark White" is truly one of their finest moments. (JB)
(Sundazed/PO Box 85/Coxsackie, NY 12051)



BOOKED
"Feel The Pride" CD
Definitely in the top echelon of today's streetpunk bands. Thankfully, they eschew apeing the Brits and instead perform a very passable rendition of the early RANCID straight-ahead anthemic steamroller. The lyrics are the typical mishmash of supposedly "working-class" prerogatives - looking smart, working hard, drinking harder, fighting for kicks, pride and unity. They do assert that they are strongly against fascism and nazism, but find reguge in the tired old patriotic horseshit. (RK)
(Radical/77 Bleecker Street #C2-21/New York, NY 10012)

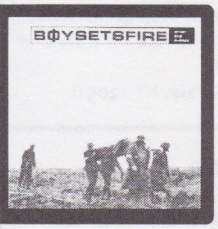
BOOTS AND BRACES
"11 Pints Of Oi!" CD
This is actually not as over-the-top Oi as the title, art, or band name would suggest. They have the uptempo singalong choruses, but the bulk of the tunes have a strong rock influence. Not my favorite GMM release of late. That doesn't mean it's bad. The band has potential, but I'm just not sold on this release. (JC)
(GMM/PO Box 15234/Atlanta, GA 30333)



BORIS THE SPRINKLER
"Live, Cincinnati 99" CD
This is tough-I like BORIS THE SPRINKLER and I like Mutant Pop, but I have trouble recommending this one. The sound quality is rough, which is okay for the actual songs, but not for Rev. Norb's rants, which are plentiful on this CD. I'm sure that what he was saying is funny, I just can't understand a word of it. In short, great band, sour recording. (JC)
(Mutant Pop/5010 NW Shasta Avenue/Corvalis, OR 97330)

SHITLIST

BOULDER
"Ravage and Savage" CD
The cover art and packaging are very well done, but unfortunately you can't judge a book by its cover. This band's got a lot of potential, but the sound quality here makes you wish that there was a special fund for bands to get a decent recording session. Garage heroes? Big songs through a tiny speaker, almost like a mono sound. BOULDER is too big to come out sounding like this. Plus, anyone who is a MENTORS fan can't be all bad. (MD)
(Tee Pee/PO Box 20307/New York,NY 10009)



BOY SETS FIRE
"After the Eulogy" CD
I guess now that SNAPCASE has gone alterna-metal, having a band that sounds like old, good SNAPCASE isn't a bad thing. Anger-filled hardcore, and the title track chants, "Where's your anger, where's your fucking rage!?" Chunky guitars and pissed-off vocals that don't need to scream to get the passion across - they can actually sing melodically on cue. A good combo of HC and post-HC. (BAM)
(Victory/PO Box 146546/Chicago, IL 60614)



BRIAN SETZER ORCHESTRA
"Vavoom!" CD
Just when we all thought the "swing thing" was done, SETZER rips by us with this. He can really do no wrong. He walks the walk, talks the talk, then sings and plays the fuck out of anything he gets his hot rod hands on. Undeniably, the hottest track to rock by is the COCHRAN-esque, "Drive Like Lightning (Crash Like Thunder)." Live, expect him to strip his big band down to a rockabilly core for a few numbers. Viva la swing? (X)
(Interscope/2220 Colorado Avenue/Santa Monica, CA 90404)



BROKEN
"Rush Hour" CD
These guys take the old long-player moniker literally. A packed CD's worth of angry, political, raging old-style hardcore. Think of a less metallic FINAL CONFLICT, or early G.B.H. and DISCHARGE, and you'll get the right idea. Or left idea. 17 tracks dripping with venom. These old dudes (ex-members of the PIST and BALTIMORE FOOT STOMPERS) are getting long in the tooth and fat around the middle, but they still know how to kick up a ruckus. (RK)
(Coldfront/PO Box 8345/Berkeley, CA 94707)

THE BRUISERS
"In The Pit: Live & Rare" CD
This is a collection of alternate, unreleased, and live versions of various awesome BRUISERS tunes, some of them ranging as far back as their first sessions in the late 80's/early 90's. Overall, this is a great BRUISERS collection which really demonstrates the powerful, driving American streetpunk that these East coasters are known for. This includes unreleased versions of "Bloodshed", and other great, harder to find tunes like their cover of IRON CROSS, "Live For Now". (JAW)
(TKO/4104 24th Street #103/San Francisco, CA 94114)

BUENO
"Nothing New For Trash Like You" CD
Four tracks of pure musical (and lyrical) genius. Perhaps the best record of 2000 to date. Mix up the high-end crunch and lyrical concerns of PROPAGANDHI, the driving melodies and harmonies of PENNYWISE, and a healthy dose of 80s twin guitar rock a la IRON MAIDEN or the SCORPIONS, and you have what I predict will deservedly be the next big thing. This also comes with an incredible CD-Rom component chock full of essays, articles and political analysis. These guys turn it up to eleven, and then some. (RK)
(Volcom Entertainment/1740 Monrovia Avenue/Costa Mesa, CA 92627)



THE CATASTROPHE
"The Catastrophe Meet the Cobb Boys" CD
When you put this CD on, take the cover art and hide it somewhere. It will distract you. This power trio have great chops and the songs are good, but not great. It's hard to classify them as metal, really. Three-piece bands tend to rock just as hard as four or more (i.e., MOTORHEAD, RUSH, etc.), but there is a missing element here. The vocals crack at times, which make you cringe a bit. I found myself forcing myself to listen, but finally walked away not thrilled. (MD)
(Catastrophic Production/2322 Plymouth Street/Oshkosh, WI 54901)

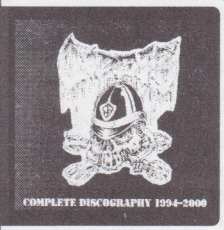


CHORDS
"So Far Away" CD
The JAM-inspired neo-Mod movement of the late 70s-early 80's produced three great bands, the JOLT, the PURPLE HEARTS, and the CHORDS. On this CD reissue, Captain Mod has wisely included not only the latter's debut LP, with its host of quality upbeat rockers (such as the title track, "Maybe Tomorrow", "Happy Families", "Breaks My Heart", and "Something's Missing"), but also several killer bonus tracks (including the extended version of "Now It's Gone" and "Don't Look Back", arguably their best song). I'm dusting off me parka. (JB)
(Captain Mod/ PO Box 501/High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)

CHURCH OF CONFIDENCE
"Livin' on Crime" CD
High energy and catchy choruses help me forgive this CD's clumsy, rebel lyrics. Right down to the tough cum campy cover art, I'm telling you I like this CD the same way I like SOCIAL DISTORTION or BAD RELIGION. Though suspiciously German, I wish more US bands played this well and this minimally. The last four tracks really slow down the finish, so be sure to hit shuffle when you pop this in your player. (X)
(Anti/Orangienstrasse 37/10997 Berlin/GERMANY)



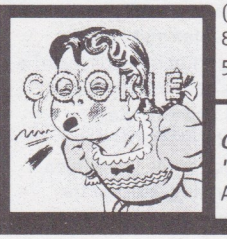
CLASSACTION 7"
The guy in the photo on the front cover of this 7" looks like he's carrying a watermelon on the end of an axe. Weird. CLASSACTION plays metal-ish thrash with yelled vocals. The record doesn't come with a lyric sheet so I don't know what their songs are about. (AD)
(Rodent Popsicle Records/P.O. Box 335/Newton Center, MA 02459)



CODE 13
CD
It's hard to believe that CODE 13 have a discography out already as I still tend to think of them as Felix, new band, but here it is six years later. This CD has a total of 50 songs on it from the band,s various 7" and compilation releases. It's great that all of their material has been compiled here as many of the compilations and 7" that these songs originally came out on are now hard to find. It's interesting to listen in one sitting as to how the band's sound progressed through the years from metallic hardcore to more back-to-basics hardcore. (AD)
(Havoc Records/P.O. Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408)



CODE 13/D.S.-13
13 song split 7"
This rips from start to finish. Sweden's D.S.-13 side rawks much balls and ovaries with awesome lyrical content covering topics about lying cops to the love of touring. Their fervor and passion for playing transcends from the record player to the whole room. The CODE 13 side well represents what,s happening in American hardcore now. It's fast, angry, and new yet you can definitely hear the earlier influences coming through. Both bands complement each other well. I am going to see D.S.-13 in two days and I can't wait! (AD)
(Havoc Records/P.O. Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

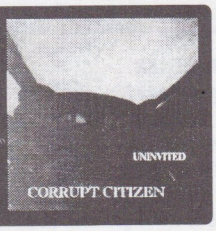


COOKIE
"All Hell Can't Stop US" CD
A polished chick singer

REVIEWS

fronting countryfied, rockabillyish punk rock,n,roll is the thing here. COOKIE is a three-piece band out of Seattle, and although it's OK nothing here really gets me going. "Black and Blue 4U" has a pretty good hook, but
that's about it. (TL)
(Last Chance/3812B SE Division/Portland, OR 97202)

COPS AND ROBBERS
"Face To Face With Hate" CD
Hey, this is good old-style menacing, shit-fast punk rock. D.R.I. would be proud, and so would peace punk bands like CONFLICT UK and those of similar morality. I would say these guys were from some old school band, but they look too young and sound too fresh, like they really believe what they're on about, as opposed to some old dinosaur punks who are secretly stockbrokers just rehashing the glory days. (SB)
(ADD/270 Central Street/Hingham, MA 02043)



CORRUPT CITIZENS
"Uninvited" CD
Gee, this sounds kinda serious. Yeah, it is. What we have here is, I think, angry, misunderstood boy-rock. Not to be condescending, because it's really good. The vocals are appropriately tortured, and there are nice backing vocals throughout. I would call this emo, but it's not quite in that vein. A little humorless, but this is the kind of record that could mean everything, to someone. (SB)
(Sunset Alliance/PO Box 31596/Phoenix, AZ 85046)

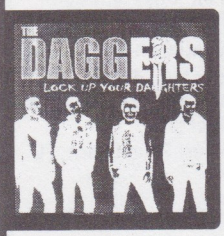


CREEPS/BLACK LOVE
"Pig" 7"
Two bands that would fit nicely on the Confederacy Of Scum roster. The CREEPS are more hardcore, while BLACK LOVE is more rock and roll. (JC)
(Diaphragm/2480 Indianola Avenue/Columbus, OH 43202)

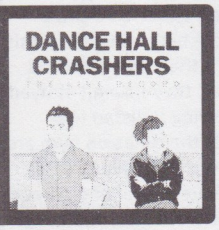
CRISPUS ATTUCKS
"-Destroy the Teacher" CD
This is one of the best CDs I've heard in a long time. This band plays fast in an early 80's Mystic kind of way yet still mixes it up with more modern sounding hardcore thrown in thus creating their own sound. This is aggressive and a punch-in-the-face. This totally reminds me of those old Thrasher magazine skaterock compilations. CRUSPUS ATTUCKS is rad live, too. (AD)
(Soda Jerk/P.O. Box 4056/Boulder, CO 80306)

CRUCIAL YOUTH
"The Post-Machine" CD
All Hail the mighty CRUCIAL YOUTH, the greatest of all straightedge bands. Groups like JUDGE, the GORILLA BISCUITS, and YOUTH OF TODAY quaked in their boots when this beast roamed the earth. A great collection of all the essential CRUCIAL YOUTH tunes, including hits like "Positive Dental Outlook", "Just One Beer", "Four Food Groups", and "Me and Mr. T." (JC)
(New Red Archives/PO Box 210501/San Francisco, CA 94121)

CUTTHROATS .09
"You Should Be Dead/Can't Do A Thing" 7"
Chris Spencer from UNSANE has a new band that shreds. Side A is much in the UNSANE vein, and tells the grisly story of him almost getting beaten to death. Side B delves into manic swamp-blues done in a very fresh and exciting way. A great 7". I hope to hear more in the future. (JC)
(Reptilian/403 S. Broadway/Baltimore, MD 21231)



DAGGERS
"Lock Up Your Daughters" CD
For some reason I was already eager to hear this CD. Most likely it was the red, white, and black cover art. What makes the DAGGERS so great is that they aren't so good. If you love rock'n'roll and can live with mistakes, then definitely try this one out. The inscription on the back cover sums it up best, "File under Punk'n'Roll." That's right, so send me a medium/large shirt, DAGGERS. (X)
(Unity Squad/354 W. 100 N/Logan, UT 84321)

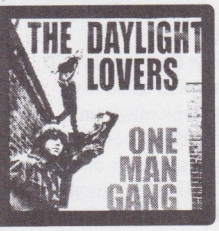


DANCE HALL CRASHERS
"The Live Record: Witless Banter and 25 Mildly Antagonistic Songs of Love" CD
Ladies and Gentlemen, here are the DANCE HALL CRASHERS! Now, where's the ska? Where did it go? The ska fad has finally passed and left the DANCE HALL CRASHERS with 25 live tracks from a day gone by. I was more than happy to review this, because the DHC didn't win me over until I saw them live. They were a great band of performers for those summers of ska, and this disc serves as one helluva headstone. (X)
(Pink & Black/PO Box 190516/San Francisco, CA 94119)



DARKBUSTER
"22 Songs That You'll Never Want To Hear Again" CD
The self-deprecating title doesn't do them any ustice. What we have here are excellent renditions of a wide variety of current punk and ska styles popular with the kids. Pop-punk, street punk, snotty SCREECHING WEASELesque tunes, melodic hardcore, ska-punk, all played with verve, panache, enthusiasm, and a real modicum of technical proficiency. (RK)
(Darkbuster/23 Jacobson Street/Norwood, MA 02062)

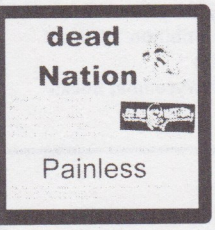
DARKEST HOUR
"The Mark Of Judas" CD
From the way these toughies sound, I was thinking they had better be from some ice-covered netherland in Europe or something. Then I realized that it was New York, and I figured that was close enough. Speed rock with elements of punk and metal of the blackest alloy. (SB)
(MIA/315 Church Street, 2nd floor/New York, NY 10013)



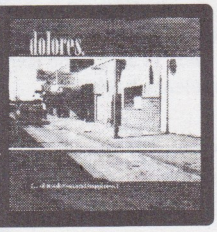
DAYLIGHT LOVERS
"One Man Gang" 7"
This is short, not-so-sweet, and to the point: non-produced, lo-fi, raw as shit, garage-y rock'n'roll. "Riding On The 262" is the catchy one on this record. The DAYLIGHT LOVERS are not re-inventing the wheel here, but they still take care of business. (JAW)
(High School Refuse/Berlageweg12/9731 LN Groningen/HOLLAND)



DEADLYNIGHT SHADE
"Beyond the Door" 7" EP
Cool farfisa-driven modern garage stuff. Two rockin', original instrumentals and one above-average cover of "Suzie Q" that they have a good sense to freak out at the end of, rather than simply plodding along with in the original style. (JC)
(Zodiac/88 Cooledge Dr./Brewster, NY 10509)



DEAD NATION
"Painless" 7"
This is DEAD NATION,s final release, as the band broke up right after recording it. They play hardcore punk that verges on thrash at times although one of the eight songs on the second side is slow and kind of boring. I definitely like their faster stuff better. I can't tell you what the songs are about or what the graphical content covers since my ugly promotional copy didn't come with the lyric sheet or the original artwork. (AD)
(Kangaroo Records/Middenweg 13, 1098 aa, Amsterdam, Holland)

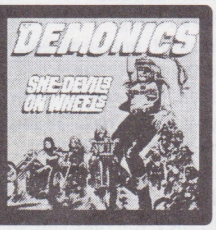


DELORES
"..of resolution and happiness" EP
Kinda like THE GET UP KIDS, only more sensitive. I'm kidding, this is boring and self indulgent. (JER)
(Ball Tray / Johann's Face/234 River Road/Topsham, ME 04086)

SHITLIST



DEMENTIA THIRTEEN
"Do the Snake" 7" EP
Nice BLUE CHEER rip-off 7" cover. Garage punk similar to the STATICS and early MAKERS, with a smidgen of SUPERCHARGER, and you'll get the idea. "Do the Snake" is catchy, but nothing really wows me. (TL)
(Smilin Bob/PO Box 1002/Homewood, IL 60430)



DEMONICS
"Demon On Wheels" CD
Brilliant self-described "Drag punk mayhem". These rockers power through 13 tracks of SUPERSUCKERS meet the REZZILIOS at BRIAN WILLSON's house-style rock'n'roll. This CD is the band's tribute to 60's biker and "B" movies, which only adds to the aura of the album. Pick this bad boy up. (BAM)
(Man's Ruin/610 22nd St. #302/San Francisco, CA 94107)

DEPRESSIONS
"The Punk Rock Collection" CD
Back in 1977 I wasn,t all that impressed with the DEPRESSIONS, since at the time I was looking for something new and they seemed to be archaic pub-style purveyors of rockin, Modbeat who were hamfistedly trying to ride the punk wave. Alas, what once seemed like a vice now seems like a virtue, as they did a bang-up job combining tight instrumentation, hard-edged guitars, r'n'r tuneage, and punky belligerence. It,s awful hard not to like crude blasts like "Screw Ya", "Handle with Care", "Basement Daze", "Burning Ambition", "Street Kid", and "Weird Scenes". (JB)
(Captain Oi/PO Box 501/High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)

DESCENDENTS
"Everything's Enjoyable" 10"
Subtitled "the Enjoy Demos," this short slab of vinyl has four songs, all of which the sleeve says are 1985 demos. I've heard these before, because they're all on a bootleg CD I have called "Still Hungry," which dates them as 1986 Radio Tokyo sessions. These great and raw versions sound like they were mastered a little faster, though the sound is on par with the CD. Aside from the song "Green," the other three are all called something completely different. Thus you also get "Shattered Milo," "Don't Down On Me," and "I Came," the last two of which are not really unreleased. (AW)
(no address listed)

DESTRUCTION
"All Hell Breaks Loose" CD
Now here's some old school coming home to spread a little of the gospel. These guys were heavy back when KORN was still climbing up their mother's drapes. Thrash gods DESTRUCTION return in all their mighty glory, in the style of the KREATOR and CELTIC FROST legions. Still as fast and relentless as they were back in the day, with that mature edge peeking through. DESTRUCTION lets out a double barreled blast of riff-o-rama and assaults you aurally with this latest slab. I must have died and gone to metal heaven. (MD)
(Nuclear Blast/PO Box 43618/Philadelphia, PA 19106)

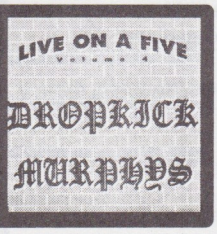


DIE STINKIN'
"Smell is in the Air" CD
Silly, goofy pop punk by this three-piece Florida surfer-lookin'-dude band. Bonus points for funny lyrics on "Kids Keep Smoking Pot", and "Beatin' on the Hardcore Kid" and "Beer" are OK also. This band reeks of 80,s Orange County punk rock. Totally tubular, dude! (TL)
(Stench/214 Lakeland Drive/West Palm Beach, FL 33405)



DISASSOCIATE
"Imperfect World" CD
This is the new one from Ralphy Boy and the crew. Ralphy does some of the deepest Cookie Monster-type growling ever. It's really amazing that he can get through a DISASSOCIATE song without hacking and coughing. Musically, this has less of a grind sound to it than their previous releases. Don't get me wrong, they haven,t strayed too far, but it's always interesting to listen to a band's progression. Some of the tunes on here are faster and more punk sounding with Ralphy's rumblings laid over it. There are a total of eighteen original songs on here, a NAUSEA cover, and a JESUS CHRUST cover. Some of the lyrics are funny, like on "Bill Clinton is a Nymphomanic" while others are of a more serious nature. Good release. (AD)
(M.I.A Records/315 Church St. 2nd Fl./New York, NY 10013)

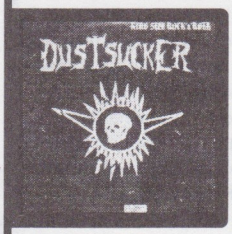
DIVIT/LONELY KINGS
"Feel it" CD
4 new tracks from each band. LONELY KINGS tread the up-tempo emo/college rock groove previously well run by KNAPSACK and their ilk. Unsurprisingly, this record belongs to DIVIT, who continue to mature astonishingly with each release. The fact that they've slowed down a tad on these songs only highlights the power and passion they bring to the melodic hardcore canon. They really do rock. (RK)
(Coldfront/PO Box 8345/Berkeley, CA 94707)



DROPKICK MURPHYS
"Live on a Five" 5"
A great recording of "Pipebom on Landsdowne" and "Never Alone" from the now Al Barr-fronted DROPKICKS. Pick this collectable item up if you can find it. (BAM)
(Headache/PO Box 204/Midland Park, NJ 07432)

DRUNK HORSE
"Redneck" CD
This is just straight-up rock for punks who dig TED NUGENT and LYNYRD SKYNYRD. DRUNK HORSE are a band that plays a hellacious live show. Similar, but sadly without the mass appeal, of NASHVILLE PUSSY. (JC)
(Man's Ruin/610 22nd Street #302/San Francisco, CA 94107)

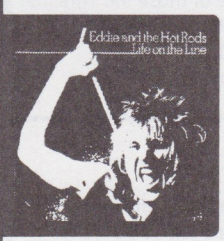
DUANE PETERS & THE HUNS
"Unite" CD
In the same old-school style as the U.S. BOMBS, but a little more English-sounding and not as engaging as their predecessor. They do solid singalong tunes, but it's just not something I'm gonna find myself playing over and over. No doubt this material will be a lot more impressive live, cuz Mr. Peters is pretty unstoppable in that forum. (JC)
(Disaster/PO Box 7112/Burbank, CA 91510)



DUSTSUCKER
"Kingsize Rock n' Roll" CD EP
Four songs from DUSTSUCKER, and I still can't pigeonhole them for you readers. I guess if you could imagine Oscar the Grouch singing for a MOTORHEAD-type outfit, you'd be in the right trash can. In fact, that's right where my copy went. (X)
(Zylinder, no address listed)



DYSTOPIA
7"
One of my favorite local bands! To be honest, I dig these guys so much that even if this sucked, I'd probably say it was good, but this truthfully is awesome. Livid and depressing lyrical content that ruptures from pissed, screaming and yelling over slow to mid-tempo, driving musical anger. This band is one of the best of their genre. This three-song 7" leaves me wanting more! I'm gonna put them album on next. (AD)
(Life is Abuse/P.O. Box 20524/Oakland, CA 94620 and Misanthropic/20792 Colima/Huntington Beach, CA 92646 and Common Cause/Konrad Adenauer Str. 58/73529 Bettringen/Germany)



EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
"Life on the Line" CD
The second EDDIE & THE HOT RODS LP has likewise just been reissued by Captain Oi, along with lots of bonus cuts. The 1977 follow-up infused a heavy measure of pop sensibility into their trademark stripped-down rock'n'roll attack, and the results are thoroughly irresistable on killer tracks like "Do Anything You Wanna Do", "Quit This Town", "Ignore Them", the title song, "(And) Don't

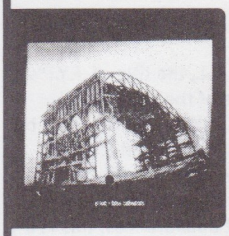
REVIEWS

Believe Your Eyes", and "Beginning of the End". Given the addition of several rockin' 7" offerings, there's no way you can go wrong with this. (JB)
(Captain Oi/PO Box 501/High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)

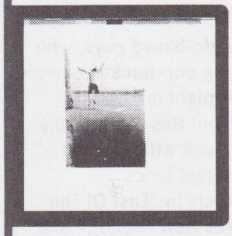


EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
"Teenage Depression" CD
A reissue of the first EDDIE & THE HOT RODS LP, plus bonus 7" and live tracks. The RODS were basically an uptempo pub rock outfit which helped preserve real rock'n'roll during that awful pre-punk mid-70's era, and consequently were well positioned to catch the early punk wave. This disc is filled with catchy, riff-heavy, and retro r'n'r blasts that sound as appealing today as then, interspersed with a couple of brilliant pop gems that pointed the way forward toward their follow-up album (e.g., "Why Can't It Be?" and "On the Run"). (JB)
(Captain Oi/PO Box 501/High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)

ELECTRIC BANANA
"Blows Your Mind" CD
If you don't already know, this band was the PRETTY THINGS in disguise, doing music for '60s flics like "What's Good For The Goose." This is the PRETTIES at their most wigged-out and downright weird, with a sound that finds them somewhere between "Emotions" and "S.F. Sorrow." Some standout tracks include the fuzz-fueled "Alexander," "I See You," "Walking Down The Street," and "Blow Your Mind." (AW)
(Carnabeat, no address listed)



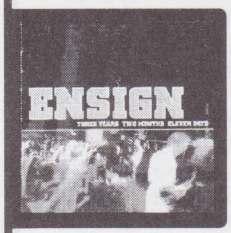
ELLIOT
"False Cathedrals"
Lush, complex, occasionally operatic (but not in an overwrought FREDDIE MERCURY sort of way) post-hardcore that wraps around your head and slowly starts simultaneously squeezing and seeping in. Good for those days you'd really like to be listening to MORRISSEY but don't wanna feel like a wuss.
(Revelation)



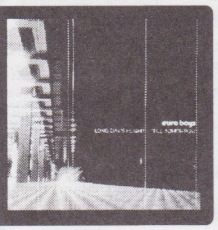
ELLIOTT
"If They Do" CD
Six new (?) long(ish) songs, 3 apiece recorded in 99 and 96, respectively. The instrumental is truly horrible, a bombastic bore which drones on interminably, but the others are more standard, tuneful big rock productions. ELLIOTT are undoubtedly very good at what they do, and have certainly taken hardcore well off the beaten track into huge-sounding, free-form progressive rock. I'm astounded that any punker would dig them, but I guess it takes all sorts. (RK)
(Initial/PO Box 17131/Louisville, KY 40217)

EMBROOKS
"Our New Day" CD
The neo-freakbeat revival has begun, and if the EMBROOKS have their way it just might stimulate a whole new era of underground r'n'r cross-fertilization. This is an astonishingly good record which is filled with amazing songs, waves of guitar feedback, instrumental rave-ups, and pummeling drumming. Their originals are truly impressive, especially "Standing Upside Down", "Bad Flight", "Springtime", and "You,ve Been Unfair", but interspersed among them are strong covers by the likes of the BIRDS. This album rocks like hell, alters your mind, *and* compels you to sing in the shower. One of my favorite new records. (JB)
(Voxx/PO Box 7112/Burbank, CA 91510)

ENGLISH SOFTHEARTS
"Blue Oyster Quilt" LP
A real enjoyable slab of wax. First off, the title and cover made me laugh out loud when I saw them, prompting me to grab it out of the review box. Secondly, they play a real infectious blend of indy-rock and roll comparable to the DEAD MILKMEN-meets-early MUDHONEY. Strong tunes and good execution. (JC)
(Proteiny Bop/ 5056 West Grace/ Chicago, IL 60641)



ENSIGN
"Three Years Two Months Eleven Days" CD
The music on this CD is a bit slower than I remembered them sounding like, but it's still enjoyable. Straight-edge emotional hardcore that's heartfelt and forceful. There's even an UNDERDOG cover on here. Intelligent, personal lyrics. My only complaint is all the baggy pants in the pictures! (AD)
(Indecision Records/P.O. Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)



EUROBOYS
"Long Day's Flight 'Til Tomorrow" CD
No rock here. I don't get this. I don't even know what it is or who would listen to it. It's very 60's a la the "Austin Powers" version. Groovy , baby! Instrumental and saturated in keys and organs, this is the last thing one would expect from ex-TURBONEGRO guitarist/singer Knut Schreiner and GLUCIFER drummer Anders Moeller. What gives? Now I,m hearing spanish horns, Hawaiian slide guitar, and bells over extendo jams that could have been writen by CHICAGO. Sorry, but this CD isn't even a novelty to me, but it is produced well. (X)
(Virgin)

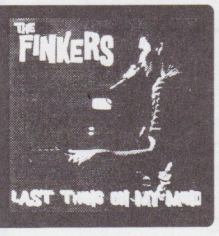
EUROBOYS
"1999 Man" CD EP
This is a 4-track release from the EUROBOYS. I can relate to it more than their "Long Days-" LP, but that doesn't mean that I like it. It's nice that it's not fully instrumental, and I can see where they might get a few fans outta this one. I'm not one, though, and I doubt that TURBONEGRO fans will be either. (X)
(Virgin)

EXPLOSION
"Flash, Flash, Flash" CD
When I heard their EP earlier this year I freaked out, and the full-length is even better. The opener, "No Revolution", is my current candidate for Song of the Year; it's fucking perfect - great lyrics, passion, intensity, and best of all, it straight-up *rocks*. While nothing else on the disc quite measures up to the power of that song, it's still a really solid record that should appeal to just about anyone into raw-yet-slightly-slick punk rock. (DGJ)
(Jade Tree/)

FALSE PROPHETS
"Blind Roaches And Fat Vultures: Phantasmagoric Beasts Of The Reagan Era" CD
Another classic Alternative Tentacles rerelease. An authorized anthology of the first incarnation of the FALSE PROPHETS from 1980-85, including their first LP, early 7"s, demos and more. Twenty years later, some bands still pass the test of time with flying colors. This sounds as fresh, pissed, and vital as it did when they were pushing the boundaries of punk (both musically, and with their live theatrics) back in the glory days. Another indication that political punk doesn't have to sound like a third-rate DISCHARGE rehash. My only regret is that they won't rerelease their wonderful second LP. (RK)
(Alternative Tentacles/PO Box 419092/San Francisco, CA 94141)

FAY WRAY
"I Love Everyone" CD
Heartfelt, hardcore-influenced rough 'n' tumble-yet smart punk from Florida, with liner notes explaining every song. Charming and honest. I like these guys. Apparently, they love me. Just plain *odd* cover art by Var.
(No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

FESTERMEN
"Toelake Snakeman" EP
Another bullseye for Bad Afro Records. A nice and raunchy Finnish band. "Toelake Snakeman" has a bit more of a polished, rockabilly sound akin to REVEREND HORTON HEAT, but grittier. The B-side tracks are dirtier and, in the long run, a lot more fun. (JC)
(Bad Afro/Poste Restante, Frederiksberg Alle 6/1820 Frederiksberg C/DENMARK)



FINKERS
"The Last Thing On My Mind" CD
The FINKERS attack their power pop songs in the same way that the REMBRANDTS attacked that theme song to "Friends." Me, I prefer the SMITHEREENS, approach, so the FINKERS don't get

SHITLIST

my vote. Besides, how can I like any band that rhymes the word "girls" and "curls"? (X)
(International Trash/PO Box 41/Prahran 3181/AUSTRALIA)

FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM
"Total Fucking Blowout" CD
Supercharged bluesy punk rock perfect for the Estrus lineup. The FIREBALLS fit nicely with bands like the QUADRAJETS and LORD HIGH FIXERS. Highly recommendable from start to finish. (JC)
(Estrus/PO Box 2125/Bellingham, WA 98227)

FITTS
"I Can't Break Away" 7" EP
Wow, what a cool band! The FITTS would match up well with that very fine Spanish outfit, AEROBITCH. The three women in this band play intense, revved-up punk rock. I would strongly suggest that everybody check this band out. Hell, I might even fly out to Tennessee to try and see them. (JC)
(Contaminated/Box 41953/ Memphis, TN 38174)



FLAMIN GROOVIES
"Supersnazz" CD
I,ve always been a fan of the FLAMIN GROOVIES, who not only wrote a truckload of classic r'n'r tunes but also refused to take themselves too seriously during the late 60's, a time when everyone else did. Even so, "Supersnazz" is my least favorite GROOVIES LP, since aside from some splendid originals like "Laurie Did It" (both versions) and "Around the Corner" it was marred by several uncharacteristically pedestrian covers, made all the more so by a wimpy guitar sound and an annoyingly heavy-handed piano. (JB)
(Sundazed/PO Box 85/Coxsackie, NY 12051)

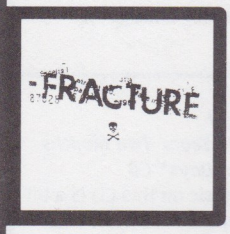


FORBIDDEN DIMENSION
"A Coffinful of Crows" CD
Less than lo-fi, this is no-fi! Seriously. That being said, you can't deny a good song or, in this case, 21 of them. Just be ready for a virtually non-existent Dr. Rhythm, over-fuzzed guitar, and flanged vocals. FORBIDDEN DIMENSION is the bastard byproduct of the MISFITS and TRIO, and I just so happen to love both. This is a very cool compilation of the band,s 1988-'94 recordings. Cool like a cellar. (X)
(Reanimator/PO Box 1582/Ann Arbor, MI. 48106)

FORCED REALITY
"13 Years Of..." CD
East Coast hardcore of the Oi variety. A solid band that has been around for a long time (13 years, I hear). Hard and edgy tunes that aren't afraid of a little melody. A good release that I would recommend checking out. (JC)
(Outsider/PO Box 92708/Long Beach, CA 90809)

FOREIGN OBJECTS
"Not Too Cool" CD
GIZMOS/DICTATORS-esque, goofy punk,n,roll from this late 70's Massachusettes band. Pretty funny, catchy songs like "I Am a Dog" (my fave), "Speak English", "Change My Shirt", and "Lose Some Weight." They,re obviously huge DICTATORS fans given the two wrestling-inspired songs, "Wrestling is Real" and "Rock,n' Wrestling Roll". Pretty interesting to listen to, and definitely worth checking out. (TL)
(Dino/PO Box 802/North Hampton, MA 01060)

FORTY FIVES
"Get it Together" CD
Hmm. How do I describe this? The sticker on the front says "Soul-drenched mop-top rock n' roll", which doesn't really excite me. The cover of JIMMY REED's "Ain't That Lovin' You" is pretty cool, but the rest is straight-up garage rock a la the MAKERS, except that the singer is not as good as Mike Maker. Anyways, at least I know I suck. (TL)
(Artemis/130 5th Avenue/New York, NY 10011)

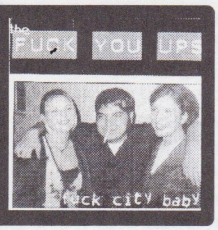


FRACTURE
"No Way DNA" CD
I think I'd heard of these guys, but the first time I actually heard 'em was on ATOM & HIS PACKAGE's "A Society of People Called Elihu". The Mighty ATOM, as some may know, was the guitarist for this unremarkable but still underappreciated band. It's mostly poppy, maybe the teensiest bit emo-ey, and more than occasionally silly, but these kids had heart. (DGJ)
(No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville FL/32604)

FRAMPTON BROTHERS
"File Under F for Failure" CD
The FRAMPTON BROTHERS offer us their "I don't care if I'm a nerd"-type lyrics in the midst of some pretty well-written songs. The problem to me is that the singer goes out of his way to sing them in a nerdy voice. Remember "Punk Rock Girl" by the MEAT PUPPETS? This is a whole CD of that exact same rock schtick. If you like that, you can buy this in good faith. (X)
(Cacaphone/PO Box 6058/Albany, NY 12206)

FREE YOURSELF
"The Head Of Truth On The Body Of Lie" CD
What does that silly title mean? I think this is a Greek band, although this was released by a German label. There's a little punk mixed in with the raw and furiously indie sound these guys crank out, and even a little traditional Greek music thrown in for Mom's sake. Ear-splitting energy makes every song rock, especially those that are in their own language. The between-song samples are great, the singer is a madman, and this is incredible, bleeding & pounding raaawwwkkk. If you don't like it, you quite possibly suck. (SB)
(Buena Ventura Notes, no address listed)

JOSH FREEZE
"The Notorious One Man Orgy" CD
The debut solo LP from the VANDALS drummer, who manages to play everything and sing very well, thank you very much. It has a strong late 70's punk flavor, similar to a less frenetic DICKIES, i.e., full, rocking ditties with the occasional New Wavey twist. Annoying spliced phone messages aside, this is far superior to today's VANDALS, so this man should go solo more often. (RK)
(Kung Fu/PO Box 3061/Seal Beach, CA 90740)



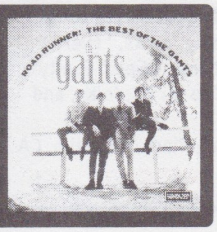
FUCK YOU UPS
"Fuck City Baby 7"
Only in rock'n'roll can people be too drunk to all play the same song, not be able to complete a sentence without saying "fuck" twelve times, and still be considered brilliant. This 7" features reat alcohol influenced garage rock that any fan of punk and/or rock would appreciate. (BAM)
(Formula 13/PO Box 7385/Tempe, AZ 85281)

FUEL
"Monuments To Excess" CD
Now that Allied Records is no more, Broken have fortunately stepped into the breech to ensure that this essential classic is kept available for more than posterity. How many records can you think of that have no real duff tracks on them? Very few, I suspect, if you're honest with yourself. A compilation of everything they ever recorded. Think of FUGAZI on speed, or the power and intensity of HOT WATER MUSIC lashed to the melodies of RITES OF SPRING. Truly a winner. Still. (RK)
(Broken/PO Box 460402/San Francisco, CA 94146)

F.Y.P
"Toys That Kill" CD
Much like DESCENDENTS / ALL, the title of F.Y.P's final record is also the name of their new band. Unlike DESCENDENTS / ALL, F.Y.P's last album is by far their best. Now, if you still think that F.Y.P will never top "Dance My Dunce", you should stop reading now. Although their old snotty, sloppy hardcore makes a few guest appearances, this is a pop record. And a damn good one. I,m looking forward to Todd & co.'s new band. (JER)
(Recess/PO Box 1112/Torrance, CA 90605)

GAMITS
"Endorsed By You" LP
A cool record by these Colorado-based guys, who play some of the most enticing pop-punk I've heard in ages. The cover art of this might lead you to think they're a garage band, but this trio actually plays very catchy singalong punk with touches of Oi tossed in once in awhile. Great lyrics lampooning a variety of subjects in "Last Of The Mullets," "Guy In Club (Makes New Friend)," and "I Don't Wanna Play No More." As a vinyl bonus, you also get their version of BLACK SABBATH's "Fairies Wear Boots," recorded at the "Monsters of Mock" show. (AW)
(Not Bad/PO Box 2014/Arvada, CA 98001)

REVIEWS



GANTS
"Road Runner: The Best of the Gants" CD
The GANTS, Mississippi's finest 60's garage pop band, are finally getting the credit belatedly due them thanks to Sundazed and Bam-Caruso, both of which have recently released retrospective CD collections. This Sundazed version contains a mixture of material, ranging from inspired (often BEATLES-influenced) pop originals (most notably "My Baby Don't Care", "Try Too Hard", "I Want Your Lovin,", the countrified "Spoonful of Sugar" [angelic chorus], and the truly sublime "I Wonder") to generally less successful attempts at producing tougher rockers (although the lead vocals on their cover of "Gloria" are amazingly snot-nosed, and "Smoke Rings" is way catchy). A damn fine listen. (JB)
(Sundazed/PO Box 85/Coxsackie, NY 12051)



THE GC5
"Kisses From Hanoi" CD
Very cool call-and-response vocals on "White Flag". Basically, if you are into the CLASH, the BOMBS (why the fuck does everything sound like the US BOMBS this time around?), and other bands of that ilk, you would love this. They are definitely more new-school sounding than old-school, with much quicker beats thn either of the aforementioned bands, almost like catchy, very upbeat hardcore. These guys definitely sound like they are from SoCal, but they are from the great Midwest.
(Outsider/PO Box 92708/Long Beach, CA 90809

THE GC5
"Price of Security" 7"
Pissed-off, punk as hell, and still maintaining intelligence, which is sort of a novelty today. It sounds almost East Bay, a la CRIMPSHINE or RANCID, but it's way harder and has more energy. They have a few releases out now, all of which I have heard and enjoyed. (BAM)
(Transparent/6759 Transparent Drive/Clarkston, MI 48346)



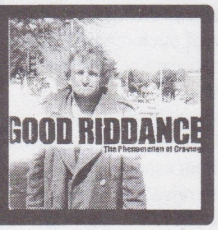
GENE CARROL & THE SHADES
"Red Devil" 7" EP
JERRY LEE LEWIS-inspired rock'n'roll on yet another 3-song 7" reissue from Norton. "Red Devil" is an awesome instrumental and "Is It Ever Gonna Happen" has JERRY LEE written all over it. Pretty decent, but nuthin' crazy or nuthin. (TL)
(Norton/PO Box 646, Cooper Station/New York, NY 10276)

GENERATORS
"Burning Ambition" CD
Vocally, the first song sounds exactly like Lee Ving, minus the great punk rock that FEAR was known for. The first few songs are pretty cool and catchy, but track four is a third-rate SOCIAL DISTORTION-esque tune. Stylistically, the GENERATORS are all over the place here; there seem to be lots of different songwriting credits on this CD, which might explain this. Overall, I'm sorry to say, this did seem to "generate" much. (JAW)
(Urgent Music/Cool Guy/PO Box 2361/Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670)

GENITORTURERS
"Machine Love" CD
Am I the only white male alive not to have witnessed the GENITORTURERS? I mean I haven't even heard a single song of theirs yet. I've really had no interest, since no one tops Wendy O, Williams in my book of rock, no matter how ridiculous they attempt to be. What we have here is yet another Cleopatra Remix compilation. The difference is that I'm halfway in and love it all. Suggested listening for all SKINNY PUPPY and KMFDM fans. (X)
(Cleopatra/13428 Maxella Avenue #251/Marina Del Ray, CA 90292)

GOD'S REFLEX
"Scenes From A Motel Seduction" CD
The lighter end of the melodic emo spectrum. And I don't mean that in any way disparagingly. There is some excellent twin guitar and vocal interplay here. It reminds me alot of BLACKTOP CADENCE, or the more introspective WEAKERTHANS moments. Considerably better than most of the weak twaddle associated with this genre. A great mood disc with no sign of God. (RK)
(Johanns Face/PO Box 479164/Chicago, IL 60647)

GOOD INTENTIONS
"The World is My Fuse" CD
This is alternative rock, radio-style lazy. The first track sounds like SMASHING PUMPKINS, and personally I don't care for the whispering, tortured vocals. Those of you who like FM radio acts such as CREED, KORN, and BUSH might like this, but I doubt it since it's not on the radio. (X)
(Espo/PO Box 63/Allston, MA 02134)



GOOD RIDDANCE
"The Phenomenon of Craving" CD EP
Six songs here to keep you held over until their next masterpiece. GR has always been clever in that they can write the most furious hardcore song dealing with world issues and then follow it up with a great pop song about a girl, and yet pull this off like it's second nature. On this EP the HC is getting more stripped down and simple, and the power pop is getting sweeter by the song. (BAM)
(Fat/PO Box 193690/San Francisco, CA 94119)

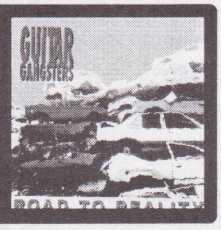
GOVERNMENT ISSUE
"Complete History, Volume One" CD
This takes you on the complete G.I. ride (excluding the Dischord 7" and the two tracks on Dischord's "Flex Your Head"), including all the highs, which were quite high, and the lows, which were unbelievably low. Eighty tracks. Some good recordings, some bad, some live. A double CD that's in the stores for like ten bucks. If you like arty, guitar-driven, sloppy hardcore, pick it up. (BAM)
(Dr. Strange/PO Box 7000-117/Altaloma, CA 91701)



GREYAREA
"Fan Belt Algebra" CD
Bloody hell. Victory is really expanding the boundaries. GREYAREA fall firmly into the angst/emo tradition cut by bands like ALKALINE TRIO. And they do it very well. At times, they do a very good rendition of SoCal melodic hardcore stylings, and even stray into more straightforward punk territory, not least with their STIFF LITTLE FINGERS cover, which doesn't sound too out of place. Go team. (RK)
(Victory/PO Box 146546/Chicago, IL 60614)



GUITAR GANGSTERS
"Lord Of The Dance" CD-EP
A pretty forgettable 4-track effort. Two are covers of traditional British songs (one with two different versions), and although beefed up they don't really do much for me. The original is actually a great slice of BOYS-like guitar balladeering, but alone it isn't worth picking this up for. Stick with any of their full-lengths, and you won't go wrong. (RK)
(Rampant/PO Box 3806/Southgate, London N14 6NB/ENGLAND)



GUITAR GANGSTERS
"Road To Reality" CD
The fifth full-length from these Brit veterans. And fortunately, it's another punchy dose of their guitar-laden punk-rock-pop. Bubblegum with bollocks? Similar to their old (R.I.P.) labelmates the CRACK, GG specialise in hook-laden guitar riffing, in a style popularised by the likes of the PROFESSIONALS, or perhaps the VIBRATORS back in the glory days. And for this doddering old duffer at least, that can only be a good thing. (RK)
(Captain Oi/PO Box 501/High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)



THE HARD FEELINGS
"Fought Back and Lost" CD
3-piece Texas rock'n'roll, produced by Mike "is a friend o' mine" Mariconda. Texas bands totally reflect Texas: weird. Anyways, it's a little bit reminiscent of the DEVIL DOGS, with a more bluesy Texas feel. "Fought Back and Lost" and "You'll Know it's Me" are my rockinest faves. (TL)

SHITLIST

(Sympathy/)

HAMMERLOCK
"Anthems For Outlaws" CD
Kick out the jams, muthafuckas! This bolts out of the starting gate, ripping through ya, heading straight for the bar. I climbed off my sister to turn up the stereo for this one. These guys remind me of the Four Horsemen, with the rough edges left on for good measure. If there ain't a Union Jack hanging on your wall after buying this, you've missed the point completely. Follows up their debut, "American Asshole", with a roundhouse kick to the head. Riffs worth setting down your drink fer. (MD)
(Man's Ruin/610 22nd Street/San Francisco, CA 94107)



HAVE-NOTS
"Kids All Right / Go Away" 7"
If anybody out there is interested in hearing two absolutely perfect and rockin' power pop garage songs, they might want to snap up this record immediately. Great hooks, great energy, real lo-fi. Terrific. (BAM)
(Screaming Apple/Dustemichstrasse 14/50939 Koln/GERMANY)

HELLBENDERS
"Pop Rock Suicide" CD
Majorly cock-oriented rock, dude! It says play "loud and loaded." C'mon, boot scoot shuffle it, baybee! Loud modern p-rock with songs that are generally nonmemorable. There are hooks, though, just not enough to keep me interested. The singer sounds a little like Justin from LOOSE LIPS. (TL)
(Dead Beat/PO Box 283/Los Angeles, CA 90078)

HENRY
"Sounds Like" CD
Droopy, at times borderline-narcoleptic indy rockers. This record is something close to nothing, and it,s hard to get through the over 65 minutes of whining vocals and flacid guitar work. This is the kind of offering that we are trying to weed out of our review piles. (JC)
(Reticulated/no address listed)

HIGH ON FIRE
"The Art Of Self Defense" CD
SLEEP's "Jerusalem" was a masterpiece of low-end sludge. Matt Pike's new ensemble HIGH ON FIRE picks up the mighty metal torch and carries it onward to Valhalla, or at least Oakland. Heavy SABBATH-ey thud, best listened to in an altered state. Intense, gripping, and essential for loud music fans. (JC)
(Man's Ruin/610 22nd Street #302/San Francisco, CA 94107)



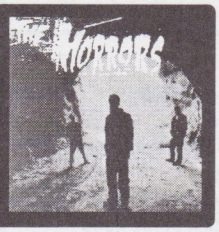
HIROSHIMA ATOM SURFERS
"Hangin' Ten in Pearl Harbor" 7" EP
Screaming punk rock from Italy. Songs called "Kicked in the Balls", "She's Gonna Fuck the World Tonight", "Not My Problem", and "Mirror Nightmare". All in all, it's boring and fairly non-rockin' to these ears, as there are no memorable songs or hooks. (TL)
(Bad Man/c/o Greg Bellone/Via Rome 88/15040 Castelletto Monferrato/ITALY)

HOPELESS DREGS OF HUMANITY
"Buildin, Da Muthaphuckin, Revolution!" 7"
This is not what I was expecting at all. From the looks of the record and name and title, I was thinking it was going to sound crusty, but this is catchy as hell! I like this a lot. It kind of reminds me of CRIMPSHRINE, especially the way the bass player carries the band. The cover is a cool little booklet full of everything from the band's lyrics to an address listing of various organizations like AK Press and Food Not Bombs to collages to cartoons. The band writes a letter to the listener in which they explain where they,re coming from, cool idea. I hope these guys put out something else soon; they,re good! (AD)
(Ever Reviled Records/50 Powers St./New Brunswick, NJ 08901)

HOPEWELL
"Words I Meant to Say" CD EP
I'm so glad I have this. Now if I ever lose my SAVES THE DAY record, I sort of still have it. I'm sure that's music to some of you backpack-wearing dorks' ears. This six song EP comes complete with nifty paper, spot color artwork, and a pine cone branch on the cover. If you like SAVES THE DAY, this might be for you. (BAM)
(Seasonal Affect/PO Box 68/Stuyvesant Falls, NY 12174)



HORACE PINKER
"Copper Regret" CD EP
A criminally short record. It's not quite sporting to give us a taste of such magnificence, and then cruelly leave us panting for more. The ugly sticker proclaiming that JAWBREAKER's old bassist is now in the band is equally unnecessary, since these uptempo rockers more than survive on their own merits. Emo, sure, I guess, but hard driving angst is more the order of the day. Try crossing HOT WATER MUSIC with the melodic punk of early PEGBOY. (RK)
(Coldfront/PO Box 8345/Berkeley, CA 94707)



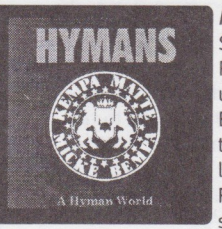
THE HORRORS
CD
Primitive garage slop in the vein of early PUSSY GALORE meets HASIL ADKINS, with a mix of the GORIES thrown in for good measure, makes up the sound of the HORRORS. This is exactly what I expected from In The Red. The rockin'est songs on here are definitely the opening tracks, "Every Inch of My Love," and "The Next Train I See." Pretty fucked-up sounding. I say "go for it", folks, and check 'em out. (TL)
(In The Red/2627 East Strong Place/Anaheim, CA 92806)



HOT ROD CIRCUIT
"If I Knew Now What I Knew Then" CD
I caught these guys onstage with the ANNIVERSARY, and it was one of those great surprises in live music - a band you've never heard of thoroughly kicks your ass. Unfortunately, this CD doesn't quite capture the power of their live show. It's fairly hard, emo-esque poppy stuff. Not blindingly original, but definitely at the higher-end of a genre suddenly plagued with shitty also-rans. (DGJ)
(Triple Crown/no address listed)



HUEVOS RANCHEROS
"Muerte Del Toro" CD
Steamy, thick, chunky "El Jefe" surf a la Mexicana instrumentals that make me want to either strip or wrestle a midget. These guys are the best around, and they should probably be doing Ennio Morricone-style spaghetti Western soundtracks. They're that good. (SB)
(Mint/PO Box 3613/Vancouver, BC V6B 3Y6/CANADA)

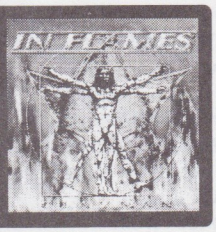


HYMANS
Straight up, unabashed RAMONES worship, not unlike HEAD or the HANSON BROTHERS. Everything from the way they dress to the logo design is wannabe RAMONES, and they aren't subtle about it. That doesn't mean that this isn't a kick ass record. The vocals imitate Joey R. uncannily at times. They're Swedish too, if that makes a difference. Find this if you can. (JER)
(AMP/92 Kenilworth Ave. S. Hamilton/Ontario, Canada L8K 2S9)

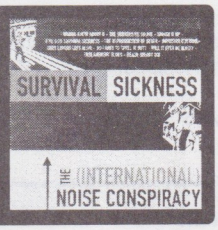
HYPNOMEN
"Trip With Satan" CD
Heavy-duty BOOKER T & THE MG'S-influenced rock,n,roll. Pretty authentic Sounding, too, if I do say so myself. Way tripped-out Hammond Organ sounds, and I loved their sorta instrumental version of DEEP PURPLE,s "Hush." Thumbs up. (TL)
(Gearhead/PO Box 421219/San Francisco, CA 94142)

IMPOSSIBLES
"Return" CD
So the IMPOSSIBLES break up, Rory goes on to form the STEREO with the guy from ANIMAL CHIN,

leaves the STEREO, and basically, they now sound like the STEREO, Mark II. If WEEZER and NERF HERDER are your bag, you'll definitely throw your fists in the air over this one. Great songwriting, huge giganto-pop-distorto guitar sound and clever lyrics. (DGJ)
(Fueled By Ramen/)



IN FLAMES
"Clay Man" CD
Heaviest by far. Fastest, to be sure. Dark yet melodic, with a tinge of AARRHGHH! How does someone describe this stuff? IN FLAMES has everything that a metalhead could want or stand. Riff-laden, with that fast-as-shit and clean-as-hell Swedish sound that covers the gamut of this genre of music. The lead singer has that demonic growl and screech that death metal fans adore, while the guitars keep slashing away at the melody. Amazing. (MD)
(Nuclear Blast/PO Box 43618/Philadelphia, PA 19106)



(INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY.
"Survival Sickness" CD
Ex-REFUSEDnik Dennis Lyxszen is back with a new outfit that keeps his old group's retro penchant for clothing, design, and a "Goddammit I wanna be Guy Debord" commitment to anarcho-commie politics. The NOISE CONSPIRACY folks seem content to play music for space-age swingin' pseudo-situationist bachelors, not that that's necessarily a bad thing. I think 60's garage psych-heads like Bale and Jarema would dig this, but it'll probably bum out Vic Bondi. (DGJ)
(Epitaph/)

IVORY COAST
"The Rush of Oncoming Traffic" CD
This sounds like a million records I've heard and forgotten and some bands that I remember, like PIEBALD, KOUFAX, and SIX GOING ON SEVEN. This stuff is emo-lite that takes itself a bit too seriously and yet not seriously enough, all at the same time. I think I can safely say that emo, a movement always dangerously close to disappearing up its own ass, has pretty much done it now. (DGJ)
(Big Wheel/325 Huntington Avenue #24/Boston, MA 02115)



JACK POTENTIAL
"Alibis" CD
Well, this ain't metal, that's for sure. It's got a TOOL-esque singer, but the tunes go in a very BUSH-like way that does not impress me. Don't get me wrong, they've got a good sound going, but it's a sound that lots of Live 105 bands have. A very straightforward, moody guitar and haunting vocals, with that far away fade that just sounds like BUSH. Sorry, but it's so damn BUSHY. (MD)
(Deep Reverb/PO Box 986/Arlington, VA 22216)

REVIEWS



JACKS
"Last of the Real American Heroes" 7"
Chunky mid- to uptempo pub rock, quite similar to the almighty PRESSURE POINT. Four great songs from these New Jersey boys, and hopefully they'll be more to come. (BAM)
(Haunted Town/1658 N. Milwaukee Avenue/Chicago, IL)

J CHURCH
"One Mississippi" CD
"One Mississippi" is Lance Hahn's "Sandinista!". Lance is doing whatever the hell he wants, there are 27 songs, and while there are a some gems on here it doesn't pack the straight-up wallop of "Arbor Vitae" or "The Drama of Alienation". That said, it's not a bad record at all. To me, J CHURCH is one of the great unappreciated treasures of San Francisco (Bale is grating his teeth right now). (DGJ)
(Honest Don's)

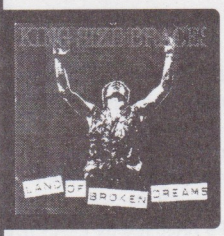
JIMMY EAT WORLD
"All Ages" CD
The kids seem to love these guys. They're earnest, heartfelt, and good musicians, but personally I've always felt like they were lacking something. Their slow songs are sometimes painfully so, although their fast ones often carry an enjoyable jolt/lilt to them. I'd recommend waiting for the new JETS TO BRAZIL record. (DGJ)
(Big Wheel/325 Huntington Avenue #24/Boston, MA 02115)

JOHNNY MOTEL & THE FAST FUCKS
"Gold Dollar Whore" 7" EP
Down and dirty in a PLEASURE FUCKERS-meets-LAZY COWGIRLS style. A 5-song 7" that gives you a big bang for your fast fuck buck. (JC)
(Transparent/6759 Transparent Drive/Clarkston, MI 48346)



JUNKYARD
"Shut Up, We,re Tryin, to Practice" CD
I remember these guys from back in '88, when I lived in Hollywood, but I don't remember them kicking so much ass! This "Shut Up, We're Tryin, to Practice" CD was recorded live at The Palace. If you,re a JUNKYARD junkie, here's your junk. If you're a HUMPERS fan, buy this and hump! Following on the tails of GUNS 'N ROSES, JUNKYARD was total "low down-no shit-slop rock." If that's what you want, forget what you think you know and give this a chance. I did. (X)
(Cleopatra/13428 Maxella Avenue #251/Marina Del Ray, CA. 90292)

KENNE HIGHLAND KLAN
"Gemini on a Full Moon" CD EP
Leave it to the old school garagemeisters to show the young pups how real rock'n'roll should sound. Ken Highland, formerly of seminal mid-70's garage punk outfits such as the GIZMOS and AFRIKA KORPS, returns with a bang on this 7-song mini-CD, which is filled with crude, tough-sounding punk'n'roll. If you don't like "Scorpio Queen", "Girl with the Dangerous Curves", and my personal fave, "She's My Best Bette", all of which feature Ken's trademark snotty vocals, it's fair to say that you haven't the slighest idea what p-rock is supposed to sound like and should fuck off to the Warped Tour, dork. (JB)
(Dino Records, no address listed)



KING SIZE BRACES
"Land Of Broken Dreams" CD
Jesus Christ, what a name. Are these guys serious? Judging by the urgent name, I expected to hear a bunch of super serious Oi stuff, but for the most part they're songs are mostly about drinking beer, getting fucked up, and drinking more beer. Oi! This is allright musically, but if you wanna hear the proverbial "get fucked up and fuck shit up" street punk, grab a couple of forties, go home, and pull out your WRETCHED ONES records. (JAW)
(Steel Wool Pussy/16-1375 Southtown Road /PO Box 139/Mississauga, Ontario L5J 2Z1/CANADA)

K.F.P.
"Dead End Road" EP
I got excited Œcause I thought this was a new KPF record, but it's just a bunch of bored Midwestern kids prematurely putting out records. These kids have spunk (and their singer wants to sound like Billie Joe more than anyone I,ve ever heard), but this really should,ve been a demo tape. (JER)
(20516 Hwy 53/Gulfport, MS 39503)



KICK JONESES
"Who Put The Voodoo Into Punk Rock?" CD
From the ashes of Germany's finest melodic punk band - DIE WALTER ELF and their hardcore alter ego SPERMBIRDS, comes this fine new phoenix. Much like DIE WALTER ELF, they distill the best of the harder ege of New Wave/80's - think BILLY IDOL, the ROMANTICS, CHEAP TRICK, early BOOMTOWN RATS - and produce some incredible hard-edged guitar rock/pop. Well worth tracking down. Now, if only they would re-release all the WALTER ELF classics. (RK)
(Flight 13/www.flight13.de)

KOWALSKIS
"All Hopped Up On Goofballs" CD
Here NYC's Kitty Kowalski serves up 14 pop-punk

SHITLIST

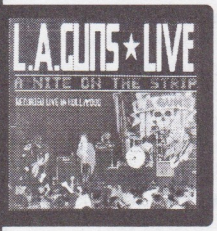
lessons with an awesome DEBBIE HARRY meets REZILLOS flavor. Produced by Andy Shernoff (DICTATORS) and featuring ex- members of ADRENALINE O.D., you know it's gotta rock. The KOWALSKIS have become the perfect substitute for disenchanted MUFFS fans. This disc is best summed up by my favorite track, "100% Fun." Yes Kitty, Pussy most certainly Rules! (X)
(Engine/PO Box 1575/New York, NY 10009)

KRAKATOA
"Channel Static Blackout" CD
"Adult contemporary" emo. (AD)
(Second Nature Recordings/P.O. Box 11543/Kansas City, MO 64138)

KRONSTADT UPRISING
"Insurrection" CD
One of the beauties of the CD format is that all the old and obscure bands are being rereleased. The 23 tracks herein contain the complete 7-year history of one of the lesser known "Crasspunk" bands from early 80's England, ranging over their two EPs, contribution to the second 'Bullshit Detector' (the compilation LPs released by CRASS), and various and sundry demo and live tracks. This ably charts their miniscule rise and unlamented fall from a minor plodding political punk band to a more trashy HANOI ROCKS/JOHNNY THUNDERS glam sound. (RK)
(Overground/PO Box 1NW/Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 1NW/ENGLAND)



LAGER LADS
"The Good And The Bad" CD
This seems to be a retrospective collection of tunes by these Canadian beer-fueled street punkers. These Moy-boys play very thuggish, very rough, stripped-down, tough-guy Oi. Lyrically, they seem pretty retarded~imagine El Duce from the MENTORS playing streetpunk. Musically, they,re pretty slow and kinda boring at times, but there are some standout tracks like "Moy Street Blues" and "The Backstreets". (JAW)
(Blind Beggar/ Bogenstr.25/D-66957 Eppenbrunn/GERMANY)



L.A. GUNS
"A Night on the Strip Live!" CD
I like L.A. GUNS, but I've never liked their songs much. That's strange because I've considered myself a fan of lead singer Phil Lewis since I was a kid. I guess Tracii Guns is just a bit too metal for my trashy r'n'r tastes, and I can,t see why my opinion of them should change now. I'm guessing Deadline released this live performance for all the L.A. GUNS fans out there, everywhere. So, if you are an L.A. GUNS fan, come 'n get it! (X)
(Deadline/13428 Maxella Avenue #251/Marina Del Ray, CA 90292)

LARRY
"Custom Engine" 7" EP
Larry is punk as fuck. They kinda remind me of the DAYGLOW ABORTIONS, which can,t be a bad thing. If you don't dig LARRY, you,re an asshole! Go, Larry, Go! (JC)
(Puke/Box 1835/Seattle, WA 98111)



LEMMY, SLIM JIM, and DANNY B
CD
OK, I just listened to this entire CD and was sadly unimpressed. The disc features MOTORHEAD's Lemmy, STRAY CAT Slim Jim Phantom, and Danny B. Harvey covering ELVIS tunes. This could have been really cool, but instead we get a very lazy sounding effort from the trio. I guess I was just really expecting this stuff to rock with Lemmy at the helm. (X)
(Cleopatra/13428 Maxella Avenue #251/Marina Del Ray, CA. 90292)

LIMECELL
"To Evil" CD
This band is great, period. If you want pure, unadulterated fucking tough punk rock, here you go. As usual, live CD's eat the dick, but the quality on this one isn't too shabby. As an extra special bonus, they include their original "9 Class A Numbers" release following the live show. What more could you ask for? Why waste your time cursing yourself for not being at the show when you can attain redemption and forgiveness by getting this? (JAW)
(Steel Cage/PO Box 29247/Philadelphia, PA 19125)

LOMBEGO SURFERS
"Let It Rip" CD
If you're the sort that likes choppy, fast, punky-surf stuff that is really well done, especially the guitar playing, then you'll be the sort who loves this band. All in all, it makes me want a beer and a hot rod to race around drunk driving in.(SB)
(Flight 13/Nordstrasse 2/D-79104 Freiburg/GERMANY)

LOOSE
"Kiss Your Ass Goodbye" LP
I'd never heard of this Italian band before they sent me this LP. Very good, loud and energetic RADIO BIRDMAN-style rock. Lots of melody, layers of guitars, Pip Hoyle-style keys, and a strong Detroit/Aussie axis vibe. Possibly the most bizarre, slowed-down cover of "I Wanna be Your Dog" I've ever heard. Worth checking out. (AW)
(Sham Foundation/Vicole Oscuro 9/02100 Rieti/ITALY)

LOS MOTORNERDS
"Rock n' Roll Jackpot" CD
Jeez! How many bands have to be a "Los" something? How nerdsville is that? C'mon, be original! Oh, they're from Spain, but even so this CD is full of testosterone-pumped, jocko, buffed-out punk rock. Not my bag baybee. They almost sound crusty. (TL)
(Dribbling to the Infinite/Apdo 841/46080 Valencia/SPAIN)

LOUDMOUTHS/HOT ROD HONEYS
split 7" EP
San Francisco's LOUDMOUTHS and Belgium's HOT ROD HONEYS duke it out in the punkofied ring. I say the LOUDMOUTHS win this one. "Feelin' Alright" is catchy and hooky: "Feelin' alright tonight, well c'mon!" Now that the LOUDMOUTHS are a three-piece, Dulcinea has all the guitar licks under her belt. Rock on. (TL)
(Wrench/BCM Box 4049/London WCIN 3XX/ENGLAND)

LUCKIE STRIKE
"Future Is Turning" CD
If I had the guts I would ask this girl to go out with me. A voice like this I could listen too all night and all day. O-yeah, and there's a band too! Ranging from power pop played with high energy that just makes you feel good, to pissed of rockers ala TILT's more aggressive stuff, that makes you feel even better. I've already heard some of their new album, and the sky is the limit with this band. Check em' out. (BAM)
(Tomato Head/PO Box 61298/Sunnyvale, CA 94008)

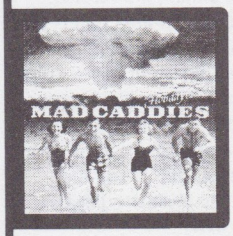


LURKERS
"The BBC Punk Sessions" CD
This CD is better than anticipated. I love the LURKERS, first two LPs, as well as some of their tasty later songs like "New Guitar in Town", but was a bit disappointed when I saw them live in Detroit in the late 70s. On their studio releases they overdubbed some of the guitar fills, but live their sound was necessarily thinner since Pete Stride, fine guitarist though he was, couldn,t play both parts simultaneously. On these Peel shows, though, the guitar is amped up nicely and the lead vocals are good and raw. The sessions from 1979 on are more subdued than those from 1977-78. (JB)
(Captain Oi/PO Box 501/High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)

THE MAD
"The 1978 EP" 12" EP
A brilliant re-issue collection (all six songs) from a very disturbed, menacing, and highly theatrical punk group. Bands like this are the stuff of punk legend. Crazed genius that touches down in random flashes like a lightning bolt. Existing for a brief, messy time in 1978 New York. The material contained here easily stands the test of time, I only wish that I could have seen them perform. A great thorough packaging job that includes lavish booklet with original artwork, flyers, and history of band. (JC)
(Brain Transplant/PO Box 24310/Los Angeles, CA 90024)

REVIEWS

MADBALL
"Hold It Down" CD
I'm glad I don't live in New York. I don't think I'm tough enough for all this "stand by your brother, blood in the streets" stuff. I much prefer the quiet life where one doesn't have to constantly watch one's back for the perennial stab. If however, you can hang in the alleys, with the hardest of the hardcore for lifers, then I'm sure you'll love this. Mean, muscular, snarling old-school NY hardcore. Great production from grandaddy Roger Miret. (RK)
(Epitaph/2798 Sunset Blvd/Los Angeles, CA 90026)



MAD CADDIES
"The Holiday Has Been Cancelled" CD EP
A taster of the glory to come? At times, they almost sound like a rockin, big band, infusing a laid-back nonchalance with just the right amount of bite. Old fans will appreciate a couple of full-blown ska standouts. The icing on the cake is an outstanding reworking of ABBA's."SOS". The horns positively make this smoke. Or should that be skank? 5 tracks of horn-soaked bliss. (RK)
(Fat/PO Box 193690/San Francisco, CA 94119)

MAD PARADE
"God Bless America" CD
They're back with another full-length of driving, melodic 70's-infused punk. Think the U.K. SUBS or CHELSEA (whom they cover here), melded with early 80's SoCal hardcore. One of the few bands who (relatively) recently reformed that seems to have seamlessly picked up where they left off 15 years ago. Better than ever, enhanced with some fine performances and production. (RK)
(Dr. Strange/PO Box 7000-117/Alta Loma, CA 91701)

MAD TRUCKER GONE MAD
"Mad Trucker" CD
Not bad, fairly ragin' rock that thankfully has a sense of humor. My favorite lyric, you wonder? "Fuck you, I'm crazy, Fuck you, I love you". Now that's nice. Kinda reminds me of CHROME CRANKS steeped in an ex-punk,s piss. Nasty, but not all bad. (SB)
(Crustacean/PO Box 370156/Milwaukee, WI 53237)



MAIN STREET SAINTS
"Johnny Bomb" 7" EP
This is OK gruff vocalled Oi, but it's not as good as that previous "Hallelujah!" 7" (or whatever the fuck it was called). They are pretty good, however, at their vaguely country-influenced songs like "Sylvest". This isn't bad, but it's not as good as I expected, either. (JAW)
(Haunted Town/1658 N. Milwukee Avenue #169/Chicago, IL 60647)



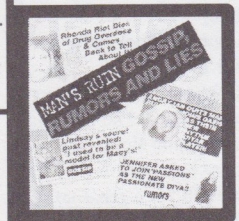
MALAKAS
"Sorry 'Bout My Drinkin'" CD
REPLACEMENTS and GEORGE THOROGOOD-inspired rock'n'roll, if that makes sense. Ten songs about girlfriends, booze, drugs, and being just down and out. If that sounds like you, the MALAKAS are your spokesmen. Very bar-bandish, but with a bit of pop punk twist. (TL)
(no address listed)



MALEFACTION
"Worship Nothing" 7"
Standard hard/grindcore. Pretty predictable down to the samples. This isn't bad, but not great, either. (AD)
(Commode/#5 227 21st Ave. SW/Calgary, AB T2S 0G5/Canada)

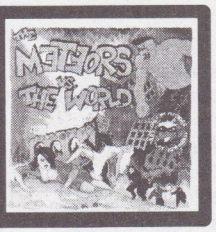
MAN
"Purity Accuracy" 45
It,s important to point out that the name of this band is THE MAN, because having a band named MAN would just be gay. Anyway, this is pretty rockin, stuff, similar to THE MAKERS with a little power pop thrown in for good measure. I like. (JER)
(1845 Lucretia Ave./LA, CA 90026)

MANGES
"Rocket To You" CD
A compendium of 7" buzzsaw pop releases, courtesy of Italy's finest pop punk band. The MANGES were heavily influenced by the RAMONES and SCREECHING WEASEL, though even the annoying "East Bay sound" sometimes creeps in. The garagey recording luckily prevents most of their songs from descending into the sappy category. 21 tracks, the best of which are probably "Zombie" and "Ruin Myself with Road to Ruin", and note the barely disguised BARRACUDAS cover. (JB)
(Manges Army/PO Box 179/19038 Sarzana/ITALY)



MAN'S RUIN
"Gossip, Rumors, And Lies" CD
This is very tuff, female-fronted Oi which is actually not half-bad. I wish I could sing like Rhonda Riot, who belts out great vocals! Nice, simple, 3-chord Oi that is actually catchy at times. The best tracks are "Bad Apple", "Tattoos & Memories", "Stroke Of Luck"; the weakest is "Please Listen To Me", since the aggro vocals do not work with the -sentimental, song. If you like hard-edged punk rock with female vocals, this is for you. (JAW)
(Helen Of Oi/BP7/77113 Fericy/FRANCE)

METEORS
"The Meteors vs. The World" CD
Two discs full of new stuff from the U.K.'s premier psychobilly band. Before I say anything, I want to



stress how important and utterly ass-kicking this band really was. The music they put out on the Anagram label throughout the 80's was style-making rage. There would probably be no Reverend Horton Heat were it not for these fellas, but their new stuff seems like a parody of their earlier selves. It's OK, it's just that there's something missing-something angry, evil, and debaucherous. (SB)
(Cleopatra/13428 Maxella Avenue/Marina Del Rey, CA 90292)



METROS
"Black Leather" CD
Once again, the METROS have managed to distinguish themselves from the rest of Rip Off's current stable of bands by virtue of some blistering lead guitar firepower. All the other label ingredients are there ^ the garage production, the snotty vocals, the humorous lyrics, the pounding punk rock rhythms ^ but the piercing lead guitar sound here is just so fuckin' cool that you can't get enough. Plus, the songs are much better than the retro '77 garage punk norm. A winner. (JB)
(Rip Off/581 Maple Avenue/San Bruno, CA 94066)

METROSCHIFTER
"Encapsulated" CD
First of all, this is and isn't the new METROSCHIFTER album; it's a collection of songs interpreted by groups hand picked by the 'Schifter guys. The bands? The GET UP KIDS, REFUSED, INK AND DAGGER, BURNING AIRLINES, the PROMISE RING, ELLIOT, and others take whacks at the songs, all to fairly good effect. I especially like the 'RING's take on "You Are So Unreal" and I&D's stomping, semi-SABBATHy "Actress". Interesting project. Reccomended. (DGJ)
(Doghouse/)

MIND DRIVER
"Ten Percent of Nothing" CD
On "Ten Percent of Nothing" MIND DRIVER provides some high energy songs for BAD RELIGION types. The total package isn't so spectacular, but it's an A+ effort from guys I don't necessarily believe to be lifers. (X)
(Wendy-O/True/Santa Fe Springs, CA)

MINOR DISTURBANCE
"Bullet For You" CD
Cool ass snotty garage punk, stuck somewhere between early F.Y.P. and later LOLI & THE CHONES. Six and a half songs that have this band's name etched into my brain and looking forward to their future releases. (BAM)
(Run & Hide/PO Box 35094/Philidelphia, PA 19128)

SHITLIST

MIXELPRICKS
"Livestock At Large" CD-R



EXPLOSIVE KATE
"You Are Not A Winner" CD-R
JUVENILE WRECK
"Sit On It" CD-R
ATTENTION DEFICIT
"Gets Poked In The Eye" CD-R

Mutant Pop continues to churn out the limited edition mailorder only pop punk short-run CDs. Each one consists of 5-7 tracks. I've no idea how much they retail for, so I've no clue as to whether these are a bargain or not. Certainly, Mutant Pop is doing a great service in making this stuff available, and anyone that loves, or even vaguely digs, the whole RAMONES/ SCREECHING WEASEL/ QUEERS/ MTX a xis will discover all kinds of hidden nuggets here. It all starts to sound a little tired to these jaded ears, but as most of this stuff is demos or little-known vinyl originally, I guess one could view it as the Killed By Death/Bloodstains of the bubblegum pop punk world. The shining exception in this particular batch is ATTENTION DEFICIT. In a minor work of genius, they not only manage to incorporate a drume machine and sequencer seamlessly into their snotty upbeat ditties, but sample big chunks of DIRT BIKE ANNIE, the DOUBLE, RIP and more to classic effect. For sure pleasantly pushing the boundaries of a rather over-used genre. (RK)
(Mutant Pop/mutantpop@aol.com)



MONKS
"Five Upstart Americans" CD

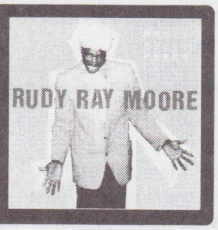
The MONKS, a group of bored GI's stationed in Germany in the mid-60's, produced one of the most original beat punk LP's ever with "Black Monk Time". This CD contains earlier studio demos of most of their classic songs, as well as some unreleased tracks (two from their earlier group, the FIVE TORQUAYS). The main ingredients in the MONKS musical stew were intentional primitiveness and loud, thumping repetition, and though the versions here aren,t quite as heavy and pounding as the final ones they,re even more endearingly garagey. It,s hard to equal astounding songs like "Monktime" and "Love Came Tumbling Down", and "I Hate You" was clearly way ahead of its time thematically. (JB)
(Omplatten/PO Box 230712, Ansonia Station/New York, NY 10023)

MICHAEL MONROE
"Peace of Mind" CD

This isn't the latest release by ex- HANOI ROCKS frontman Michael Monroe, but it is a good map to his current "Life Gets You Dirty" CD. "Peace of Mind" starts off with a bad butt rocker guitar line a la WINGER, but as soon as Mike sings it's all cool. There are some original gems on this one, like "Always Right" ("...even when I'm wrong"), and covering the DAMNED's "Machine Gun Ettiquette", the MC5's "Kick Out the Jams", and the DEAD BOYS' "Not Anymore" doesn't hurt either. Two bonus even feature Stiv Bators. Need I say more? (X)
(Deadline/13428 Maxella Avenue #251/Marina Del Ray, CA. 90292)

MOORAT FINGERS
"Gib Mir Kopf" 10" EP

A vicious, snotty German ensemble with a punk-as-fuck record cover and attitude. They have a basic THUNDERS meets MOTORHEAD approach, and songs like "Rise of the Retards", "Blitzkrieg in My Eye", "Hump My Blade", and "Head on a Stick" not only have hilarious lyrics, but pack a whollop where it counts. (JC)
(Saddle Tramp/PO Box 5412/Nottingham NG1 6HT/ENGLAND)



RUDY RAY MOORE
"Hully Gully Fever" CD

The legendary Dolomite's early rock and roll recordings, influenced by LITTLE RICHARD, DON & DEWEY, and LARRY WILLIAMS. This is all pre-dirty mutha fucka-era RUDY RAY MOORE. Leave it to Norton to dig out this awesome collections of great tunes like "My Little Angel", "Hully Gully Fever (and the Flu Bug Too)", "The Buggy Ride", "Ring A Ling Dong", and so many more. Great CD booklet, too. (TL)
(Norton/PO Box 646, Cooper Station/New York, NY 10276)

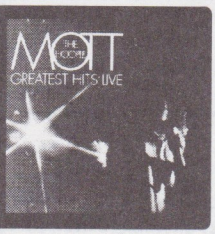
MORAL CRUX
"The Side Effects Of Thinking" CD

MORAL CRUX are a great underrated band that plays their own snappy style of punk rock, with one of the most engaging and theatrical front men in the pop punk scene. This is a reissue of their 1989 record, and easily stands the test of time. I,m glad to see it finally came out. (JC)
(Panic Button/PO Box 148010/Chicago, IL 60614)



THE MORTICIA'S LOVERS
"My Baby Mmmmhh!"/"Rockabilly Drugstore" 7"

CRAMPS-style rock,n,roll, but the vocals are so low you can barely hear them. Too bad, cuz "My Baby Mmmmmhh" is a great song. Hey! And of course, they're Italian. (TL)
(Goodbye Boozy/Via Pompetti 147/64020 S. Nicolo' Terame/ITALY)

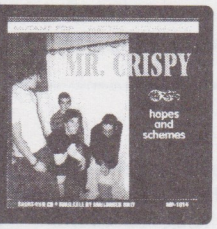


MOTT THE HOOPLE
"Greatest Hits Live" CD

At first I thought this release would be a great way to turn a new generation on to some old goods. Unfortunately, the recording and mastering of this is so flawed that the CD really serves as no monument to such a talented and influential band. The left track is completely plagued and splintered by seamless noise and popping, yet Cleopatra prepared the package with a special "digitally re-mastered" sticker. Ouch! (X)
(Pyramid/13428 Maxella Avenue #251/Marina Del Ray, CA 90292)

MOUNT MCKINLEYS
"Incredible High Rise Sounds Of Today!" LP

These guys are from Pittsburg, or somewhere else in Pennsylvania, and had a release on the Get Hip label a few years ago. I remember liking that, but this one really blew me away. From the crack cover design to the sounds on the album, it all works. They remind me somewhat of other area bands like the STUMP WIZARDS and STEEL MINERS - feet rooted in '60s garage, but with a slight psych edge and even surf/instro influence. Songs like "1000 Miles From Your Planet Earth," "Men In Black, "Reatach (sic) Your Head," and "Off My Trip" give you a good indication of where they're coming from, as does their cover of the MISSING LINKS' "You're Drivin' Me Insane." (AW)
(Max Picou/PO Box 15/1294 Genthod/SWITZERLAND)



MR CRISPY
"Hopes And Schmes" CD EP
DEAD LIKE ELVIS
"I Wanna Be A Blonde" CD EP

These are but two in the plethera of CDs in Mutant Pop's short run mailorder-only series. A cool idea, done well for some, but both of these exemplify what is wrong with the idea. Clumsy, unimpressive recordings that would have served best as demos to shop around before they made the real records. This could be really beneficial in the case of good bands that get lost in the shuffle, but these two just don't really cut the mustard. (JC)
(Mutant Pop/5010 NW Shasta Avenue/Corvalis, OR 97330)

MUDHONEY
"March To Fuzz" double CD

A really cool double CD from this seminal Seattle band. Disc one is a "best of" collection that features songs from all of their albums, as well as classics like "Touch Me I'm Sick" and their great cover of the DICKS' "Hate The Police." Disc two is the real meat, though. It's got a ton of singles-only tracks, comp cuts, and unreleased songs. Dig their MILKSHAKES, ANGRY SAMOANS, FANG, BLACK FLAG, and even ROXY MUSIC covers! (AW)
(Sub Pop/PO Box 20645/Seattle, WA 98102)

MURDER CITY DEVILS
"In Name And Blood" CD

What was once fresh and exciting about this band (in particular their first album) has pirouetted into a dull, fairly predictable scenester-chic. The promise of a raw viciousness that is exhibited in their artwork and packaging fails to come through in the songs on this record. There is still potential in this band, if they don't get swallowed up by their own hype. Hopefully, the future holds stronger material. (JC)

REVIEWS

(Sub Pop/PO Box 20645/Seattle, WA 98102)

THE NEIGHBORS
"The More Money One Has The More Important Is One's Life" CD
So fast, so hard it'll kick your candy-ass if your turn your back on the CD player. It's like a cross between M.D.C., TERVEET KADET, and black metal, only our boys here seem to be on more of a mission than all of the others, and I think they mean it. Fucking horrifying cover, too. (SB)
(Six Weeks/225Lincoln Avenue/Cotati, CA 94931)

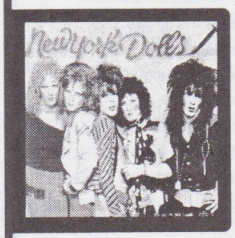
NERVE AGENTS
"Days of the White Owl" CD
While nobody can answer the DICTATORS question, "Who will save Rock n' Roll?", the NERVE AGENTS are definitely the answer to one about who will save punk rock. They feature Eric Ozenne and his YOUTH OF TODAY- esque vocals (you might remember him from REDEMPTION 87 and UNIT PRIDE), Tim and Andy from MODEL AMERICAN, and a couple of other "spooky" kids. All-out aggressive punk rock that I'm sure most would label as HC, but with eerie overtones reminiscent of 45 GRAVE (they even do a great version of "Evil" on here) or the MISFITS. The NERVE AGENTS, with quite possibly the record of the year here, can probably save punk singlehandedly. (BAM)
(Revelation/PO Box 5232/Huntington Beach, CA 90278)



NEW BOMB TURKS
"Nightmare Scenario" CD
I never really flipped over this band like everyone else. I don't really need to describe their sound and whatnot, cuz everyone knows what they're all about. Fast, high-energy rock,n,roll. "Continental Cat" is pretty good, but I guess I'm just a dork. (TL)
(Epitaph/2798 Sunset Blvd/Los Angeles, CA 90026)



THE NEW RISING SUNS
"Thieves and Angels" CD
This 4-song EP is really bad, especially because I suspect an old drinkin, buddy of mine plays guitar in the band. This simply does not belong in ***Hit List***. These songs are watered-down radio crap. Not poppy, not catchy, not even alternative. Next! (X)
(Grapeos/332 Bleecker Street, PMB K42/New York, NY 10014)

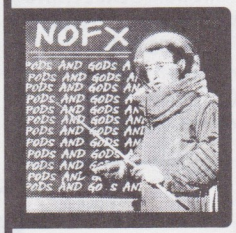


NEW YORK DOLLS
"Actress: Birth Of The New York Dolls" CD
I got a bootleg a year ago from Mr. Jeff Dahl of the earliest known DOLLS recording, featuring the original line-up of Johnny Thunders, Rick Rivets, Authur Kane, and Billy Murcia. On that, they are referred to as simply the DOLLS, but on here Arthur says they were called ACTRESS at that point. Recorded in Rivet's garage on a two-track machine, this is lo-fi but still cool. Early versions of DOLLS classics like "It's Too Late" are featured, as well as songs like "That's Poison" (which became "Subway Train") and "I Am Confronted" (which became Thunders' solo punk-ballad classic "So Alone"). Cool liner notes by Kane! Every DOLLS fanatic should own this. (AW)
(Get Back/Via Aretina 25/50069 Sieci/ITALY)



NIKKI & THE CORVETTES
"He's A Mover" CD
As usual this reissue from an earlier era (1979-80) demonstrates Bomp's exquisite taste and foresight. Sure, NIKKI and her band weren't a big commercial success at the time, but twenty years later their clever attempt to wed a 60's girl pop sound with a punk/New Wave aesthetic still sounds as fresh as it did when it was first released. It might actually sound better today! No one will be ever be able to make that claim about the likes of BRITNEY SPEARS. (JB)
(Bomp/PO Box 7112/Burbank, CA 91510)

NO ALTERNATIVE
"Johnny Got His Gun '78-'82" CD
Finally, a compilation of this great S.F. punk band's music! Fusing retro-rockabilly and punk, they came up with an interesting and engaging sound, exemplified by tunes like "Johnny Got His Gun," "Dead Men Tell No Tales," "Rockabilly Rumble," and "Make Guns Not Love." Besides reissuing songs from their ultra-rare 7" and comp apearances, this CD includes unreleased stuff, e.g., material by the offshoot band ALTERNATIVE TOOLS, a combination of NO ALTERNATIVE and the TOOLS. Featuring great punk guitarist Mike Fox, some of these songs such as "People's Revolution" later ended up as songs for his other project, CODE OF HONOR. (AW)
(Wingnut/PMB 59/1442A Walnut Street/Berkeley, CA 94709)

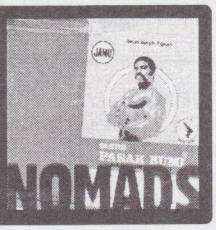


NOFX
"Pods and Gods" 7"
A decent A-side exclusive, with one of my faves from the new album as the B-side. Why am I even reviewing this? Either you love NOFX and you'll buy anything they do, or you're too scared of what your "cool" friends will think and you won't bother. Limited to 12,000, so hurry! (BAM)
(Fat/PO Box 193690/San Francisco, CA 94119)



NOFX
"Pump Up the Volume" CD
Fuck you if you don't have the balls to tell your "too cool" friends that you do in fact appreciate the brilliance that is NOFX. This may feature the band's most solid songs ever, and quite possibly Mike's most brilliant lyrics, including songs about his parents listening to the MISFITS, about the fucked-up music industry, and about his sex change operation and his brand spankin'' new vagina. It also features "Louise", which is "Liza and Louise" part nine, or ten, or whatever, as well as "Stranger than Fishin". (BAM)
(Epitaph)

NOMADS/ROBERT JOHNSON & THE PUNCH DRUNKS
split 7"
I was never a big fan of the NOMADS. Sorry folks, I know I'm really lame. They do a song on here called "Trucker Speed". THE PUNCH DRUNKS be doin' the VENTURES, "2000 lb Bee". It's all OK. (TL)
(Bang/Apdo 147/Santurtzi 48980/Basque Country/SPAIN)



NOMADS
"She'll Always Be Mine" 7" EP
Here the NOMADS do a couple of originals and cover one of the best LYRES songs, "She'll Always Be Mine." Actually, it could possibly be a CLASSIC RUINS or a BOYS FROM NOWHERE tune, if you follow the family tree. This is pretty good. (TL)
(Screaming Apple/Dustermichster.14/50939 Koln/GERMANY)

NO WTO COMBO
"Live From The Battle In Seattle" CD
Remember when there was a riot going on in Seattle. BIAFRA does. He was there, along with famous dudes from NIRVANA and SOUNDGARDEN. Along with a not-so-famous drummer they braved the pigs, teargas, and exclusion zone to put on a bit of a blinder of a show. Features an animated rant and analysis from Biafra on the evils of the WTO and corporations, and how to fight back, followed by the allstars raging their way through a DEAD KENNEDYS cover, a track from the BIAFRA/D.O.A. collaboration, and two other BIAFRA numbers. This rocks, and the accompanying booklet is rather informative, too. (RK)
(Alternative Tentacles/PO Box 419092/San Francisco, CA 94141)

ODD NUMBERS
"About Time" CD
Finally their original casset has seen the light of day on CD format. These songs have been on comps and countless skate videos, yet you could never get them all in one place; until now. JAM influenced power pop with amazing vocals. Find this and pick it up today.
(Coldfront/PO Box 8345/Berkeley, CA 94707)

SHITLIST

ONCE FOR KICKS
"Get Up an Antenna" CD
I'll be the first to admit that I'm probably not the right guy to review a lot of the CDs that come my way. For example, I can't really express to you what ONCE FOR KICKS sounds like. However, I'm quite sure the band couldn't tell you either. Whatever their brand of rock, it gets a lot better 4 songs in. So please wade through it before making your decision. (X)
(Book Records Possibility/www.onceforkicks.com)

OVER IT
"The Ready Series" CD
Their first full-length picks up where the self-titled debut EP left off, a mishmash of currently popular styles ^ driving emo, melodic hardcore, and the NOFX technical high end of punk. GAMEFACE, SAMIAM, early FACE TO FACE. All good bands. And OVER IT seem poised to join them. (RK)
(Negative Progression/PO Box 15507/Boston, MA 02215)



OXYMORON
"Fuck The Nineties...Here's Our Noize" CD
A welcome reiussue of the debut full-length from Germany' premier street-punk band. Flawlessly executed uptempo pogo-punk as it should be done. Reminiscent of the first PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES LP. Clean, driving, hard, and with enough engaging melodies and mob choruses to get the most jaded fuck singing along. (RK)
(Knock Out/POstfach 1007-16/46527 Dinslaken/GERMANY)

PANDEMIA
"Spreading The Message" CD
These Czechs play so fast, I thought the CD was skipping. With the darkest, gravest vocals on top of the fastest cacophony of guitar and drum that I've heard in a while, I feel safe in saying if they were playing any faster, it would be one long hum throughout the disc. If Hell has a soundtrack, this is it. Each song is relentless in it's aural assault. This is so fast, I looked around for a seatbelt on my couch. (MD)
(Lost Disciple/PO Box 340/Winthrop, MA 02152)

PAT DULL & HIS MEDIA WHORES
"It's About Time/Declaration" 7"
PAT DULL and company are a cool band with a very big sounding A-side that,s comparable to the REPLACEMENTS or the PLIMSOULS. The B-side track is a pretty forgettable accoustic version of a much harder hitting regular song. Still, this is a band I recommend checking out. (JC)
(Break-Up/ Box 15372/Columbus, OH 43215)

PEABODYS
"Dilemma" EP
Boring, yet predictable. This is really sub-par for Mutant Pop. Generic pop punk with vocals that sound like nails on a chalkboard. The cool blue vinyl ain,t enough to save this one. (JER)
(Mutant Pop/5010 NW Shasta Ave/Corvalis, OR 97330)

PETTYFORDS
"Aloha Means Goodbye" CD
Nintendo-powered punk rock from Hawaii? Yep. It's a goodtime, high school kind of thing which is executed "PETTY" well, I might ad. Just take track 7, "Gonna Kill Me Dead", which comes complete with off-key verses and a catchy chorus and clocks in at 1:35. The cover art lets you know that this is all about sunshine, fun, and girls. Why not? (X)
(Woah Oh/94-1001 Lauwi Place/Waipahu, HI 96707)



PILLBOX
"Gimme What I Want" CD
If you're into the 80s' and long for the days when bands like the BANGLES were tearing it up, then this is for you. Melodic, groovey, and even sexy rhythms, with a female vocal that made me think of crimping irons, day-glo, and doing speed in the bathroom at a nightclub. Hey, I don't miss the 80's at all, come to think of it. (SB)
(PRB/580 Broadway, Suite 1005/New York, NY 10012)



PLUS ONES
"On The List" CD EP
Pop punk supergroup? Next big thing? Hunkiest band to ever wear striped sox? All these and more, maybe, but what is definitely true is that there are five perfectly crafted songs on this CD. I have listened to it over and over again, and only grown to like them more with each listen. The PLUS ONES feature stalwarts like Joel Reader from the MR. T EXPERIENCE, Danny Panic from SCREECHING WEASEL, the GROOVIE GHOULIES, and a host of others, and Scotty Hay from the RECEIVERS and REDEMPTION 87. This is great power pop and should be first on your list. (JC)
(Coldfront/PO Box 8345/Berkeley, CA 94707)

PLUTOCRACY
"Sniping Pigz" CD
More grindcore from one of the best. Max Ward from SPAZZ's earlier band returns with a new full-length chock full of anger, speed, heaviness, metal leads, screaming, and samples galore, which will have all the kids dressed in black banging their heads for a while. A very strong release from the band that's singlehandedly putting Redwood City on the map. (BAM)
(Six Weeks/c/o Mordam)

IGGY & THE STOOGES
"Double Danger: Academy of Music/Latin Casino-Live 1973" CD
"I think I hear a change coming." When IGGY bellowed this towards the end of "Head On", live in 1973 at the Latin Casino in Baltimore, the STOOGES were, arguably, the most important band in rock'n,roll, and IGGY himself teetered on the precipice of Rock Legend status. Many have tried to imitate him over the last few decades, but few have ever come close. These recordings are essential for STOOGES collectors, capturing a thunderous band toward the end of its prime. The sound quality is sometimes murky, and it's heavy on the piano solos, but the songs never get fully lost. Released over the years on a variety of bootlegs, we finally have the official versions from Bomp as part of their stellar Iguana Chronicles series. (JC)
(Bomp/PO Box 7112/Burbank, CA 91505)

IGGY POP
"Live in NYC" CD
Being a great fan of IGGY's, I already own two live CD,s from the man. One is the hideous "Heroin Hates You" from '79 in L.A. and the other is the awesome "Live at the Channel" from '88 in Boston. This latest King Biscuit Live release falls somewhere in between those two performances. I purchased the other two due to the lineups: the '79 show,s got my DAMNED hero Brian James and SEX PISTOL Glen Matlock, and the '88 show boasts Andy McCoy from HANOI ROCKS and Alvin Gibbs of the UK SUBS. "Live in NYC" was recorded in '86, and although the songs are executed perfectly I miss IGGY's brand of danger. I blame that on the fact that his lineup here was comprised of stiff studio musician types. (X)
(King Biscuit Flower Hour/PO Box 6700/New York, NY 10150)



A POOR EXCUSE
7"
Yes! This rages! A POOR EXCUSE reminds me a lot of BATTALION OF SAINTS. This is really good! Fast, guitar-driven hardcore punk. I get the feeling from reading the lyrics that these guys have been around the block and have learned from past experiences or observation of others. I don,t know, maybe I,m reading too much into it, but the lyrics seem like they were written by someone older and more experienced. Great record. (AD)
(Rodent Popsicle Records/P.O. Box 335/Newton Center, MA 02459)



POWERBALL
"Frozen Sun"
By far the most interesting things about this record is that the band have the inestimable good taste to thank both BILL HICKS - political comedian extraordinaire - and all the women who have had sex with them (though not the latter by name, unfortunately). The music isn't bad, just run of the mill generic hardcore. They do a DAYGLOW ABORTIONS cover and dedicate a song to one of their daughters. (RK)

REVIEWS

(Rat Town/PO Box 50803/Jax Beach, FL 32240)

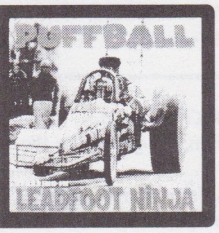
POXY
"The Very End" CD
I put this on when I was cleaning the house and I got it done in no time. Fast, raging punk rock in the truest traditions passed down from the likes of the PARTISANS, VARUKERS, and all that good old UK punk. ADD is a pure punk label that hasn't disappointed me yet. (SB)
(ADD/270 Central Street/Hingham, MA 02043)

THE PRESTON WAYNE FOUR
"Themes from Wayne Manor" CD
13 surf instrumentals from this former D.M.Z. member. Pretty decent down and dirty, reverb-drenched rockin' surf tunes. If I didn't know who this guy was, I probably wouldn't have been too interested, but D.M.Z. is one of my fave bands so I gotta give him credit. Not bad for what it is. (TL)
(Dino/PO Box 80/North Hampton, MA 01060)

PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS
LP
A reissue of an extremely rare live LP recorded in '79 of an Aussie noise-artpunk band that evokes comparison with the SCREAMERS. Even though they use guitars (unlike the SCREAMERS, who didn't), this is heavy on the distorted keyboards. Insane, raw and wild stuff like "Do The Icepick," "Mud In My Eye," and "Do That Dance" stand side by side with crazed covers of "I Can Tell," "The Beat Goes On," and one of the most bizarre interpretations of "Shout" that I've ever heard. It comes with a bonus (studio versions) single of their "Do That Dance"/"I Can't Stop It" 45 which, while not as unhinged as their live counterparts, are certainly worth hearing. (AW)
(Au Go-Go/GPO Box 542d/Melbourne 3001/AUSTRALIA)

PROMISE RING
"Electric Pink" CD EP
Davey VonBohlen has one of the most startling voices in the underground scene - it's as childlike as J. Mascis' is sleepy. This EP sometimes hands down some of the biggest whack 'n'thwack these guys have ever laid down (then again, don't think I'm sayin' they've somehow turned into SNAPCASE). Nuanced, simple, cute, bare, convoluted, melancholy. It's the perfect mild-weather, Sunday afternoon record. (DGJ)
(Jade Tree/)

PSYCHOTIC YOUTH
"Steroids" CD
Pretty decent rockin' power pop, but also pretty slick sounding. Fans of the VIKINGS, the YUM-YUMS, D-GENERATION, CHEAP TRICK, and the PAUL COLLINS BEAT take note. The weird thing is they have songs like "Keeps You Running" that remind me of a modern day DWARVES when they,re feeling sensitive. My faves on here are "Somebody Should Have Told Me About That Girl" and "Going Nowhere". (TL)
(Bomp/PO Box 7712/Burbank, CA 91510)



PUFFBALL
"Leadfoot Ninja" 7"
Fast attacking rock'n'roll a la ZEKE, but way better. Fuzzy vocals and guitars power through two originals and a cover of MOTORHEADS "Mean Machine". Discover this powerhouse, one way or another. (BAM)
(Glazed/PO Box 82006/Columbus, OH 43202)

QUADRAJETS
"When The World's On Fire" CD
Boisterous rock and roll from another fine Estrus group. They lie somewhere between the DIDJITS and the HUMPERS, which is a good place to be. The QUADRAJETS are definitely in the deep end of the loud rock pool that is overflowing of late. I hear that they are pretty fantastic live, too. (JC)
(Estrus/P O Box 2125/Bellingham, WA 98227)

QUICK FIX
"Get Yours" CD
Do you like the CULT,s Ian Astbury's overuse of the word "baby"? Do you love hairy chests and mascara? Then here's one just for you! What kills me is how rock bluesy and long-winded a QUICK FIX can be. The band is fronted by Jake Zavracky, who also happens to have written, produced, and engineered this entire CD. Well then, I suppose he's to blame for it's overwhelming success.
(X)
(Man With a Gun/PO Box 15327/Boston,MA 02215)

RABBLE ROUSERS
CD
What's up with the drum machine? Imagine Tony Iommi sodomizing Malcolm Young with Mick Jones taping the scene, then add the infernally horrendous cheeseball electronic drums, Growly Al Barr-esque vocals (but more out of tune), and you have a recipe for annoyance. Pointless beyond belief. (DGJ)
(?)

RABID RAT FONDUE
"Let It Brie" CD
Given that they specially thank Danny Bonaduce, one can surmise that these are "zany" folks and that this is not exactly a serious musical probe. The variety of guitars, percussion instruments, and whatnot that is listed also indicates that either we're about to hear some prog-rock adventure or alot of quirky noise. Well, it's neither, really. This is silly, not-very-funny- unless-you-were-there music, with asinine lyrics and a hiccupy singer.
(Sfuckin'B)
(Fiendish Thingy/1748 Shattuck Avenue, Suite 122/Berkeley, CA 94709)



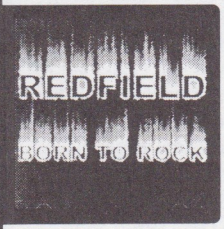
RADIO 4
"The New Song And Dance" CD
Well, it ain't exactly new. In fact, this sort of reminds me of early New York "No Wave", and maybe even a little bit of the GANG OF FOUR. Actually, a lot, especially the jerky guitar style and the layered vocals. Not bad. (SB)
(Gern Blandsten/PO Box 356/River Edge, NJ 07661)



RAISE HELL
"Ain't Dead Yet" CD
Wicked heavy shit, man. RAISE HELL kicks your ass up and down the block, gets your mom drunk, and takes your sister out in your pop's car, then wrecks it. Non-stop crush and crunch. Not as dark as SLAYER, but they could hold their own as an opener for them. I don't know what Nuclear Blast puts in their water cooler at the office, but it's infected the whole roster with a bad case of KICK EVERYONES ASS. (MD)
(Nuclear Blast/PO Box 43618/Philadelphia, PA 19106)



RANDUMBS
"Things Are Tough All Over" CD
Their second full-length of basic, driving punk. Gravelly vocals, fuzzed out speedy guitars with simple solos. It reminds me alot of some of the lesser British bands from the early 80s ^ ATTAK, CRUX ^ the kind of band that would have had a couple of tracks on a No Future comp and then split up. It all starts sounding the same after a couple of tracks, but I'm sure lots of people love this shit. (RK)
(TKO/4104 24th street #103/San Francisco, CA 94114)



REDFIELD
"Born To Rock" CD
Okay, look past the dorky flames on the cover and actually throw the disc in the player. What's there? Imagine HOT WATER MUSIC covering AVAIL with BOB MOULD on vocals. Okay, so it's not quite *that* great, but It's pretty good, and that's a rough approximation of the sound. Cathartic and uplifiting. (DGJ)
(Sunset Alliance/PO Box 31596/Phoenix, AZ 85046)

REDS
"#044" CD
What's black and white and red all over, and fucking rocks? It must be a new Rip Off release. The REDS play rock'n'roll in a sloppy, noisy lo-fi garage fashion, just the way I like it. It's kind of reminiscent of LOLI & THE CHONES, but more choppy and tuneless. 14 songs to follow up those on their two previous 7"ers. (BAM)
(RipOff/581 Maple Ave./San Bruno, CA 14066)

SHIT LIST



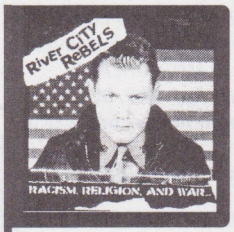
RED TAPE
"High Voltage" CD
Good, pissed-off hardcore. Dissonant, riffy, a tad metallic, not the kind of stuff I'm usually into. The lyrics are standard hardcore themes, the state of the scene, work sucking. The singer sounds a bit like Ari from LIFETIME if his step-parents were BLAG DAHLIA and HENRY ROLLINS. Some of the stuff treads on pseudo-REFUSED territory, though these guys aren't nearly as visionary as the late, lamented Swedes. (DGJ)
(New Age/PO Box 5213/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

RESONARS
LP
I'm not sure if these guys are from Arizona, where the label is, but perhaps baking in that sun has done something to their minds. This is excellent pop-psych stuff that recalls some of the best bands of the whole "paisley underground" scene in the '80s. Amazingly well-recorded on a 4-track, this LP shimmers with catchy hooks, great vocals, and interesting lyrics. My fave tunes include "Definitely Crescent Ridge," "Own Up," and their cover of "Swallow The Sun" (which they call "Dark On You Know") by THE LOVE EXCHANGE, which is featured on one of those Los Angeles "Highs In The Mid-60s" volumes. (AW)
(Star Time/PO Box 43091/Tuscon, AZ 85733)

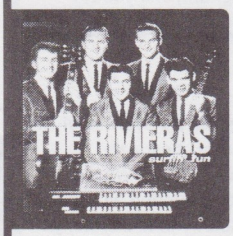


RINGWORM
"Last Call in the Free World" CD
This CD is bugging the crap out of me because I can,t place who RINGWORM sounds like. It,s on the tip of my brain, but I can,t get it. Argh! I hate that! This band is good: they play mid-tempo punk that sounds old school. The singer has a really cool voice; his singing is somewhere between a yell and a tough spoken voice, sort of like HENRY ROLLINS which is weird since they do a BLACK FLAG cover. Shit! Who they hell is it they remind me of? It,s not DR. KNOW, but they do kind of fall into that category. (AD)
(Rat Town Records/P.O. Box 50803/Jax Beach, FL 32240)

THE RITCHIE WHITES
?
A great first offering from the Texas-based RITCHIE WHITES. This is really catchy, heartfelt, mid-tempo rock'n'roll, complete with singalong choruses. This band includes ex-member s of LOS TIGROS GUAPOS, the BULEMICS, and the MOTARDS, but they don't really sound like any of those bands. This is a lot less chaotic and sloppy, which that is not a bad thing in this case. Add in a little SOCIAL DISTORTION, MISFITS, and D-GENERATION, and you'll get the picture. Austin,s reputation as a hotbed for great rock'n'roll is validated. (JAW)
(Ritchie White/PO Box 49264/Austin, TX 78765)

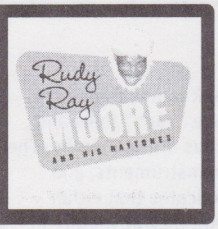


RIVER CITY REBELS
"Racism, Religion, And War" CD
A blistering debut. 14 blasts of pure punk rage and protest, with a sense of melody. Don't let the horn section fool you, as this is as far removed from ska as you could get. Think the modern sounds of the street, a la DROPKICK MURPHYS or early SWINGING UTTERS. Mix it up with some excellent political lyrics and round if off with some fine brass stylings, and you have one ass-kicking record. Like a more aggro version of the STRIKE. (RK)
(Victory/PO Box 146546/Chicago, IL 60614)



RIVIERAS
"Surfin' Fun/I'm Looking for Someone To Love" 7"
Another great Norton reissue by the awesomist frat, surf, and hot rod rockers, the RIVIERAS. These tracks are both from their "Let's Stomp" LP, but I guess these are different master recordings. They make use of the riffs from "California Sun" to do "Surfin' Fun". Smart guys. As I've said before, if it wasn't for the RIVIERAS and the TRASHMEN, there would be no UNTAMED YOUTH. (TL)
(Norton/PO Box 646, Cooper Station/New York, NY 10276)

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT
"Cut and Play" 12" EP
Five songs from RFTC, less slickly-produced than their last full-length. Loud and gutsy, this comes in a cool package that you have to actually cut the record out of the sleeve to play. (AW)
(Flapping Jet)



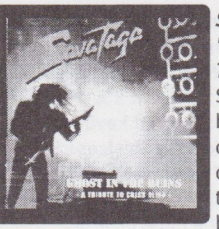
RUDY RAY MOORE & HIS RAYTONES
"Rally in the Valley"/"Whatcha Gonna Do?" 7"
God, this 7" and the LP are so great. Awesome doo-woppy rippin' rock,n,roll. Fans of LARRY WILLIAMS will dig this. It's amazing that this guy had a whole musical career before Dolomite. Wow, love it. (TL)
(Norton/PO Box 646, Cooper Station/New York, NY 10276)



RUTH'S HAT
"Bye Bye Love" CD
RUTH'S HAT is a fun pop punk band with good harmonies and catchy tunes aplenty. They,ve mastered the art of pop songs that get in there, do their job, and then get out in under two minutes (sometimes under one minute!). Highly recommended for fans of the sugar-coated punk set. (JC)
(Mutant Pop/5010 NW Shasta Avenue/Corvalis, OR 97330)



SA VAGE RESURRECTION
"Thing in E" CD
A remastered reissue of the 1968 psych LP, plus bonus tracks. What distinguished the SAVAGE RESURRECTION from many of their psychedelic peers was both a garage aesthetic and a well-defined pop sensibililty. Although their guitar work was often evocative, piercing, and loud-as-fuck, they managed to avoid the leaden sound so characteristic of, say, BLUE CHEER. There are a few bluesy klunkers on this LP, but "Thing in E" is a bona fide classic and several other tracks (such as "Every Little Song", the moody "Tahitian Melody", "Someone,s Changing", and "Remlap,s Cave, Part II") still sound terrific. (JB)
(ModLang/PO Box 10111/Berkeley, CA 94709)



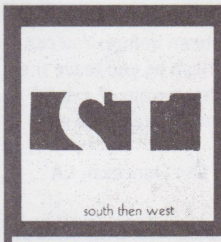
SAVATAGE
"Ghost In The Ruins: A Tribute to Chriss Oliva" CD
SAVATAGE is one of those bands who unleashed a couple of early albums that carved a way for others. After that the spiral downward began, as yet another Atlantic metal band was turned slowly to shit (with the exception of "Gutter Ballet", which was a last great effort). Soon after Chriss passed away, and the band never recovered. Their good albums were lost to obscurity and their less-than-decent ones graced the budget bins. Finally, Nuclear Blast has released a fitting tribute with this exceptional sounding live album. After the first couple of tunes, you can tell what riff prowess this man had. (MD)
(Nuclear Blast/PO Box 43618/Philadelphia, PA 19106)

SCREECHING WEASEL
"Jesus Hates You" 7"
Cool picture disc with a nekkid chick, and, uh...Jesus! Three cover tunes, including a high-speed run-through of "Fuck You" (SUBHUMANS), a great "Suspect Device" (STIFF LITTLE FINGERS), and the creme de la creme "Dirt" (STOOGES), which is absolutely killer, a slow-burner that retains a lot of the eerie charm of the original. Wow. (AW)
(Probe)

SC VOLUNTEERS
"Salute"7" EP
This is snotty punk rock that vaguely reminds me of the U.S. BOMBS. There are lots of background chants with some kinda cool lead melodies, specifically in "No Loyalty". This just might get your toes a-tappin,. (JAW)
(TKO/4104 24th ST #103/San Francisco, CA 94114)

SELBY TIGERS
"South Then West" CD EP
Decent indie rock, I guess a bit more interesting

REVIEWS



than the typical fluff that I'm constantly bombarded with, but not much. Bratty girl vocals remind me of BRATMOBILE, BIKINI KILL, or even that girl from the WAITRESSES. Then there's a fella doing vocals too, so a SUPERCHUNK thing happens on the more melodic tunes. OK, but not essential. (SB)
(PO Box 27293/Minneapolis, MN 55427)

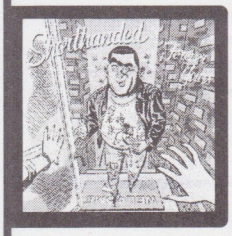


SELLOUTS
"You Leave Me Cold" 7"
Three songs of high energy, lo-fi, quirky rock which is similar to the Rip Off sound that oh so many of you crave. I wish the chord changes weren't so frequent and choppy, but maybe that makes it perfect for you. It's still damn good. (BAM)
(Gonna Puke/Via Monteverdi43/90145/Palermo/ITALY)



SHELTER
"When 20 Summers Pass" CD
If you dug their previous "Planet Earth" record, you'll love this. Likewise, if you saw it as just another sellout, you'll detest this and should stick with BRIGHTER THAN A THOUSAND. More of the same silky smooth vocals, production, and melodic tunes. The hardcore edge is almost still there, but most of the rough edge has been sculpted into a pop-punk offering. Even better, there is no mention of the Krishna nonsense. (RK)
(Victory/PO Box 146546/Chicago, IL 60614)

SHORT 'N' CURLIES
"For Fuck's Sake" 10"
Musically, the SHORT 'N' CURLIES play pretty aggro, 80's-sounding street punk with lots of leads. Lyrically, it,s anti-middle class, fuck the system-type Oi stuff. On a scale of 1-10, I might give this a 7.5 or an 8. This is definitely good, but if truth be told I've had this record for quite some time and have only listened to it a few times since its arrival. (JAW)
(Knock Out/Postfach 100716 Dinslaken/GERMANY)



SHORTHANDED
"Forever Yours" CD
Tight, talented ALL influenced pop punk produced by Stephen Egerton and Bill Stevenson. They leave a heavy handed mark, but it fits this band just fine. I hear a little NO USE FOR A NAME in the vocals too. Not what I,d expect from this label. (JER)
(Tooth and Nail/PO 12698/Seattle, WA 98111)



SHOT TO THE CURB
"Make It Last" CD
Fairly pedestrian snot-nosed singalong punk. They,re young and energetic, but need to evolve beyond their RANCID records and develop their own distinctive style. (JC)
(Bloodline/604 Heather Lane/Sevierville, TN 7876)

SICKO
"A Brief History Of..." CD
Not a greatest hits package (did they have any hits?). Nor is it very Brief, but rather one of those singles/obscure tracks/live stuff anthologies. This is actually a great record. They were superb musicians and churned out a wide variety of music, on top of the basic pop-punk fare at which they excelled. Nevertheless, I suspect that this is one for the fans (like me) only. (RK)
(Mutant Pop/5010 NW Shasta/Corvallis, OR 97330)

SILENT MAJORITY
"You Would Love To Know" CD EP
Initial seems to be the official home of sub-par, proficient, yet unremarkable emo bands. Sadly, SILENT MAJORITY are no different. They've got potential, they've got crunchy riffs and semi-screamy-kinda-growly vocals, but they're also disengenously overwrought. And they use *way* too many artificial harmonics and widdly leads. (DGJ)
(Initial/PO Box 17131/Louisville, KY 40217)

SIN CITY SIX
"Sin City Six/ Enough To Satisfy" 7"
A quality hunk of hot wax, featuring members of the PLEASURE FUCKERS, A-10, etc. They have a sound that,s definitely akin to that of the PLEASURE FUCKERS. The only confusing thing is that there only seem to be five guys in the SIN CITY SIX.(JC)
(Punch/PO Box 60167/28080 Madrid/SPAIN)



SINERGY
"To Hell and Back" CD
This CD brought me right back to the beginning of the 80s with its aggressive bombardment of drumming, razor sharp guitar licks, and the operatic range of SINERGY's singer. Melodic, catchy headbanging anthems that never cease. SINERGY serves up riffs so clean, you can eat off them. The only moment in this album that comes up short is the cover of Blondie's "Hanging On The Telephone". Besides that, the band spits up a cacophony of demonic slap and tickle that will leave a devilish grin on your face for weeks. (MD)
(Nuclear Blast/PO Box 43618/Philadelphia, PA 19106)

SINKHOLE
"Retrospectacles" CD
Gone but not forgotten. This is a fine legacy (and introduction, if you haven't caught on yet) to one of the greatest of the pop-punk bands of the 90's. If Milo had never gone to college, he would have ended up with the DESCENDENTS sounding like this. In their five short years of existence, they cranked out three albums worth of rockin, pop-punk gems. Mix early WESTON with the best of DOC HOPPER, and you had SINKHOLE. (RK)
(Dr. Strange/PO Box 7000-117/Alta Loma, CA 91701)

SINNER
"The End Of Sanctuary" CD
Here comes SINNER, head banging their way into your hearts and heavy metal parking lots around the world. Delivering chunky riffs in tunes like "Pain in Your Neck", which promote that oh-so familiar cranial bob, to lofty metal ballads like "Destiny", which will have your girlfriend cling to your pewter pin-encrusted leather vest and run her 4 " cherry red Lee press-ons through your mullet on the first date. It ain't the fastest, it ain't the heaviest, but it's damn good stuff. (MD)
(Nuclear Blast/PO Box 43618/Philadelphia, PA 19106)

SIRES
"Rulers Of Your Heart" LP
I first heard these UK garage cats on a 7" awhile back and was impressed. Lo-fi and rather retro, but with unique-sounding female vocals from singer Domi. "It Ain't Happening Anymore" and "Feel No Pain" from that single reappear here, along with 10 other cool tunes. (AW)
(Twist/6 Le Petit Clos, Rue De Marais/Vale, Guernsey GY6 8AZ/Channel Islands/ENGLAND)

SIT N' SPIN
"Enjoy the Ride" CD
All-chick pop, rock, punk, and rockabilly make up the sound of these New York rockers. Great harmonious songs about boys, boys, and more boys. "I Like Your Boyfriend" is my favorite. Great simple lyrics. "So Far Away" is a great tearjerker with awesome, memorable hooks, but the coolest by far is their version of the KINKS' "Just Can't Go to Sleep." Girl band geeks take note. (TL)
(Cargo/Headhunter Inc/4901-906 Morena Blvd/San Diego, CA 92117)



SIXER
"Truth Hurts" 7"
"Truth Hurts" is about right on this one. Regardless of the intention, this kinda comes off as "happy", bouncy, vaguely pop-punkish "punk". Melodic is good, but this is catchy in an annoying way, if that makes sense. I guess if you're a fourteen year old kid, hangin, at the Punkin, Donuts, and listening to RANCID, you would definitely dig this, and that's perfectly fine if this is what gets you going. A sure hit for the kids! (JAW)
(TKO/4104 24th Street #103/San Francisco, CA 94114)

SHITLIST

SIXSOUTH
"Playing For Pennies...Paying Our Dues" CD
Imagine early AVAIL with KID DYNAMITE's Jason Shevchuk on vocals and you're close. Add in a healthy dose of skatepunk, and you're pretty much there. As the title implies, these guys are still paying their dues, but I could see something great come from them down the road. Maybe a bit derivative at this point, but they've got the chops and the heart to make good things happen. (DGJ)
(Two AM/PO Box 3434/York, PA 17402)

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
"Do It Dog Style" CD
I've been waiting a long time for the first SLAUGHTER & Co. album to be released on CD, and as usual Captain Oi has done a bang-up job. The sound quality is excellent, as per usual, and one certainly can't bemoan hearing trashy, anthemic punk'n'roll originals (like "Where Have All the Bootboys Gone", "I'm Mad", "You're a Bore", "We Don't Care", and "Dame to Blame") or their cover of the bubblegum hit "Quick Joey Small" again. Whether you've heard this primo stuff before or are too young to be familiar with it, you,ll need to add it to your record collection if you have any sense. (JB)
(Captain Oi/PO Box 501/High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)



SLICK SHOES/COOTER
"Crooked" CD
An attempt at introducing two hip, wannabe, pop/punk Christian bands to "the kids". Both bands have big management, big booking, and big endorsements, so why do they bother even attempting to appear "with it". The fact that their music is an instantly forgettable "heard it all a thousand times" noise certainly doesn't do them any favors. And here's a question: if God created man in HIS own image, how big is God's penis? (RK)
(Fueled By Ramen/PO Box 12563/Gainesville, FL 32604)

SLOPPY SECONDS
"Garage Days Regurgitated" CD EP
Sometimes it seems that SLOPPY SECONDS can do no wrong. A 7-song knock off to tide us over until the next full-length, containing a wide range of covers all done in the indemnable "sloppy" way, some obscure, some just silly. The highlight would have to be their updating of the BLACK FLAG classic "TV Party." (JC)
(Nitro/7071 Warner Avenue Suite #f-736/Huntington Beach, CA 92647)

SMALL FACES
"The BBC Sessions" CD
For years, much of this stuff has floated around on various bootlegs (some with terrible sound quality), but now you can hear it all the way it was meant to sound. The SMALL FACES were one of my fave groups of British modsters, and caught live in the BBC studios they are even more raucous and unhinged. Great versions of "Watcha Gonna Do About It," "Sha La La La Lee," "Hey Girl, " "Understanding," and "All Or Nothing," plus some R&B covers like "Jump Back," "Baby Don't You Do It" (where LED ZEP ripped the FACES off for "Whole Lotta Love"!), "Every Little Bit Hurts," and some interviews with FACES members. Very cool. (AW)
(Fuel 2000/10 Universal Plaza/Universal City, CA 91608)

SMOGTOWN/TEENAGE KNOCKOUTS
split CD
SMOGTOWN remind me a lot about what I love from SoCal punk rock--chunky guitars and snotty vocals that fall somewhere between U.S. BOMBS and the ADOLESCENTS, with a bit of T.S.O.L. thrown in. The TEENAGE KNOCKOUTS hail from Ohio and are a great partner for SMOGTOWN on this release, as they have a similar but different style that maybe throws a little RAMONES into the mix. This CD combines two 10"s with a couple of extra tracks. Highly recommended. (JC)
(Dead Beat/PO Box 283/Los Angeles, CA 90078)



SOCIETY OF FRIENDS AKA QUAKERS
"Volume III" 7"
I really liked this band's last 7", so I was stoked when this came in my box of review material. The vocal style reminds me of DYSTOPIA, but that,s about where the comparison ends as SOCIETY OF FRIENDS plays much faster. I wish there was a lyric sheet because I'd like to know what these guys are so angry about. They have a song on here called "Rage Against the Grindcore" which leaves me especially curious about the lyrical content. Anyway, this rages from start to finish despite my whining about the lack of lyric sheet. This band reminds me of San Diego,s NEIGHBORS in that they,re both sorely underappreciated. (AD)
(Twistworthy Records/P.O. Box 4491/Austin, TX 78765)

SOLAR FLARES
"Psychedelic Tantrum" CD
I was a big fan of UK '80s modsters the PRISONERS, as well as the PRIME MOVERS, who three of the SOLAR FLARES were in. This is really, really good. Not unlike the PRISONERS, but with more of a hard-psych edge. Also, it sounds absolutely incredible for a 2-track recording session. (AW)
(Twist/6 Le Petit Clos, Rue De Marais/Vale, Guernsey GY6 8AZ/Channel Islands/ENGLAND)

SONS OF OTIS
"Spacejumbofudge" EP
Jump on your reverb-propelled motor bike and blast off with this cosmic doom rock 7-song EP. Down and dirty, with eerie sonic space distortion, these Canadian Doomsters roll up the heaviest joint of space rock to come around for a while. Fasten your seat belts and return your stewardess to her upright position, cause these guys are gonna take you somewhere you've never been before. You can feel the moondust sting your flesh as you leave the craft to explore the wind blasted terrain of a dead planet. Welcome supernaut, are you ready to go? (MD)
(Man's Ruin/610 22nd Street/San Francisco, CA 94107)

SOULPREACHER
"Sonic Witchcraft" CD
SOULPREACHER are doom, entirely. Their track "13" got my juices flowing the most. If you're a fan of bands like SLEEP, this album is a must. Grim as they come, "Sonic Witchcraft" weaves a dark opus of gloom with hints of Sabbath smattered throughout the layers. Very heavy and dark, and to be frank I'm leaving a light on when I go to sleep tonight. Thanks for the nightmares! (MD)
(Man's Ruin/610 22nd Street/San Francisco, CA 94107)

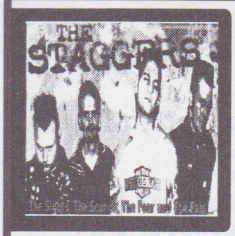
SPARECHANGEoo
"...at first sight" CD
Another one of those shitty promo packages that actually tell us nothing, unless you want to contact Ryan in sales or Lynh in radio. There are 13 tracks, and according to the handy bio their distinct original sound has been compared to early FACE TO FACE, AVAIL, and LIFETIME. I would have liked it more if I could have actually checked out the band,s shit for myself. And while not up to the standards of the illustrious comparisons cited, it,s actually fairly decent emo/melodic hardcore stuff. (RK)
(Cargo)

SPIDER CUNTS
"Stuck Up N'Mean" CD
What we got here is an all-girl hardcore band from the East coast with pretty aggro vocals and lotsa low-end-y kinda guitars. There was a lot of talk about this band a while back because the lead singer got slashed in the face, allegedly by some psycho named Thomas French (a.k.a. "Ducky") who resides in the Bay Area but has not been caught yet. Anyhow, aside from the gender and that nightmarish background, this is a typical, run-o-the-mill early 80's-sounding hardcore band. (JAW)
(Beer City/PO Box 26035/Milwaukee, WI 53226)

SPEEDBUGGY USA
"Cowboys and Aliens" CD
This is great and is definitely what you'd call"cowboy rock". This disc has some great tunes to offer fans unafraid of the pedal steel. The liner notes were good, honest and true to the band's Southern tour road sound. It's like a mating between TOM PETTY and the SUPERSUCKERS. Dawgawn good! (X)
(Cargo)

SPLODGENESSABOUNDS
"I Don't Know" CD
The first new full-length in a long long time from these perennial Oi pub rockers. 14 tracks of decent rock'n'roll, which certainly owe more to the glory days of amped-up London r'n'b (the 101ers, DR FEELGOOD, et al) than to punk. Throw in some wailing sax and the odd keyboards and trombone,

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and you have the makings of a pretty good knees-ups. If anyone remembers them from "Strength Thru Oi!", that's a pretty fair representation of what they are still doing these days. (RK)
(Captain Oi/PO Box 501/High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)



THE STAGGERS
"The Sights, The Sounds, The Fear And The Pain" CD
Tight, fast cowpunk that's played well and has a goodly amount of energy. I get the feeling that these fellas are more than just fans of Mike Ness and SOCIAL D, but that ain't a bad thing at all. (SB)
(Haunted Town/1658 N. Milwaukee Avenue #169/Chicago, IL 60647)

STEREOTYPERIDER
"Fairweather Fan" CD
Dudes who remind me a bit of DIGGER, though a little less on the pop-punk tip and a bit more on the emo side of things. Cool, intricate musicianship, solid songwriting, good recording, cool package design, but somehow it isn't quite as satisfying as one would hope for. These guys definitely have promise, but the emotional connection just isn't there for me. (DGJ)
(Sunset Alliance/PO Box 31596/Phoenix, AZ 85046)

THE STONED
"Paint it Black Writer" CD
Dutch rock and rollers trying to be STONES-ish, I guess. This is all pretty mediocre. Ugh! They do a funny version of CREEDENCE CLEARWATER's "Fortunate Son". All I gotta say is that the best Dutch band, hands-down, is the DAXLS.
(TL)
(DBS/PO Box 2550/3550 GN Utrecht/HOLLAND)

STRIKNIEN DC
"Horses For Courses" CD
Angry, engaged political punk from Ireland. Not as straightforwardly melodic as PARANOID VISIONS (who the singer used to front), but some excellent melodies and song-structures carry the biting lyrics. They rework "Complications" by KILLING JOKE, which is a point of reference, though not necessarily indicative of the breadth of their musical stylings. Their music is poised, polished and more than competent, without losing any of the punch and agression. (RK)
(Rejected/PO Box 6591/Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin/IRELAND)

STRUNG OUT
"The Element Of Sonic Defiance" CD
Eight new tracks. I suspect that the boys are getting a little chafed with the SoCal melodic hardcore straightjacket they've helped to patent. Several songs hint at a more rock direction. They're not there yet, but I fear that the next full-length might be a horrendous abomination like FACE TO FACE's. This offering, however, retains enough of the 'traditional' sound to clip along quite nicely. (RK)
(Fat/PO Box 193690/San Francisco, CA 94119)

STRYCHNINE
"Born To Loose" LP
A band that's definitely gotten a lot better over the years, with major improvements in songwriting and overall tightness. Gruff and burly Oakland streetpunk that only suffers from the singer's occasional forays into metal screeching. (JC)
(MRR/PO Box 460760/San Francisco, CA 94146)

SUBINCISION
"Berkeley's Newest Hitmakers" CD
This is a band that I had seen a few times over the years and always kinda liked. Now they have totally won me over with this new CD. First off, they,ve gone totally New Wave (the first two songs sound like dead-on OINGO BOINGO), but that's not the only style they are playing. Through the course of the CD they mix that with street punk and straight-up 50's-style rock and roll. The playing and songwriting has far surpassed the scrappy little Berkeley punk band that I knew from before. Every song on this is super catchy and has stood up to multiple plays already. Put out completely independently in a CDR-only format, so don't expect to see this CD in stores. (JC)
(Subincision, no address listed)



SUBURBAN THREAT
"American Punk" CD
This is a decent release from the freshly-outta-high school-division of the Sacto Oi army, i.e., SUBURBAN THREAT. Seriously, though, what ya got here is a CD chock full of high-energy, at times hardcore-influenced street punk. There are a bunch of vaguely political songs, ranging from "fucking the system," to democracy, to brotherhood, and they cover the BRUISERS, "Bloodshed". These guys aren't messing around. (JAW)
(TKO/Chapter 11/4104 24th Street #103/San Francisco, CA 94114)

SUBMACHINE
"Fresh Out Of Give A Fucks" CD
Beer swilling, up-tempo punk rock from a band that has been in the loop for a number of years now. Nothing spectacular about this release. The songs tend to stumble into each other and leave a lot to be desired. The energy is there, but nothing really grabs me. (JC)
(Radical/77 Bleeker Street #C2-21/New York, NY 10012)



SUPER SPORT 396
"First Thirteen" CD
Super sludgey, grinding rock that has more dirt under the nails than, say, the JESUS LIZARD. This record would have been right at hone on the AmRep label in the early years, or maybe Trance Syndicate. They definitely sound like they're from Texas. This fucking rocks, y'all. (SB)
(Hi Roller/2317 A Moser/Dallas, TX 75206)

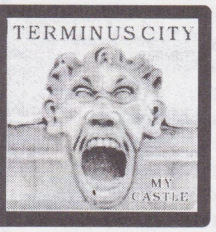
SWINDLERS
"I Wanna Kill My Friends" 7" EP
French RIP OFFS worshippers, even down to the stockinged heads. Schtick rock is still alive and well in Europa. They worship SF. Funny, huh? Those sad little frogs. Thumbs up, tbough, for being on an Italian label, Rockin' Bones. Kiss me, I'm Italian. (TL)
(Rockin' Bones/c/o Gualtiero Pagani/Via Cuneo 2/43100 Parma/ITALY)

SWINGIN' NECKBREAKERS
"The Return of Rock" CD
Yet another powerful, rockin' album from the SWINGIN, NECKBREAKERS, who,ve always had a real knack for writing 60's-influenced garage classics. Since their debut they've tended to lessen the dominance of the organ and moved closer to a crunch guitar punkish attack, which is fine by me. It,s really hard to believe they're only a three-piece band, since even live they manage to sound like a supertight four- or five-piece on catchy blasts like "Definition of Love", "Let's Have a Jam", "So Good", and "Stop, Drop, Wiggle". (JB)
(Telstar/PO Box 1123/Hoboken, NJ 07030)

TALK IS POISON
"Control" 7" EP
Raging, pounding hardcore punk. TALK IS POISON have all the elements tightly wound together. Great band, great 7". Check them out live. (JC)
(Prank/Box 410892/San Francisco, CA 94141)



TELL-TALE HEARTS
"Too Many Lovers"/"Promise" 7"
The 1980s were alive and well in San Diego, and the TELL TALE HEARTS ruled the scene. This is a reissue 7" that was released around then. Great recording, great songs, I feel the magic of Ray Brandes, baybee! "Promise" is a great R&B punker. A must. (TL)
(Munster/PO Box 18107/28080 Madrid/SPAIN)

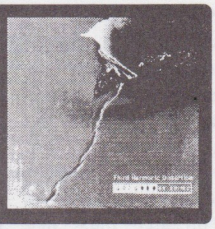


TERMINUS CITY
"My Castle" 7"
Straightforward aggro Oi with great choruses. The only thing that pissed me off was that it only contained three songs, which isn't enough, but then I saw that this was a promo for their upcoming TKO full-length. Life is good again. (BAM)
(Sqigtone/166 Spring St./Newton, NJ 07860)

SHITLIST



TERMINUS CITY
"Justice Isn't Always Fair" CD
Given the amount of hackneyed rubbish that masquerades as "streetpunk" these days, TC (do their homies call them TC?!) actually sound, well, pretty damn good. They've done their homework, and having rifled attentively through the various original Oi albums and sampled the best of the new American sounds - DROPKICK MURPHYS et al - have managed to distill it all into a fine mix. Suitably pissed vocals, with a basic yet fully driving rhythm section. (RK)
(TKO/4104 24th Street, #103/San Francisco, CA 94114)

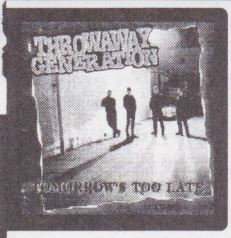


THIRD HARMONIC DISTORTION
"Ex Animo" CD
Here's a CD chock full of the things I hate about today's music. First off, it's "Alternamental." It's just a lot of testosterone-laced pseudo aggression from middle class, angry, white, suburban boys. On "Ex Animo" we are forced to witness their stoned lives for 5 minutes per song, and the last track clocks in at 10 1/2. No thanx. (X)
(Morphius/PO Box 13474/Baltimore, MD 21203)



THOSE UNKNOWN
"Malice And Misfortune" CD EP
I have to claim ignorance on this one, although everyone tells me that this band's earlier efforts were exceptionally good. But this particular release is no great shakes, and certainly doesn't measure up to the amount of hype that surrounded it. The songs are OK, but they're very different than the standard kick ass street rock'n'roll fare TKO is known for. This sort of noodl-y rock'n'roll just isn't my thing. (JAW)
(TKO/ 4104 24th Street #103/San Francisco, CA 94114)

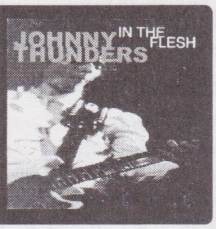
THRICE
"Identity Crisis" CD
Quite an apt album title really. This band can't ever decide whether they are an early GOOD RIDDANCE SoCal band, an old school Victory hardcore band, complete with metallic riffs and breakdowns, or a more melodic "modern hardcore" band a la FARSIDE. But they mit it all up well (occasionally in the very same song), and it actually holds together. Excellent playing and production help. Well worth checking out. (RK)
(Green Flag/PO Box 41031/Long Beach, CA 90853)



THROWAWAY GENERATION
"Tomorrow's Too Late" CD
I'm sorry to say that there is a problem with THROWAWAY GENERATION. The drummer continually attempts to outplay himself throughout the entire CD, and I don't know how they all manage to follow his leads. Otherwise, the band presents a strong product resembling the SWINGIN, UTTERS or STIFF LITTLE FINGERS. If the drummer didn't try too hard, they'd have it down. (X)
(Cyclone/24 Pheasant Run/Merrimack, NH 03054)



THUMBS
"All Lesser Devils" CD
Seven sweet, and all too short, blasts of adrenaline-soaked punk rock. Flawlessly-played sore throat angry melodies, with just that right sloppy/shambolic edge. DILLINGER 4 spring to mind, or a more raucous PINHEAD GUNPOWDER. The only downer is the SMITHS cover. Who needs it? (RK)
(Adeline/5337 College Avenue #318/Oakland, CA 94618)



JOHNNY THUNDERS
"In the Flesh" CD
I know what you're all thinking. "Oh Christ, another bad recording from the late, great and miserable JOHNNY THUNDERS." Well this time the label was smart enough to pick a show where Johnny,s band consisted of those who knew him best. Here ex-NY DOLLS Arthur Kane and Jerry Nolan provide the backbone for Johnny,s leisure. The last time I saw THUNDERS, he started 3 times as many songs as he finished. Nice job, Amsterdamned. (X)
(Amsterdamned/PO Box 862558/Los Angeles, CA 90086)

TIMOTHY JOHN RAMIREZ & THE WILD CARS
"Rip Roarin' Rock and Roll" CD
Schmaltzy, loungy rockabilly! Way too clean and modern sounding. I want my rockabilly to sound dirty, raw, and greasy! Flames, an ace of spades, and dice=yawnsville. Rockabilly bands all do that shit. Why? (TL)
(Tru-One/8531 Wellsford Place, Unit H/1/Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670)

TOSSERS
"The Long Dim Road" CD
I'm not sure if, like the guy from FLOGGING MOLLY, the TOSSERS' frontman is actually from Ireland, but he sure as hell sounds like it. The songs are definitely in that Irish, drunken, aggressive folk-punk vein we all know and love (well, except for Nørb). The songs? About the Troubles, NATO, lost loves, the police. Still, the feeling I get is that they're trying just a bit too hard to cling to their Irishness. All in all though, the music is rousing, moving, and, most importantly, makes you wanna drink. (DGJ)
(Thick/)

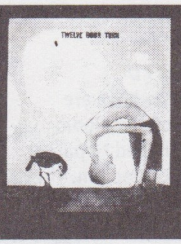


TOXIC NARCOTIC/AUGUST SPIES
Split 7"
The first song on the TOXIC NARCOTIC side features the bagpipes instead of vocals. Very cool and POGUES sounding. The bass player in the band also plays the bagpipes, which I've heard is one of the hardest instruments to play. What a talented guy! What lung capacity! Their second song is a punk number with shouted vocals that's short and to the point. The AUGUST SPIES remind me a bit of THE PIST, but with more of an early 80's SoCal influence. (AD)
(Rodent Popsicle Records/P.O. Box 335/Newton Center, MA 02459)

TROTS
"Walk the Plank / Now I'm a Real Rock n Rolla" 7"
A two song drunk punk tease from one of the most fun live bands I've seen in a long time. I'm looking forward to more. (BAM)
(Puke, no address listed)

TRUST FUND BABIES
LP
This band features ex-members of the SHIFTERS and the SPITES, along with one drunk bass player, and this is a great record by one of San Francisco's very few excellent punk groups. It's pretty dissimilar to either of the aforementioned bands, as the BABIES play more mid-tempo, stripped down, infectiously catchy rock'n'roll. Some people have compared them to the STITCHES, but that may be cutting them short of the attention they deserve. The best songs are "Kickin Rocks", "Suicide Pill", and "So Lonely", with Karen,s kick ass vocals. Someone should've handed her the mike more often. (JAW)
(Rapid Pulse/PO Box 5075/Milford, CT 06460)

TSAR
CD
In an attempt to get me out to their show, I was givin this CD 24 hours before the band was to play. The entire CD is completely awesome, poppy, catchy, and brilliant in many ways, and I love that TSAR isn't afraid to take risks. TSAR prides itself on songwriting, casually dolting out falsetto melodies previously only touched by the MANIC STREET PREACHERS. There's so many hints of the Brit sound that one would hardly believe the band to be from LA. (X)
(Hollywood/ 500 S. Buena Vista Street/ Burbank, CA 91521)



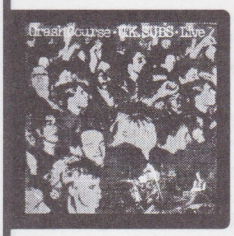
TWELVE HOUR TURN
"The Victory Of Flight" CD
One of those tortured, discordant, jerky, screaming, stop/start efforts. I guess this kind of hardcore is pretty popular, and this contribution to the genre is

REVIEWS

undoubtedly well-played, and produced. If that kind of weird, 57 riffs in one song stuff is up your alley, I'm sure this is the real shit.
(RK)
(No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

UKLA
"Ltd." CD
Sorry UKLA, but I didn't like anything about your music or songs. Welcome to the arena where I can say what I feel and this CD didn't make me feel well at all. I'm afraid your brand of music might be best appreciated by close friends and family members. Hopefully, bad press will only encourage the "truly punk" to find you. (X)
(Fan Attic/PO Box 391494/Cambridge, MA 02139)

U.K. SUBS
"Brand New Age" CD
A Captain Oi reissue of the second SUBS LP, as always with the welcome addition of (ten!) bonus tracks. Although perhaps not quite up to the high standard set by their debut "Another Kind of Blues", it's another excellent workmanlike punk rock record distinguished by killer guitar riffs (courtesy of Nicky Garrett), a punchy rhythm section, cast-of-thousands choruses, and several splendid songs, including "Warhead" (both versions), "Teenage" (ditto), the title cut, "Barbie,s Dead", "Emotional Blackmail", and "Victim". My head's a-shakin, and my air guitar,s a-playin,. (JB)
(Captain Oi/PO Box 501/High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)



U.K. SUBS
"Crash Course" CD
After the first two seminal studio SUBS LP's, they recorded (as was fairly commonplace in those days) this raging live record. 24 classics from the late 70's, including all the hits. Raw, angry, and powerful. Its funny to look back and see how, 20 years ago, bands had enough class and innate songwriting ability that they didn't have to layer so called "live" records with overdubs and studio effects to sound half-decent. Blows the shit out of all the wannabe streetpunk bands around today. (RK)
(Captain Oi/PO Box 501/High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)



UNBROKEN
"It's Getting Tougher to Say the Right Thing" CD
I feel like a dork because I'd never heard of this band before. I was totally intrigued by reading all of the info inside of the CD booklet; it seems they were influential during their lifespan. It totally makes me realize how big the hardcore scene is with all of the different genres out there. I'd consider myself pretty knowledgeable in certain areas, but the fact that this obviously significant straight-edge band was new to me was interesting, especially since I live in the same state. Okay, enough about that and more about UNBROKEN! First, I have to say that I really loved reading about the history of this band in their booklet. The booklet shows the covers of their various releases and little stories and tidbits about the recording/experience with each one. The letter on the back cover that sums up their demise was bittersweet to read. I think it,s great when bands take the time to document their scene in writing. As someone who was new to them, it gave me a feeling of knowing what they were about. Musically, the music ranges from slow and sludgy to mid-paced chugga-chugga riffs, with lots of sing-along choruses that I could easily picture baggy-pants wearing kids grabbing the mic and chanting along with. The band consistently made excellent quality recordings on their various endeavors. I really enjoyed the JOY DIVISION cover. (AD)
(Indecision Records/P.O. Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

UNDER THE GUN
"One Nation" CD
Pretty standard, nondescript punk. Well-played and executed,w ith more than a nod to the SWINGING UTTERS and SOCIAL DISTORTION. It's not bad, just entirely forgettable. I've listened to the whole record twice now, and can't really think of anything else to say about it. (RK)
(Fastmusic/401 Broadway #2011/New York, NY 10013)

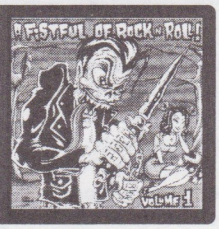
THE UNIFORM
"Thirty-three Revolutions" CD
I feel heavy, gotta get down! This band reminds me of a weak DRUNK HORSE. Man's Ruin Records' fans take note: you all will probably dig this. It's not bad, but they don't got the cool riffs or hooks that keep my interest going. Think heavy and noodley, Detroit 70's hard rock, and you'll get the dealio. (TL)
(Morphius/PO Box 13474/Baltimore, MD 21203)

VALENTINE KILLERS
LP
Finally, a VALENTINE KILLERS full-length! Although clocking in at around 30 minutes, it's a half-hour of ultra-high octane punk rock 'n' roll that smacks with the unbridled energy of '70's killers like the PAGANS, as well as more recent gods such as the HUMPERS and NEW BOMB TURKS. This album does a good job of approximating their insane live set with live faves like "Motor City Shutdown," "Where The Action Is," The Way We Die," "Hell bent On Destruction," and "Devil's Night." Nice Art Chantry sleeve design, too. (AW)
(Yeah, It's Rock/PO Box 85775/Seattle, WA 98145)

VALENTINE KILLERS
"St. Valentine's Day massacre" CD
So this is the band that everybody's freaking out about right now, huh? Well, deservedly so. It features raunch, uptempo guitar riffs reminiscent of those of the STREET WALKIN' CHEETAHS, with gruff vocals draped over the top, which is always a winning combo. Though not too poppy, it definitely has it's hooks to grab you. Look for upcoming EP's on Junk and Sub Pop. (BAM)
(Yeah It's Rock/PO Box 85775/Seattle, WA 98145)



VANILLA MUFFINS
"Gimme Some Sugar Oi" CD
This CD already wins mucho points for the FRANKIE FLAME appearance on the first track. Apparantly, he participated in the songwriting on as well, which is great. These Swiss boys are very aptly named, as this is sugary sweet, infectjously melodic Oi. These aren,t songs about boot parties and oppression--three songs have "mommy" in the title, and one is a tribute to Mike Tyson, no less. There are tons of hooks and lots of singalong choruses, though the guitars get a bit too crunchy at times. You will be pleasantly surprised when you here this. (JAW)
(Knock Out/Postfach 100716 Dinslaken/GERMANY)



VARIOUS ARTISTS
"A Fistful of Rock Œn' Roll, volume 1" CD
The first volume in Sal from ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN's series of kick ass compilations on the Tee Pee label. I consider the first volume to have a better selection of cuts than volume 2, which is completely in your face all the time. Grab this disc 'cuz all your favorite bad ass rockers are here! (X)
(Tee Pee/PO Box 20307/New York, NY 10009)



VARIOUS ARTISTS
"A Fistful of Rock Œn Roll, volume 2" CD
Another great compilation of tough rock, n' roll served loud and dirty. Definitely not for the prone-to-headache types. It includes very garagey tracks from the likes of the SNAKECHARMERS, the LA DONNAS, and the STREETWALKIN' CHEETAHS. If that's your bag, fill it up! (X)
(Tee Pee/PO Box 20307/New York, NY 10009)



VARIOUS ARTISTS
"A Fistful of Rock Œn, Roll, volume 4" CD
Somehow, somewhere, volume 3 never made it home with me. I probably got drunk, passed out in some Burger King drive-thru, and painted myself in vomit. Nonetheless, what makes the fourth installment rock is that you get your taste of some new rock on the block. Here, for the chopping, you'll find the MURDER CITY DEVILS, THREE YEARS DOWN, the BLACK HALOS, and AMERICAN HEARTBREAK. Buy it, rock it, and puke this down the neck of your shirt! (X)
(Tee Pee/PO Box 20307/New York, NY 10009)

SHITLIST

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"A Fistful Of Rock And Roll", volumes 1 & 3 LPs/CDs
Sal from ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN has a rock and roll heart of gold, and champions the cause of getting quality music heard en masse. These compilations are fantastic, and showcase a buttload of awesome bands. Volume 1 introduces the lot with hard-hitting tracks from the likes of the GAZA STRIPPERS, ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN, RC5, the CANDY SNATCHERS, and my personal fave, the BELLRAYS, plus many more. Volume 3 is equally double-fisted, and features even more of my favorites, including the TOILET BOYS, the STITCHES, the ADZ, ROCKET 455, JEFF DAHL, and the LAZY COWGIRLS, among others. Get all the volumes in this series. Buy the vinyl. Support real rock and roll. (JC)
(Teepee/PO Box 20307/New York, NY 10009)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Amp Records Has A Hard-On For Tromaville" CD
A smorgasbord of punk rock from all over the world, in all 94 tracks spanning three full CDs. I'm not sure what brought on this unholy union, but I like it. There are tons of cool bands, lots of Œem with horror/sci-fi themes that tie in with Troma movies, and there are way too many good tracks to name. Some of my favorites were by the CLIT COPS, PINK TORPEDOS, WILLY WONKAS, CREEPS, UPSKIRTS, SUGAR SHOCK...Ah, hell, just buy the CD already! (JC)
(Amp/92 Kenilworth Ave./South Hamilton, Ontario L8K-2B9/CANADA)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Be A Caveman: The Best Of Voxx Garage Revival" CD
The '60's garage revival is itself now 20 years old, so it,s time to lend a nostalgic ear to all of those fine early 80's Voxx bands. So many amazing bands, and so many amazing tracks on this compilation! D.M.Z. tears the lid off the PRETTY THINGS, "Can't Stand The Pain", the CRAWDADDIES jangled the VELVET UNDERGROUND classic "There She Goes Again", and the PANDORAS roared like no one else (and damn, I miss 'em). The GRAVEDIGGER FIVE, the TELL TALE HEARTS, and the FUZZTONES stomped the hell out of their fuzzboxes; the CYNICS snubbed their noses at the world; the SURF TRIO rode their wave high; and the DWARVES even reared their ugly heads. And that's just half the story! (JC)
(Voxx/PO Box 7112/ Burbank, CA 91510)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Break-Up Records, Guide To Entertaining" CD
High quality power pop / pop punk from the Break-Up label. Two songs a piece from 11 kick ass bands like DIRT BIKE ANNIE, KUNG FU MONKEYS and THE HEARTDROPS. My favorites here were THE REVELERS and DOGROCKET, but all were decent. I,m gonna start paying attention to this label. (JER)
(Break-UP/PO Box 15372/Columbus, OH 43215)



VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Crusty Comp 2" CD
As with many such comps, I'm a little perplexed as to what the point is. A bunch of bands (around 30), most (or all) offering previously released tracks licensed, or donated from the likes of Fearless and Estrus. It is a Canadian comp, and there are a bunch of Canadian bands on it too. I guess if you have a hankering to find out a little of what is going on punkerwise north of the border, then this wouldn't be a bad place to start, but there's nothing else that makes this stand out. (RK)
(Crusty/PO Box 59, 1895 Commercial Drive/Vancouver, BC, V5N 4A6/CANADA)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Fellowship of the Fat Shit" #2/ #3 7" EP
Four punk bands, the NERDS and the GRABBIES from Italy, the PRICKS and the IDYLS from Sweden. Typical generic punk rock. The NERDS kinda remind me of the DWARVES, "Blood, Guts and Pussy" period, but just a little and without the hooks. They,re the only band on here that really stands out. Oh, well. (TL)
(Ken Rock/Fabriksgartan 39B 3tr/41251 Goteborg/SWEDEN)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Flattery: A Tribute to Radio Birdman, volume 2" CD
I hate modern comps, and I especially hate tribute comps. Why would I want to listen to a bunch of lame bands covering RADIO BIRDMAN songs, when I can listen to the real deal? Paleez! Dudes! RESIN SCRAPER totally butchers "What Gives?" Aaaarrrgghhh. Sorry, folks. (TL)
(Nomad/PO Box 34829/West Bethesda, MD 20817)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Gimmie Indie Rock " CD
I tend to bash a lot of modern day indie rock, mainly because I think that most of what falls into that catagory nowadays is tenth-rate, sleepy bullshit music, whereas the handful of really intriguing bands are few and far between. That is not the way it,s always been. This compilation reminds me of all the things I used to love about the music that wasn't quite punk, but not quite mainstream, with bands like HUSKER DU, the FALL, the WEDDING PRESENT, the WIPERS, SPACEMEN 3, the VASALINES, the MEKONS, the MEAT PUPPETS, etc. All played their own unique blends that fell somewhere to the left of the radio dial. This is brought to you by the fine folks at K-tel (!) and compiled by the sagely Scott Becker of *Option* magazine. Two entire discs of premier indie rock the way God intended it. (JC)
(K-tel/2605 Fairbrook Lane/North Minneapolis, MN 55447)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Grave Rockers" CD
An exceptional collection of gloomy MISFITS-ey/garagey bands from all over.The high points are PSYCHO CHARGER, the PITS, the SPECTRES, VASARIA, and the SKABS, all of whom are solid citizens of the underworld. A fun collection to blast at your neighbors. (JC)
(Lo-Fi/no address listed)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Hopeless Records/Sub City: Free Punk Rock Sampler" CD EP
Certainly can't argue with the price. One track each from recent releases from the WEAKERTHANS, DILLINGER FOUR, AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY, SCARED OF CHAKA, DIGGER, and the QUEERS. A timely reminder of how consistently excellent the bands on these labels are. (RK)
(Hopeless)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"In The Cole Mind: A Tribute to Fred Cole and Dead Moon" CD
I don't usually like tribute comps. I mean, let's face it, not everyone deserves a tribute, and they generally suck so bad that I run screaming for the original source. This one's pretty good, though. The copious amount of bands on this 2-disc epic are all mostly obscure indie coolcats. The good news is that somehow, almost all of 'em come close enough to throttling that mystical cool of DEAD MOON's that this is pretty enjoyable. (SB)
(Last Chance/PO Box 42396/Portland, OR 97242)



VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Local Shakedown" CD
A double CD compilation of 46 Boulder/Colorado-area independent bands, put together by KVCU Boulder 1190 radio. If you're looking for a highly eclectic - to say the least! - soundtrack, then dig this one out. Everything is on here - surf, punk, pop, accordion music, the lot. Most of the names I've never heard of, and there is no contact information, which is a little annoying since some of them are really excellent. (RK)
(Smooch/PO Box 3591/Boulder, CO 80307)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Metal Dreams, volume 2" CD
This is Nuclear Blast's answer to K-tel's metal hits, i.e., humping tunes for heshers and mood music for metalheads. I really can't think of who would listen to Metal love ballads, at least in public, so this one has got to be a guilty pleasure only heard in solitude, or perhaps with someone who stills lifts a lighter in the air at shows during the ballad. This contains ballads from SKID ROW to HELLOWEEN to MISTER BIG to STRATOVARIUS. (MD)
(Nuclear Blast/PO Box 43618/Philadelphia, PA 19106)



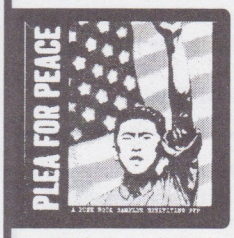
VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Midwest Rules" CD
Twelve Midwest bands provide a couple of tracks each. They are all from the driving, balls-to-the-wall end of punk, streetpunk, and Oi. The MURDER CITY WRECKS, BRASSTACKS, LAST YEAR'S YOUTH, BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS, BUMPN' UGLIES, DAGGERS, STRICT9, DOGFIGHT

and more prove that punk is alive and very much blasting its way through middle America. (RK)
(Haunted Town/1658 North Milwaukee Ave #169/Chicago, IL 60647)



VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Modern Radio Presents: Volume One" EP
This record is apparently really limited and hand numbered, so I'm wondering why Brett gave it to me. Especially when there's great bands like SELBY TIGERS (who, I believe, have a record coming out on Hopeless) and THE FORTY-FIVES on here. Oh well, his loss. This rocks. (JER)
(Modern Radio/PO Box 8886/MPLS, MN 55408)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"People of Time" CD
A collection of top-rate Canadian garage classics from the '60's that features a lot of obscurities, as well as some more familiar tunes. English and French language groups are spotlighted with a solid selection of punkers. My only real complaint is the sound quality, since a number of the tracks here sound more distorted than other versions I've heard. Remastering aside, where else are you gonna hear such classics as "Mon Amour" by LES WILD ONES, "I Can't Go On" by M.G. & THE ESCORTS, "Je Taime" by LES DIFFERENTS, "I Need You Baby" by the BOHEMIANS, "She's Your Lover" by the DEERONS (featuring a pre-GUESS WHO Burton Cummings!), and "Not My Kind" by DENIS PANTIS. Also cool are songs like "8 O'Clock In the Morning" by the HAUNTED, "Brainwashed" by DAVID CLAYTON-THOMAS (yes, that guy!), and "I'm Losing Tonight" by A PASSING FANCY. (AW)
(no address listed)



VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Plea For Peace: A Punk Rock Sampler Benefiting Plea For Peace Foundation" CD
Behind the hokey name, there's actually a lot of sterling work and some intelligent issues being worked through. And at a bargain price, Asian Man has also provided a great soundtrack. The usual Asian Man suspects turn in some fine gritty punk and ska - BLUE MEANIES, LINK 80, CHINKEES, LAWRENCE ARMS, ALKALINE TRIO, SMOKING POPES, MU330 etc ^ though some of the best surprises are the solo and spoken word stuff from MIKE PARK and FISHBONE singer ANGELO MOORE. (RK)
(Asian Man/www.pleaforpeace.com)



VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Pornstar: Hell Bent For Pleasure" CD
Not quite sure what the point of this compilation is, perhaps to make Pornstar Clothing look cool via association with a bunch of punk bands? And inded, there is a slew of bands - BLINK 182, GOOD RIDDANCE, ALL DAY, STALAG 13, ILL REPUTE, the ATARIS, etc. - donating (presumably all previously released) tracks. Not a bad assortment of melodic and pop punk bands, I suppose, and there's a model with big (presumably fake) tits on the artwork. (RK)
(Cargo/4901-906 Morena Blvd/San Diego, CA 92117)

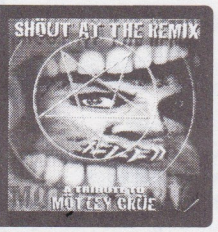
VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Punk Goes Metal" CD
From the opening notes of JUDAS PRIEST's "Breaking the Law" by DIVIT, you know this thing is going to smoke. Most of you probably have a bad taste in your mouth from "I Love Metal", the last metal cover CD, which totally blew. Forget about it. JUGHEAD'S REVENGE does POISON, A.F.I. does GUNS N' ROSES, BIGWIG does the almighty SLAYER, STRUNG OUT does OZZY, the ATARIS do SKID ROW, DIESEL BOY does the CRUE, and lots, lots more. (BAM)
(Fearless/133772 Goldenwest Street #545/Westminister CA, 92683)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Punk o Rama #5" CD
The latest of the Epitaph compilations, with 28 tracks from their current roster, including unreleased NOFX, GUTTERMOUTH and ALL songs, as well as tracks from upcoming records by RANCID and the DROPKICK MURPHYS. If this kind of thing is your kind of thing, not to mention stalwarts like PENNYWISE, NEW BOMB TURKS, AGNOSTIC FRONT, REFUSED, H2O et al, I suspect you'll already have this. (RK)
(Epitaph/2798 Sunset Blvd/Los Angeles, CA 90026)



VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Rodent Popsicle Records: Another Boston Punk Comp." CD
This is a cool sampler of some of the bands on Rodent Popsicle Records. Like most comps, there are some really good bands on here and some not-so-good bands' as well. There's quite a big of variety of punk represented on this compilation, everything from street punk to hardcore. Standouts are TOXIC NARCOTIC, SHOOT THE HOSTAGES, and RAZORWIRE. (AD)
(Rodent Popsicle Records/P.O. Box 335/Newton Center, MA 02459)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Running On Fumes, The Gearhead Magazine Singles Compilation" CD
The first ten issues of Gearhead magazine (from 1993-1999) came with great limited edition 7" vinyl in each one. This is a complete compilation of all of those tracks. All of the songs are pretty impressive, and they cover a wide range of punk rock. Standout bands GAS HUFFER, the FASTBACKS, the MONO MEN, ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT and the HELLACOPTERS are the most boss muscle cars in the race. An essential collection of great rock and roll. (JC)
(Gearhead/PO Box 421219/San Francisco, CA 94142)



VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Shout at the Remix: A Tribute to Motley Crue" CD
Too many of the longhaired rockers from the 80s decided industrial music was the perfect excuse to not cut their hair. Here's the proof. The best CRUE covers are by KMFDM (a dance mix that every CRUE fan will hate), SON OF SAM, ROSETTA STONE, and SPAHN RANCH; the worst are by the HELLFIRE CLUB and the NEWLYDEADS (what,s up with Taime?). As a shameless SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNICK fan, I have to admit that I was very disappointed by their unimaginative cover of "Piece of Your Action". (X)
(Cleopatra/13428 Maxella Avenue #251/Marina Del Rey, CA 90292)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Sixties Rebellion, Vol. 16: The Living Room" CD
I thought that perhaps this series had run out of steam, but here is another volume of rare, and mostly unheard '60s garage-psych tuneage. A weird intro, probably from some exploitation record, starts things off into a journey of sounds by such groups as the DETROIT RIOTS, JOHN DOES, HATCHET MEN, MISSING LYNX, CAVE DWELLARS, OXFORDS, and UFO, among others. It's all promo stuff too, so it's too bad there are no liner notes to tell you about the groups. (AW)
(Way Back/Antennestraat 74/132 AS Almere/HOLLAND)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Swing Cats" CD
Billed as a Special Tribute to ELVIS, this CD features Danny B. Harvey, Slim Jim Phantom, Lemmy Kilmeister, Johnny Ramone, Michael Desbarres, and more. I must have expected too much because it all sounds flat and lame to me. I may be wrong, but none of these covers generate any excitement and even Lemmy,s performance sounds tired. This really should have kicked more ass in my book, but then again I ain't been published in years. (X)
(Cleopatra/13428 Maxella Avenue #251/Marina Del Ray, CA 90292)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Texas Flashbacks, Vols. 3 & 4" CD
Cool reissues of comps that originally came out in the '80s as limited pressings. Texas '60s punk has long been one of my fave genres in that a lot of Lone Star stuff seemed a little more twisted than the rest, as proven by some of the awesome stuff on these two comps. On Vol. 3, you should check out the UNDERTAKERS' version of RAY CHARLES' "Unchain My Heart," the CIRCUS' "Bad Seed," the BLOX'S "Hangin' Out," BROTHERS & SISTERS' "And I Know," and especially MURPHY & THE MOB's "Born Loser." Vol. 4 kicks off with the great "Don't Take Your Love Away" by the WIND, and also features doozies like "Stop Your Running Around" by the NOBLEMEN, "Queen Of Shadows"

SHITLIST

and "I Was Alone" by the EXOTICS, the HEARD's "Exit 9," and the insane "Tilt-A-Whirl" by LEO & THE PROPHETS. (AW)
(Way Back/Antennestraat 74/132 AS Almere/HOLLAND)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"The Five Fingers of Dr. X" CD
This is one hell of a rock 'n roll compilation. Everyone already knows that the STREETWALKIN' CHEETAHS rock, but their 5 songs on this comp are just like salt in the wound. Next is TRICKY WOO, whose stuff on here is very bombastic but a bit too similar to cavemen jammin' ZZ TOP riffs. Rick Sims, GAZA STRIPPERS then start kicking, and if you dig Rick you dig GAZA. The ADZ batch of tunes didn't do much for me, but they,re followed by four new BLACK HALOS songs in true "goin' for catchy" fashion! I,m a big fan of the HALOS, and it sounds like this producer (Jack Endino?) finally found out where to put Billy Hopeless' vox: right in the groove! (X)
(2000 Triple X/PO Box 862529/Los Angeles, CA 90086)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"The Sounds of Modern America" 7" EP
Four bands on Zodiac Records (man, Lowery would be proud). DEMENTIA THIRTEEN are definitely the standouts on here, with their tune "20th Century". The other bands are the PANIC BUTTONS, who are trying to do a LOLI & THE CHONES thing, but don,t quite cut the mustard. The HECKLERS and BOB CITY do a mellow little ditty called "Trouble With Sara". All in all, it's just OK. (TL)
(Zodiac/88 Cooledge Drive/Brewster, NY 10509)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"This Is Kangaroo Not Berkeley" 7"
I am relishing this unique opportunity to review a record that is a parody of a record that I was on. In fact, a parody of a parody of a parody. Whereas the previous records were representations of particular scenes, this is more of a label showcase, with most of the bands being from parts well away from the homebase of this label. Nonetheless, this is a really good selection of hardcore bands that I would definitely recommend, my personal faves being REAL SHIT, POSITIVE NEGATIVE, DEAD NATION and OUT COLD. (JC)
(Kangaroo/Middinweg 13/1098AA Amsterdam/HOLLAND)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Trash Box" 5 CD box set
I was surprised to get this as I had thought Hit Records was long gone. Run by Mike Spencer of the CANNIBALS fame, Hit/Ubik released a bunch of garage albums and singles, as well as the "Best Of Pebbles" series and "Pebbles" box set back in the '80s. The "trash" box is basically a CD version of the "Pebbles" box with a whole lot of extra stuff. Very well-packaged, each CD comes in its own slipcase, plus there's a booklet of liner notes and a poster. Most garage fans will already own a lot of this stuff, a lot which appears on the "Nuggets" box as well as on various "Pebbles" releases. The sound quality ranges from very good to pretty bad, especially on the two tracks by the GROUNDFLOOR PEOPLE, "Walking On Eggs" and "It's Alright Now," which are so noisy with pops and crackles that it obscures the fact that these are pretty tepid pop tunes anyway. There is little on this that I myself don't have on other comps, but some of the rarities include "Scarey (sic) Business" by the ELECTRIC COMPANY, "Shadows In The Night" by the QUESTS, "Come To Me" by the BLACK AND BLUES, and "Losin' One" by the TURPITS. (AW)
(Music Media-Hit Records/104 Harmwood Street/Camden Town, London NW1 8DS/ENGLAND)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Untamed and Innocent" CD
A cool comp of '60's British mod/garage/freakbeat bands that focuses on four groups: the THOUGHTS, the SORROWS, the LOOT, and the UNTAMED. The SORROWS stuff is the meat for me, as it's all live and includes versions of classics like "You Got What I Want" and "Take A Heart." The UNTAMED also have some live stuff, as well as tunes from rare singles. The THOUGHTS only get a couple of live cuts, and the LOOT material is from singles. All in all, though, this stuff kicks. (AW)
(Sitt, no address listed)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Vancouver Special" CD
A benefit for an AIDS charity and a24-track documentation of what,s currently happening in the Vancouver indie-music scene, as telescoped through the lens of legendary club "The Good Jacket". There,s not much in the way of punk or rock here, let alone a distorted guitar, but you do get a wide variety of jangly guitar and pop bands (PEPPER SANDS stand out), together with a bunch of oddball individuals doing goofy (and occasionally engaging) things with synthesizers and the like. (RK)
(Mint/PO Box 361/Vancouver, BC V6B 3Y6/CANADA)

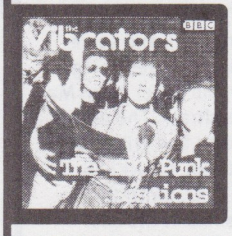
VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Welcome to 1984" CD
Ah, finally the re-issue of one of the first comps to slap us out of our insular punk communities and make us realize that there was a whole world full of amazing hardcore bands, thriving and surviving in much harsher political climates than our own suburban nightmares could imagine. It introduced many of us to such powerhouse bands as TERVEET KADET, RAW POWER, B.G.K., and THE STALIN, as well as expanding our love of such heros as the CRUCIFUCKS, N.O.T.A., and ICONS OF FILTH. A thoroughly important record for your collection, sounding crisper and as vital as ever now on CD and featuring the full original text, plus an update on the state of the world, from Dr. Bale. (JC)
(Sonic Reducer/PO Box 8345/Berkeley, CA 94707)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Welcome To Triple Crown Records" CD
Another label sampler, this one from the New York dudes that specialise in NY hardcore, breakdowns, mosh-parts, and other brutal stuff. And the odd indie rock band and ska outing. Includes the (now obligatory) unreleased tracks from the STUBBORN ALL-STARS, LOUNGE, HOT ROD CIRCUIT and 25 TA LIFE, if that,s any incentive to snap this up. Actually, the non-hardcore stuff on this is actually pretty good. (RK)
(Triple Crown/331 West 57th Street #472/New York, NY 10019)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"We're Not The Meatmen...But We Still Suck" CD
A cast of 18 torture, mangle, and maim a plethora of the MEATMEN's finest, and worst. Like most comps and tributes, this is a hit-and-miss affair, and is certainly one mainly for devoted fans of the band, or perhaps of the likes of BLAG DAHLIA, ANAL CUNT, JON COUGAR CONCENTRATION CAMP, FANG, theNOBODY'S, STAGGER, D.S.F.A., and the ASSMEN, all of whom contribute. (RK)
(Crazy Bastard/crzybrcrds@aol.com)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"World Warped III Live" CD
I've never attended a Warped Tour but this live compilation only confirmed what I already suspected. Which is, I don't have enough Cali hardcore/punk in me to enjoy such an event. I'd suggest you pick this disc up if one of your faves performs a rarity on it. For instance, I chose this assignment just to hear SUPERSUCKERS cover "Cowboy Song." (X)
(Sideonedummy/6201 Sunset Blvd, suite 211/Hollywood, CA 90028)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"You Call This Music" CD
Yet another cheapo sampler, I hear you groan. And yup, it is cheap at three bucks. And this one is well worth that (modest) investment. While there is a slew of bigger bands amongst the 40 tracks here (CITIZEN FISH, DOA, OPERATION CLIFF CLAVIN, FALLING SICKNESS, LITMUS GREEN, JON COUGAR CONCENTRATION CAMP, etc.), it's the unreleased gems from the unknowns that makes this a keeper. (RK)
(CC/PO Box 3743/Laguna Hills, CA 92654)



VIBRATORS
"The BBC Punk Sessions" CD
I,ve always been a huge VIBRATORS fan, and this CD contains three John Peel performances and one live from "In Concert". The 1976 Peel session is a bit rough and pub-like, as the VIBES hadn't quite perfected their punked-up sound yet, but by the next year they,d developed the tight rhythm section and exciting dual guitar interaction for which was characteristic of "Pure Mania". The 78 performances display further evolution, since along with speedy punkers like "Destroy" and "Judy Says" they had begun to write more complex, textured songs like "Troops of Tomorrow". I could do without the added sax at the live show, though. (JB)
(Captain Oi/PO Box 501/High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)

REVIEWS

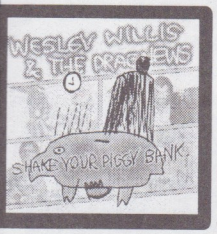
VILES, THE
"Another Casualty" 7"
This band sounds like a faster version of AUS ROTTEN. The recording is pretty bad, at times it sounds like it,s fading in and out, but the band is good. Some of the lyrics are funny and some are angry in regards to the police and military. They look like they,re having a really good time playing in their band in all of the photos. (AD)
(self-released, no mailing address, but here,s their web site: http://www.angelfire.com/oh2/theviles)

VIPERS
"Outta The Nest!" CD
This is one of my fave albums from the whole '80's garage scene. Out of print for a long time, this CD reissue sounds great and has aged quite well. '60's punk, psych, and folk rock permeate amazing tunes like "Nothing's From Today," "Cheated & Lied," and their great cover of the LOVED ONES' "Surprise, Surprise." Includes some hep bonus tracks and videos on the
CD ROM part. (AW)
(Cavestomp/PO Box214/Poultney, VT 05764)

WANDERERS
"Only Lovers Left Alive" CD
When Captain Oi sent the WANDERERS,"Only Lovers Left Alive" in for review, it was obvious that I was the best man for the job. The WANDERERS were none other than DEAD BOY Stiv Bators and SHAM 69's leftovers. They sound neither like SHAM nor the DEAD BOYS. If you add bad 80's keyboards and synths to Stiv's solo sound, you,re halfway there. I don,t know whether DEAD BOYS, fans will appreciate it, this same bridge, but if you loved and understood Stiv then God damn it, man, you,ve got to see all the sights. (X)
(Captain Oi/PO Box 501/High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)



WARRANT
"Greatest and Latest" CD
I never liked these guys, and no matter how short they cut their hair, I never will. A turd is a turd, no matter how thin you cut it. I avoided their concerts as a kid because I thought that if all the guys were prettier than the girls in a crowd, it couldn't be a good thing. In 89 you were a great big girly man with make-up and lipstick, and now you've cut your hair and got some sort of RICHARD MARX-with-a-goatee look and you're still taking up space up at the bar. I thought, given the title, that this was going to be a 7" single. (MD)
(Dead Line/13428 Maxella Avenue/PMB 251/Marina Del Ray, CA 90292)



WESLEY WILLIS & THE DRAGNEWS
"Shake Your Piggy Bank" CD
The latest from deranged but hilarious big beat poet WESLEY WILLIS is available now from Coldfront Records. What are you waiting for? Didn't you hear what I just said? If you don't buy this CD, WESLEY will kick your ass so hard you'll see a donkey smile. So buy it and taste a bulldog's ass. (X)
(Coldfront/ PO Box 8345/Berkeley, CA 94707)

ANDRE WILLIAMS
"Black Godfather" CD
The Godfather of raunch, the prince of pussy, etc, etc. A wicked mix of REDD FOXX, RUDY RAY MOORE, and WILSON PICKET. The all-star line up of rock and rollers backing him include JON SPENCER and the COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS (read OBLIVIANS), and MICK COLLINS lends his production skills and lets loose his DIRTBOMBS. If your not worldly-wise, this is raunchy heavy blues-soul. If you,re familiar with the artist and are already a fan, you won't be disappointed. (JC)
(In the Red/2827 E. Strong Place/Anahiem, CA 92806)

WEAKERTHANS
"Left And Leaving" CD
I guess putting out the best record of 1999 can take it out of a band. This, their follow-up to the essential "Fallow", finds them in a more downbeat, introspective mood. Don't worry, they still take the mantle of JAWBREAKER to new heights on the upbeat rockers showcased here. But the gentler, sparse compositions predominate, showing off a more sophisticated level of musicianship and songwriting craft. . To call this yet another essential purchase would be a ridiculous understatement. (RK)
(Sub City/PO Box 7495/Van Nuys, CA 91409)

WIMPS
"Pretty Marvelon/Running Down The Road" 7"
One of my favorite 7"ers in this issue's review stacks. Side A is a real house rocker that reminds me of a STONES song that Keith would sing lead vocals for. The B-side is a further foray into CHUCK BERRY-type riffing that lands a little closer to the CANDY SNATCHERS. (JC)
(DB's/PO Box 2550/3500 GN Utrecht/HOLLAND)

WIRE
"Third Day" CD EP
I haven't listened to any WIRE since the band originally broke up in the early '80s. Their dance music incarnation in the late '80s did nothing for me. This EP finds them going back to their original minimalist punk sound. It was recorded live at a rehearsal session for a recent tour in which they returned to their first three albums for concert material. Featuring a tough, distorted guitar, the trademark WIRE sound is back in full force. Two versions of "Pink Flag," a great "Blessed State," plus a couple of new ones, "Mercy" and "The Art of Persistence," both of which sound like "Chair's Missing"-period WIRE. Good stuff. (AW)
(Pink Flag, no address)

WONGS
"Reanimate My Baby" CD
This is interesting. Damn good, but different than I thought it would be. It almost has the BODIES upbeat '77-style feel, while still maintaining a trashed-out punk sound. These songs are easy to listen to, and I plan on doing just that, and on a regular basis. I've also been told repeatedly that this is a band that should not be missed live. (BAM)
(Rip Off/581 Maple Avenue/San Bruno, CA 94066)

YES MEN
"Prosody" CD
Attack of the Australian bar bands. Some chunky guitars and gruff vocals make it listenable, but the bulk of this is pretty uninspired, with a propencity towards guitar wanking and rock postering. (JC)
(International Trash/PO Box 41/Prahan 3181/AUSTRALIA)

YOUNG PUNCH
"Helmet On!" EP
It's hard not to compare Japanese pop punk bands to HI-STANDARD. Even though they may not sound that much like them, they're still in the ball park, and that's close enough. Actually, they sound more like Asian Man's POT SHOT, but without the ska. Either way, they're fun, energetic pop punk, and you can,t understand a goddamn word they,re saying, so run out and pick this up ASAP. (JER)
(Tomato Head/PO Box 61298 Sunnyvale, CA 94088)

ZEKE
"Rock & Roll Catastrophe" 7"
Live versions of songs that were already too fast, now being played even faster. The recording is good, so if you're a ZEKE-head you won't want to miss it. (BAM)
(Black Lung/PO Box 3692/Morgantown, WV 26503)

ZEKE
"Pinstriping The Dutchman's Coffin" CD
This is the first ever ZEKE recording session, from which resulted their first seven-inch. The session has remained unreleased until now. You pretty much know what to expect from these guys: short songs, fast tempos, and out-and-out punk rockin'. They really haven't changed much over the years, so if you're a fan you should check this one out. (AW)
(Wrecking Ball/PO Box 1375/Tacoma, WA 98401)

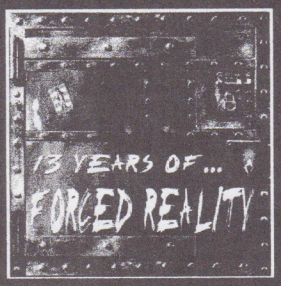
ZIPPS
"Be Stoned! Dig The Zipps" LP/CD
I first heard, or rather saw, a great clip of these Dutch '60s maniacs doing the insane "Kicks & Chicks" on a compilation of Euro-'60s garage-beat bands, and it blew me away. Luckily, Psuedonym Records has just released this excellent compilation of their singles and some previously unreleased tracks. You get two versions of "Kicks," one of which is a completely unhinged live take that I think is the same as the TV performance I saw. There are also songs like the bizarre "Beat & Poetry, Parts 1 & 2," and "The Struggle For Ice-Cold Milk Of Benzi The Bassplayer or How To Promote Original Dutch Milk" (phew!). Also cool are the more psychedelic "Lotus Love" and "When You Tell It, Tell It Well," both of which I recall hearing on a 7" single in the late '80s. (AW)
(Pseudonym, no address)

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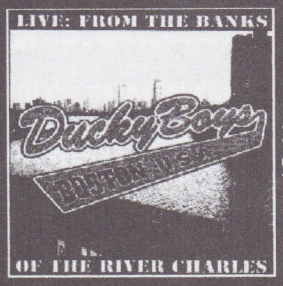
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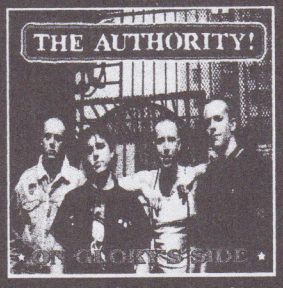
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The Authority
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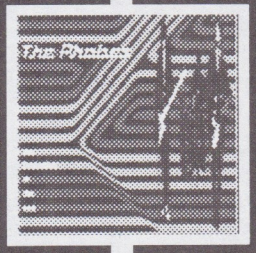
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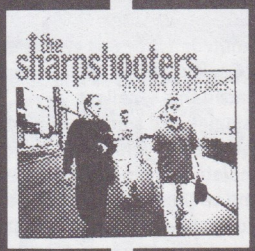
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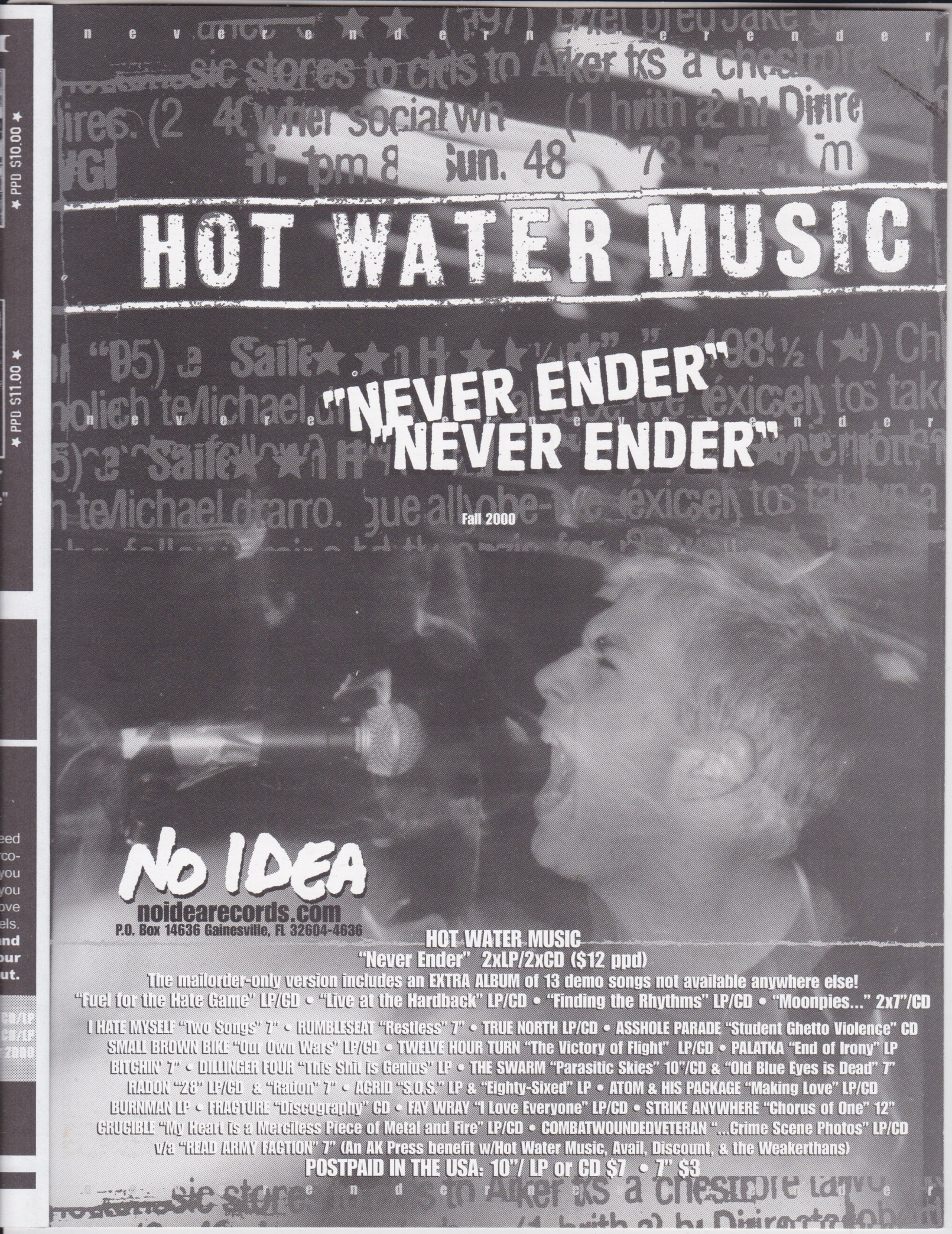
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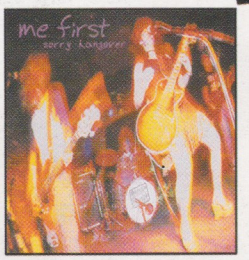
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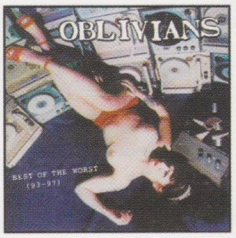


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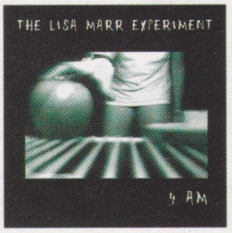


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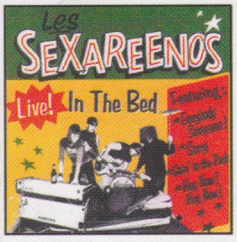
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